

THE
ILIAD
OF
HOMER,
WITH
NOTES.
BY

Madam DACIER.

Done from the *French* by Mr. BROOME,
and by him compared with the *Greek*.

Illustrated with Twenty-Six CUTS, by the
best Gravers, from the *Paris* Plates design'd
by CORPEL.

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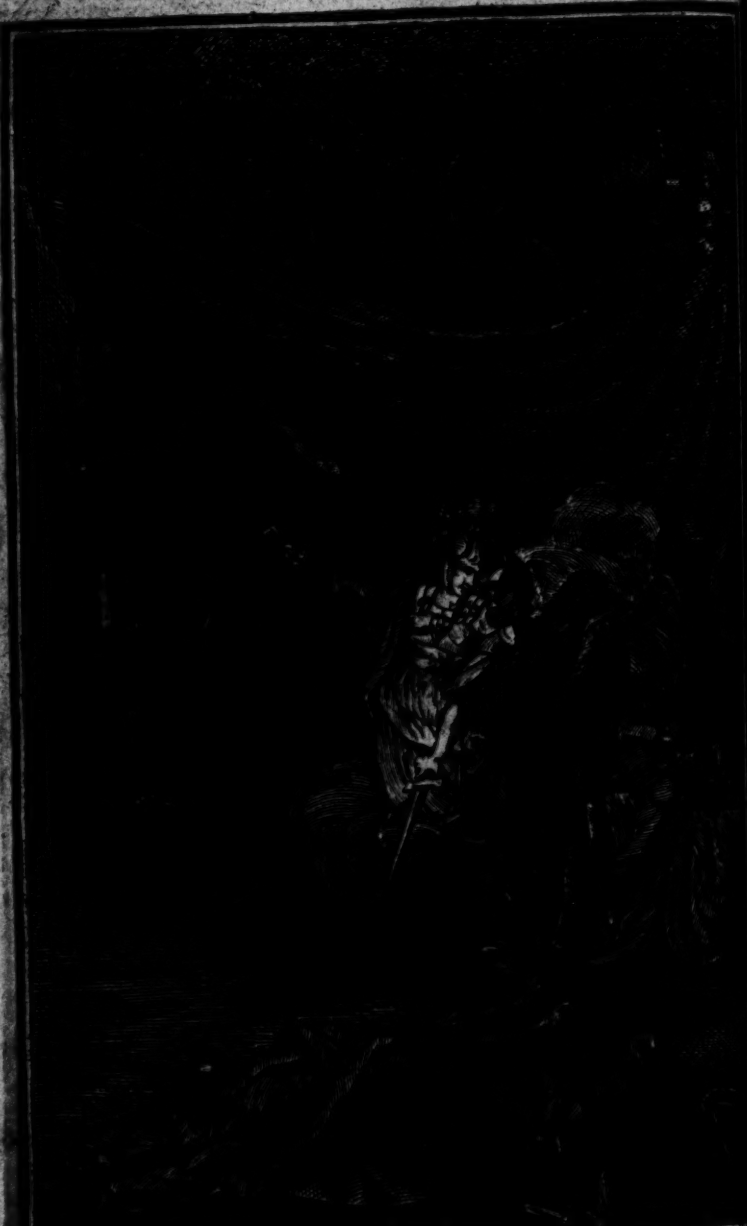
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NOTICE OF SALE

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The Greeks surprizing of Achilles & refusal: having sent Diomedes &
Ulysses in the night to observe the Trojan Camp: These Princes artfully
discover the disposition of the Trojans, whoe they carry off. 310

Argument of the Tenth Book.



Gamemnon having spent the Night without Sleeping, rises before Day, goes, together with Menelaus, and raises the Chieftains of the Army; and in a Council of War, which he held near the Ditch, it is thought proper to send Spies to observe what passes in the Trojan Camp. Diomed offers himself the first, and demands a Companion. The bravest Chieftains present themselves to accompany him; Diomed makes choice of Ulysses. These two set out, and on the way meet with Dolon, whom the Enemy had likewise sent as a Spy into the Grecian Camp. They kill him, after having got out of him the whole Disposition of the Trojan Army, and learn that Rhesus, Prince of Thrace, was newly arriv'd therein, with his Troops, and that he had a very sumptuous Chariot, and very beautiful Horses. Ulysses and Diomed advance as far as the Quarter of the Thracians, kill Rhesus, and several of his Guards, untie the Horses, carry them off, and return into the Grecian Camp.



THE
I L I A D
OF
H O M E R.

BOOK X.



OW all the valiant Leaders of the
Greeks Enjoy'd profound Repose,
dissolv'd in Sleep, All but *Atrides*;
from his wakeful Eyes, Inqui-
tude dispell'd the Sweets of Slum-
ber.

(a) As when the gloomy Thunderer prepared
To drown the World with Deluges of Rain, Or

(a) As when the gloomy Thunderer, What Magi-
fcence! What Sublimity in this Image? Agamemnon af-
flicted, and upon the Brink
of a great Battel, is compar'd

sends

Book X. THE ILIAD, &c.

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sends his stormy Hail, or fleecy Snows, To cloath the Surface of the hoary Earth; (b) Or when he's ready to excite to Arms Two Nations, and (c) disclose the Jaws of War; (d) Thro' all the Heav'ns the dreadful Lightnings play, Nor cease, nor pause, but Flash succeeds on Flash: So, when *Atrides* meditates the War, Sighs after Sighs burst from his manly Breast, O'ercast his Look, and shake his very Soul.

to *Jupiter*, who is going to overflow the Earth with a Deluge, or to kindle a War. The Sighs of that Prince are compar'd to Flashes of Lightning, which precede, and foretell those Ravages. This is what made the Antients say, that never Poet knew better than *Homer* to equal in the Grandeur of his Ideas the Majesty of the greatest Subject.

(b) Or when he's ready to excite to Arms! We have already seen, that all Nations, as well Greeks as Barbarians, were equally tainted with this Superstition, that Lightning and Thunder were the Fore-runners of Wars and Battels.

(c) Disclose the Jaws of War.] The Greek Expression deserves to be remark'd: *Homer* says, or prepare the Mouth of War, *σὺν ὀπίσσω*. This Poet gives War a Mouth, because of its Voraciousness.

(d) Through all the Heavens the dreadful Lightnings play.] When People find fault with Poets, and charge them with saying Things which are

contradicted by Experience, they ought to be very sure of what they advance, for otherwise they make wrong Criticisms, and fall into the very same Vice they condemn. Thus it befell *Julius Scaliger*, who in his Poetics is very severe upon *Homer*, for saying in this place, that it Thunders and Lightens at the same time when it Snows: This, says he, is what we never saw. He is certainly mistaken. It is no more than what has been seen in our Days, says *Father Bossu*, in his excellent Treatise of Epic Poetry; In the Month of January there was such violent Thundering, it burst Part of the Church of Chalons; as also of the Abbey of Chaly near Senlis; and had the like mischievous Effect in several other Places. Dreadful Claps of Thunder were heard at Senlis, during a very great and thick Snow. *Homer* had undoubtedly seen the same Thing; and he was better acquainted with the Power of Nature than *Scaliger* was.

A 3

When

(e) When tow'rd's the Trojan Plain he casts his Eyes, Astonish'd he beholds the frequent Fires That blaze with dreadful Lustre o'er the Field; While the loud (f) Voice of Flutes and sounding Pipes, Mixt with the Din of Soldiers, strikes his Ears: But when he tow'rd's the Grecian Army turns His mournful Looks, with Grief o'erwhelm'd he lies, And, with wild Sorrow frantick, from his Head Tears his dishevel'd Locks, and inward groans, And in his sore Distress, with loud Complaints, Makes his Address to Jove, and mourns his Woes. At length, the best Expedient he could find, Was to seek out sage Nestor fam'd for Wisdom, And try if any Project could be form'd, To save th'unhappy Greeks from instant Ruin. Then from his Bed he rose, and round his Shoulders Cast a rich Vest, embroider'd o'er with Gold; And on his

(e) *When tow'rd's the Trojan Camp, he casts his Eyes.* Some Critics of Antiquity us'd to ask how Agamemnon, shut up in his Tent, in the midst of a well fortify'd and well entrench'd Camp, cou'd see what pass'd in the Trojans Camp? Aristotle, in the 26th Chapter of his Poetics, has sufficiently answer'd this Objection. When Homer says of Agamemnon, that, shut up in his Tent in the middle of his Camp, he turn'd his Eyes towards the Trojan Camp; in this place, to turn the Eyes, is a Metaphorical Term, which only signifies, to think, to revolve in the Mind. See the Remarks there.

(f) *Voice of Flutes, &c.* The same Critics, just now mention'd, blam'd Homer for saying, the Voice of Flutes and Pipes, because the Voice is a Word only used in speaking of human Creatures. But Aristotle has very well answer'd this impertinent Censure, by saying that Voice is a metaphorical Term, which signifies only Sound. There is nothing more Noble than this Metaphor, and it is wonderfully used in the Sublime. Thus David says, the Voice of the Thunder; the Prophets, the Voice of the Scourge; the Voice of the Wheels, the Voice of the Sword; and has not God himself said, the Voice of Blood?

Feet

Feet he bound his stately Buskins; Then o'er his Back he threw a Lion's Hide, Tawny and vast! that with a dreadful Length Cover'd his Ankles; in his Hand he grasp'd A Spear prodigious both in Weight and Size.

(g) With equal Care was *Menelaus* tost, Nor did soft Sleep weigh down his Eyes to rest; Much fear'd he, lest the *Greeks*, who for his Sake Had cross'd the Ocean to avenge his Quarrel, Far from their Native Soil should fall in Arms. Then o'er his Back a Leopard's Hide he cast Distinct with Spots; a Helm of polish'd Brass Shone on his Head with formidable Brightness; And in his Hand a mighty Spear he bore: Thus arm'd, with martial Stalk he strode along Forth from his Tent he march'd to wake his Brother, Him whom the *Grecians* as a God ador'd: He found him sitting on his polish'd Arms, Who at his Brother's Sight with Joy was ravish'd. But first the valiant *Menelaus* spoke: "Why thus in Arms my Brother? What Design Thus wakes you? (b) Is it to send forth some Spy To view the posture of the Trojan Army? But much I fear, lest none be found who dares Perform a Task so venturously bold, And singly pass the dread-

(g) With equal Care was *Menelaus* tost.] It had been dishonourable for *Menelaus*, the sole Cause of the War, to have slept at a time when the Army was in such melancholy Circumstances. *Homer* ever observes Decorum. *Menelaus* is up ev'n before *Agamemnon*.

(b) Is it to send forth some

Spy.] *Menelaus* is not only awake, and ris'n before *Agamemnon*; but as he meditated in the Night upon what was to be done, he concluded, that the best way was to send Spies into the Enemy's Camp, and thereby gives into the Opinion of *Nestor*, who will by and by open that Matter.

"ful Gloom of Night : Brave must he be, and
 "resolutely daring.
 Thus he: And *Agamemnon* thus reply'd ;
 "In this Distress thus threaten'd with De-
 "struction The most mature Precautions must
 "be us'd To save the Army, and avert the
 "Storm ; For *Jove* is deaf to us, but views
 "with Joy The rising Incense of the favour'd
 "Trojans. And sure, such noble Feats, such
 "Deeds in Arms, In one short Day Man ne'er
 "before perform'd, As *Hector*, thro' the Aid
 "of *Jove*, atchiev'd : Nor is he from a God
 "or Goddess sprung. His Deeds in Arms,
 "long, very long, the *Greeks* With Grief and
 "Tears have reason to remember ! But haste,
 "and wake *Idomeneus* and *Ajax*, While I to
 "raise up *Nestor* take my way, And bring him
 "to give Orders to the Guards : With Read-
 "iness his Orders they'll obey, Since *Nestor's*
 "Son, and brave *Meriones*, To whom we gave
 "the Charge, are their Commanders.
 "But what Directions (answer'd *Menelaus*)
 "Shall I receive ? With *Ajax* and *Idomeneus*
 "Must I continue, or to you return With speed,
 "when I've deliver'd your Commands ?
 Then thus the valiant *Agamemnon* spoke :
 "Stay there, lest taking different Ways, while
 "Night Thus reigns, we meet no more ;
 "(i) for many Ways Traverse the Camp, and

(i) For many Ways traverse
 the Camp.] *Homer* is commend-
 ed for the profound Know-
 ledge he had in all the Arts.
 Here we see he was skill'd
 ev'n in that of Encamping,

for as the Greek Camp was
 very extensive, so he makes
 it cross'd and travers'd by se-
 veral Routes, for the readier
 repairing to any Part that
 wanted Relief.

"fortify

“ fortify our Army. (k) But cry aloud, and
 “ bid the *Grecians* arm; Call ev’ry single Per-
 “ son by his Name, And add the Father’s
 “ Name, to grace the Son’s: (l) Disdain not
 “ to address the meanest Soldier; For like
 “ the meanest Soldier we must labour, Since
 “ equally, when we were born, great *Jove*
 “ Expos’d us to all Forms of Wretchedness.

Such were th’ Instructions *Agamemnon* gave,
 And tow’rds the Tent of *Nestor* held his Way.
 Him in his Bed he found inviting Sleep,
 And by his Side his various Arms were lay’d;
 Two Spears, a Buckler, and a beamy Helmet,
 And near, (m) a Scarf with curious Art em-
 broider’d, With which the Hero girt his mighty
 Loins, When forth he march’d to Battle, clad
 in Arms; For he, tho’ old, tho’ hoary in the
 War, Headed his valiant Forces to the Field;
 Nor sunk beneath th’ oppressive Weight of
 Age. When in his Tent he saw the Son of
Atreus; Thus, leaning on his Side, half-rais’d,
 he spoke:

“ Who’s this that thro’ the Camp alone

(k) *But cry aloud.*] That he might be instantly known, for fear lest the Soldiery being waken’d by his Tread, and taking him for an Enemy, shou’d give th’ Alarm; for they were in those Days unacquainted with what we call the Watch-Word.

(l) *Disdain not, &c.*] In Point of Decency and Dignity, the Heralds shou’d have been sent to wake the Troops, but the Condition of Affairs

does not admit that exact Observation of Rules and Ceremonies; Necessity is paramount to Law.

(m) *A Scarf.*] I have follow’d *Eustathius*, who says, that *Zeus* does not here signify the Shoulder-Belt, but a Girdle or Sash, which they put over their Armour, and which cover’d the quilted Truss that was worn at the Extremity of the Cuirass.

" thus walks, Thus thro' the Darknes of the
 " gloomy Night, While the whole World en-
 " joys profound Repose? Is it to find the
 " Watch, or some Companion? Speak who you
 " are, and make your Business known.

Thus he: And thus the Godlike King reply'd;
 " O thou that art the Glory of the *Greeks*!
 " Here, in thy Tent, thou *Agamemnon* view'st,
 " A King, the most unhappy of Mankind. Me
 " *Jove* afflicts with Troubles without num-
 " ber, Which ne'er will cease, until forgot in
 " Death. Thus fore distress'd, forlorn, and void
 " of Hope, (n) I wander all the Night around
 " the Camp, And Sleep is grown a Stranger
 " to my Eyes; The Weight of all the War, the
 " Load of Woes That presses fore the *Greeks*,
 " afflicts my Soul; I tremble for their Fate,
 " my tortur'd Heart Sinks overwhelm'd with
 " Cares that wreck my Breast; Grief discom-
 " poses and distracts my Thoughts: My panting
 " Heart, as tho' 'twould force its Prison, Boun-
 " ces and beats against my Sides; my Strength
 " Fails me thro' Grief, and e'en my Feet refuse
 " To bear so great a Load of Wretchedness.
 " But if, while thus the friendly Night pro-
 " tects us, (Nor has soft Sleep weigh'd down your
 " weary Eyes) If you have hopes to dissipate
 " the Storm That gathers black, and threatens
 " us with Ruin; Come, let us view each
 " Quarter of the Army, Lest, with Fatigues
 " and Weariness oppress'd, The Watch shou'd

(n) I wander. He did not wander, for he very well knew what; but he uses this Term to denote his Unquietness and Dejection of Spirit.

" slumber,

" slumber, and remit their Guard. For near
 " our Host encamps the War of *Troy*, And who
 " can tell, but, even in the Night, Ee'n now
 " they may assault the trembling *Greeks*?

Then *Nestor* thus; " O mighty King o'er
 " Kings, *Jove* will not crown all *Hector's*
 " tow'ring Hopes, His airy Dreams of Con-
 " quest, with Success; But deeper Cares, a
 " blacker Train of Woes Shall overwhelm the
 " now victorious *Trojan*, If e'er great *Peleus'*
 " Son, the brave *Achilles*, Foregoes his Anger,
 " and resumes his Arms. But thee, O King,
 " I'm ready to attend; Yet let us wake the
 " other valiant Leaders; *Tydidēs*, fierce in
 " Arms, and wise *Ulysses*, *Ajax* the Son of
 " *Oileus*, and brave *Meres*, *Idomeneus*, and *Ajax*
 " Son of *Telamon*, Who guard the utmost
 " Quarters of the Camp; But *Menelaus*, tho'
 " to me he's dear, Tho' I incur your Anger,
 " will I blame, Who sleeps and leaves to you
 " the Cares of War. He ought to go to ev'ry
 " leading *Greek*, And animate his Courage by
 " his Prayers, While thus a dreadful View of
 " Danger threatens.

" Sage *Nestor*, said the valiant *Agamemnon*,
 " Reserve to other Seasons this Reproach;
 " (o) Sometimes, indeed, that Energy of Soul,

(o) Sometimes, indeed, that
 Energy of Soul, which shou'd
 be shewn, appears not in my Bro-
 ther.] There is a Becoming-
 ness here, which charms me.
Agamemnon, to defend *Mene-
 laus*, whom *Nestor* accuses of
 Idleness, will not absolutely
 justify him, nor say that his

Brother is altogether free from
 Fault; for that wou'd be of-
 fending Truth, and accusing
Nestor of Injustice and Cal-
 lumny: but he does better
 than if he had justify'd him,
 for he turns the Vices he is
 reproach'd with into Virtues,
 and shews that what is taken

“ Which shou’d be shewn, appears not in my
 “ Brother ; But even this is not thro’ Want of
 “ Thought, Or Idleness, but thro’ Respect to
 “ me : On me he waits, and he expects my
 “ Orders ; And now before me long he was in
 “ Arms, And gone to call the Leaders you have
 “ nam’d : But let us haste, for they expect our
 “ Presence, Now at the Watches Post where
 “ they’re assembled.

“ Great King, reply’d the sage and prudent
 “ Nestor, If Menelaus thus persists to act, Sure
 “ none of all the Greeks will blame his Con-
 “ duct, (p) But all with Readiness obey his
 Orders.

Thus while he spoke, he o’er his Shoulders
 threw A Vest, and on his Feet his Buskins
 bound ; (q) Then button’d on a Cloak of Pur-
 ple Dye, Both large and broad, and soft with
 downy Nap ; Pointed with shining Brass a
 Spear he bore ; And thus array’d, he march’d
 along the Camp, Till coming to Ulysses’ Tent,
 he call’d. Immediately the Hero heard his Voice,
 And rushing from his Tent, in haste thus spoke ;

in Menelaus for Sloth and
 Idleness, is only a Deference
 and Respect which he has for
 him. How happy wou’d it
 be, if we were as ingenious
 as this Prince, to turn into
 Virtues what is amiss in our
 Friends ?

(p) But all with Readiness
 obey his Orders. Nestor there-
 by means, that Soldiers always
 willingly obey a Prince, who
 not only commands, but sets
 an Example.

(q) Then button’d on a
 Cloak of Purple Dye. The
 Greek says, *χλαῖναν διπλῆν*, *la-*
nam duplicem ; and one may
 be deceiv’d by this Word, for
lana duplex does not signify a
 lin’d Cloak, as we now-a-days
 say, but a very large Cloak,
 and which might make two ;
 it is call’d *διπλῆν* absolutely,
 and *διπλῆς*. It does not ap-
 pear, that the ancient Greeks
 ever knew the Practice of li-
 ning Clothes.

“ Why

“ Why walk you thus alone around the Camp,
 “ All Night in Darkness? Say, what Danger
 “ threatens? Divine *Ulysses*, said the prudent
 “ *Nestor*, Be not displeas’d that we disturb
 “ your Rest, The Storm is ready to o’erwhelm
 “ the *Greeks*; Come then, and let us wake the
 “ other Chiefs To Council summon’d, that we
 “ may advise (r) Whether to fly, or to prepare
 “ for Fight.

He spokè; *Ulysses* sprung into his Tent, Put
 on a mighty Shield, and strode away. Then
 to the Tent they went of *Diomedes*; (s) Him
 clad in Arms before his Tent they found,
 Stretch’d on the Earth; on every Side him lay
 Sleeping his brave Companions of the War:
 Their Shields sustain’d their Heads, (t) and
 near them stood Upright their Spears; and from
 them stream’d a Flame As Lightning dreadful,

(r) *Whether to fly, or to prepare for Fight.* He speaks of Flight before Fight, the better to shew the Grief and Distress of the Army. Βαρυμυθὸς ὁ ψυχῆς, says *Euſtathius*, ἀποβῆναι τὸ ἐσθλὸν τὸ μὲν ἔχοντα, εἰς ἡμῶν Ἀχαιοῦν ἀρετῆς τὴν αὐτὴν ἔχον. ’Tis the Sign of a dejected and griev’d Mind, to put Flight before Fight; as if the *Greeks* were already dispos’d to fly.

(s) *Him clad in Arms, &c.* Homer always raises the Character of *Diomed*, by Strokes which shew a great Warrior: *Diomed* seeing the Enemy so near at hand, sleeps completely arm’d, and out of his Tent.

(t) *And near them stood upright their Spears.* These Spears were stuck upright in the Earth, as was the Custom of those Nations; a Custom which lasted a long time among the *Illyrians*. The *Greeks* left it off very late, and by an Accident which happen’d; for some Spears, so stuck in the Ground, falling one Night upon the Soldiers, and having wak’d them in a Surprize, caus’d in the Camp a general Alarm; so they took care not to have Armies expos’d any more to such Terrors. See the Remarks upon *Aristotle’s Poetics*, Chap. 26.

which,

which, to fright the World, The Thund'rer
launches from his angry Arm. Thus slept the
Chief: beneath him, on the Ground, Was
spread the Hide of a wild Savage Bull: And a
rich Purple Carpet bore his Head: Then Ne-
stor wak'd him with his Foot, and spoke.

" Rise, *Diomed*, Why sleep you thus all Night?

" Do you not know, that from a Rising Ground,

" The Trojan Army hovers o'er our Camp?

Thus he: And *Diomed* in a moment rose,
And, with Respect, to *Nestor* thus reply'd; " Too

" cruel to your self, O Sage, you are, (u) Who

" thus deny your Age the Sweets of Rest. Are

" there not many in the Bloom of Youth Whom

" you might send to wake the Grecian Chiefs?

" (w) But you forbid yourself the Taste of

" Comforts.

" 'Tis true, my Friend, reply'd the reverend

" *Nestor*, I have both Sons obedient and cou-

" rageous, And thousands ready to perform

" my Orders: But such a Train of Woes af-

" flicts the *Greeks*, That none shou'd be en-

" trusted but ourselves. Alas! this dreaded Hour

" our Fate decides; It saves us, or it loses us

" for ever. But since you're troubled at an old

" Man's Pains, And wish me to take Rest, and

(u) *Who thus deny your Age the Sweets of Rest.*] *Diomed* does not complain of being wak'd, but only that *Nestor*, old as he is, does not take more Care of himself.

(w) *But you forbid yourself the Taste of Comforts.*] This is the Sense of this Word, οὐ δ' αὐμῆται ἑωσι.

The *Greeks* call'd αὐμῆται, those who do not know how to help themselves, and who in the midst of all the Conveniences, which might put them above the necessity of fatiguing, do, notwithstanding, give themselves perpetual Torment.

" Life's

“ Life’s sweet Comforts, Go now, for you are
 “ younger far than I; Go, and awake the va-
 “ liant Son of *Oileus*, *Ajax* the brave, and *Phy-*
 “ *leus*’ noble Offspring.

Thus he: And Di’med o’er his Shoulder
 threw A Lion’s Hide, tawney, and vast, and
 frightful! That with a dreadful Length ev’n
 reach’d his Feet; And in his Hand a mighty
 Spear he bore. Then went, and wak’d, and
 brought the valiant Heroes. When to the
 Watch they came, secure they found Each Post,
 and all the Captains on their Guard. As watch-
 ful Dogs secure a Fold of Sheep, And hearing
 from afar a furious Lion Shaking the Woods,
 and rushing from the Mountains, Renounce
 sweet Sleep, and wake the drowzy Shepherd:
 Thus shook the Guards sweet Slumber from
 their Eyes; And watching, spent the tedious
 Night in Arms. Still towards the Trojan Plains
 they turn’d their Eyes; And when they heard
 the Sound of treading Feet, Silent they listen’d
 to prevent Surprize. *Nestor* rejoic’d to find ’em
 thus in Arms, And said, “ Go on, my Sons,
 “ thus keep your Guard, Nor let soft Sleep op-
 “ press your weary Eyes, Lest *Troy* should tri-
 “ umph in the *Grecians* Ruin.

(*) He spoke, and pass’d the Ditch; the
 Leaders follow’d, With them *Meriones* and

(*) He spoke, and pass’d
 the Ditch.] *Nestor* being mind-
 ed to excite some-body to go
 as a Spy to the Trojan Camp,
 passes the Ditch on purpose
 to encourage him that shou’d
 have the Boldness to take that

Commission upon him; for
 that Spy seeing *Nestor* and
 the other Princes out of the
 Camp, will believe himself
 seconded, and nearer Help,
 than if they had been in their
 Intrachments.

Tbrasy-

Thrasymedes (Who too were summon'd) to the Council went: When they had pass'd the Ditch, they fate 'em down Upon a Spot of Ground unstain'd with Blood, There where from Slaughter Godlike *Hector* turn'd; When the dark Veil of Night involv'd the Skies, And fav'd the *Grecians* from his fatal Spear. When they were seated, *Nestor* rose, and said, "Is there a Man of such a noble Soul, That dares pass over to the Camp of *Hector*, (y) And try to intercept some straggling Trojan, Or hear what new Designs they entertain? Whether before our Fleet they mean to stay, Besiege our Army, or return to Troy. If, when the noble Warrior this performs, If to our Camp in Safety he returns, He o'er the World shall win eternal Glory, And the great Deed a great Reward shall gain; (z) A jetty Ewe, the Beauty of the Fold, That suckles with her Dugs a comely Lamb, Shall each Commander of each Ship present; And ever at our Feasts and Entertainments, A Seat of Honour and Distinction find. He said; and silent the whole

(y) *And try to intercept some straggling Trojan.*] This Word *Straggling*, is not added without a Design; 'tis to inspire Courage, by making the Enterprize seem less dangerous, and more easy; as if they requir'd of him, who shou'd offer himself for a Spy, only to approach the Enemy's Camp without going into it; and

this is what *Diomed* very well saw, as will appear by his Answer.

(z) *A jetty Ewe, &c.*] He says, a black Ewe, not only for the Rarity, but also to shew, that the Colour of the Flock wou'd in some manner mark the Nature of the Service, viz. going in the Night to scout the Enemy's Camp.

Council

Council sate, Till thus the valiant *Diomed* reply'd ; " *Nestor*, my Soul intrepid at the Danger, (a) Prompts me to penetrate the *Trojan* Camp ; But if some other Man, some gallant *Greek*, Wou'd be Companion in the noble Danger, I shou'd be bolder, more assur'd shou'd grow. When two together go on one Design, This sees Advantages, which that o'erlooks ; And tho' the single Man be brave in Arms, His Thoughts are dubious, unresolv'd his Soul.

(a) *Prompts me to penetrate the Trojan Camp.* *Nestor* only wants some-body to offer himself to go and approach the *Trojan* Camp, and he proposes it as an Enterprize which requires a great deal of Courage and Audacity. *Diomed* presents himself, and promises not only to approach the Enemy's Camp, but to enter pretty far in it, *ὄνείθευ ἐπατρώ.* But what is most remarkable here, is, that this same Man, as intrepid and resolute as he is, has however the Wisdom and Modesty to demand a Companion, and to own that with this Companion he should have more Courage, than if he were alone. To shew how natural this is, I need only relate an Example very like it, which Holy Scripture furnishes us with in the History of *Judges*. *Gideon*, by the Angel of the Lord, is call'd *Mighty Man of Valour*. *Dominus tecum, virorum fortissime,*

vi. 12. The Lord chuses him to deliver his People from the Yoke of *Midian*, and he says himself to that valiant Man, that he need only descend into the Enemy's Camp, because he has deliver'd it into his hands : *Surge, & descende in castra, quia tradidi eos in manum tuam.* But as God knew Nature, who is the Work of his own Hands, he adds, *but if thou fear to go down, go thou with Phura thy Servant down to the Host. Sin autem solus ire formidas, descendat tecum Phura puer tuus.* And *Gideon* did not think it a Dishonour to him, to represent that he should be bolder and more assur'd, if he had a Companion with him. He took his Servant *Phura*. I have expatiated a little upon this Passage, to shew the perfect Conformity which is between *Homer's* Writings and Holy Scripture, both for the Style and Manners.

He

He spoke: And many proffer'd to attend The gallant *Diomed*, and share the Labour: Each *Ajax* strove to bear away the Glory, While brave *Meriones*, and *Nestor's* Son, And *Mene-laüs*, and the great *Ulysses*, Ask'd, and contend-ed for the glorious Danger. Then thus the mighty *Agamemnon* spoke:

"O thou that art the Dearest to my Soul!
 "O *Diomed*, of all the *Greeks* here present,
 "Take thou the bravest to be thy Companion;
 "Let not Respect to Dignity or Pow'r, De-
 "termine thee to chuse a Man less valiant,
 "Because his Birth or Titles are superiour.
 Thus spoke the Gen'ral; fearing (b) lest *Ty-dides* Shou'd chuse his gallant Brother *Menelaüs*.
 Then thus illustrious *Diomed* reply'd; "Since
 "I am free to chuse my own Companion,
 "(c) How can I be forgetful of *Ulysses*, Whose
 "Wisdom ever shines in Dangers bright, And
 "whom with her Protection *Pallas* shields?
 "If He be with me, tho a Thousand Fires Op-
 "pose our Course, thro all we shall return;
 "With Ease his Wisdom will disclose a Way.

(b) Lest *Tydidēs* shou'd chuse his gallant Brother *Menelaüs*.] In this Age, such a Commis-sion does not affect Princes, much less the Brother of a King; but in those Heroic Times, the meanest Functions, provided they were the most dangerous, were the most ho-nourable; the greatest Princes sollicitated for them; and *Me-nelaüs*, notwithstanding he was *Agamemnon's* Brother, might be chosen as well as another.

In my preceding Remark, we just saw that *Gideon* General of the *Israelites* descended as a Spy into *Midian's* Camp.

(c) How can I be forgetful of *Ulysses*, &c.] *Diomed* does not chuse *Ulysses* as the most valiant; that wou'd be inju-rious to the others: but he chuses him as the wisest, and as most belov'd by *Minerva*; and on this Occasion, there is as much or more need of Wis-dom than Courage.

Thus

Thus he : And thus the wise *Ulysses* spoke ;
 “ (d) Nor blame, nor here, O *Diomed*, com-
 “ mend ; You speak to *Greeks*, and they *Ulysses*
 “ know : But let us march, near is the Morn’s
 “ Approach ; *Aurora* hastens to display her
 “ Beams, (e) The setting Stars have almost
 “ run their Course, And fall into the Seas,
 “ (f) and of the Night More than two Thirds
 “ are past, and one remains.

Now they put on the dreadful Pomp of
 Arms : A two-edg’d Sword the valiant *Tbra-*
symedes Gave with a Buckler to the brave *Ty-*

(d) *Nor blame, nor here, O Diomed, commend.* Praise and Blame are useless, when they are spoken in the Hearing of Persons who know those for whom such Praise or Blame is intended. *Ulysses* interrupts *Diomed* for that reason ; and he had rather make his Actions speak, than let *Diomed*.

(e) *The setting Stars, &c.* It appears by this Passage, and by several others, that *Homer* knew that the Universe was of a round Figure ; for it were not possible for the Stars to set and rise, if the Sun did not go under the Earth to finish its Course. *Homer* took care to mark this Time precisely, because it was the most convenient Hour for Spies : for the Fires which the *Tro-*
ans had kindled, and which illuminated all the Plain, would not permit them to go sooner ; whereas, towards the End of the Night, they were most of them extinguish’d, or very much deadned.

(f) *And of the Night more than two Thirds are past, and one remains.* *Homer* literally says, *The Night is more than two Thirds gone, and there remains no more than a Third of it* : And upon this the Critics have accus’d him of expressing himself ill ; for if the Night was more than two Thirds gone, there cou’d not remain another Third. *Aristotle* confutes this insipid Con-
 fure, by shewing, that this word *More* shou’d not be taken literally ; and that *Homer* only means, that the greatest Part of the Night was already gone, and that there remain’d no more than a Third of it. This is a Negligence which Custom authorizes in all Languages. The Poet, by dividing the Night into three Parts, shews, that the *Greeks* divided it into three Watches ; that is to say, they reliev’d the Guards three times a Night.

dides ;

dides ; His own behind he left within his Tent.
 (g) Then on his Head a Leathern Helm he plac'd, No plummy Crest, no Ornaments it bore ; But plain as those which Youths are wont to wear. *Merion* gave a Quiver to *Ulysses*, A Quiver and a Bow, and fatal Sword ; Then on his Head a Leathern Guard he plac'd, Th' Inside was bound with complicated Thongs, On the Outside were plac'd, in dreadful Rows, The Teeth of a wild savage Boar, that grinn'd Dreadful, and strengthen'd every way the Cask.
 (b) The Cask *Autolycus* from *Eleon* brought, *Eleon*, the Royal City of *Amynor* ; *Autolycus* gave it to *Amphidamas* ; *Amphidamas* to *Molus* ; to his Son *Merion*, *Molus* left the precious Gift ; And now it grac'd the Head of wise *Ulysses*. Thus, clad in Arms, they from th' Assembly march'd ; And *Pallas*, as a Token of Success, (i) Sent on their Right a Bird, th' Auspicious Heron. (k) The Darkness which involv'd the Earth and Air, Conceal'd him

(g) Then on his Head a Leathern Helm he plac'd. *Homier* is always a great Painter. Here by this Armour, which may be said to be picturish, he throws Poetry and Variety into his Verses. Besides, this Sort of Armour was necessary for Spies ; Steel Armour might have discover'd them by its Brightness.

(b) This Cask *Autolycus*. To raise the Value of this Cask, he gives the Story of it, as he has elsewhere done that of *Agamemnon's* Scepter.

(i) Sent on their Right a

Bird, th' Auspicious Heron. This Bird is auspicious, because it is a Bird of Rapine, and seeks its Prey only in the Night.

(k) The Darkness which involv'd the Earth and Air, conceal'd him from their Sight, but yet on high they heard, &c. This Bird might be very ill explain'd ; for not being seen, but only heard, he might fortell that these Spies will be discover'd, notwithstanding the Darkness, by the Noise they wou'd make. But *Ulysses* is too wise and experienc'd in Au-

from

from their Sight; but yet on high, They heard
the Clangor of his sounding Wings. With Joy
Ulysses took the happy Omen, And thus to
Jove's great Offspring, *Pallas*, pray'd.

"Hear me, O Goddess of the dreadful Shield,
" (For thou wast e'er propitious to *Ulysses*)
" And since, where-e'er I go, thou view'st my
" Ways, Now view, and be propitious to my
" Arms. Grant that some noble Act we may
" perform, At which whole *Troy* may tremble,
" and lament; And then return in Safety to
" our Friends.

Then *Diomedes* thus address'd the Goddess;
" Hear me, O Virgin Daughter of great *Jove*;
" Defend me as thou didst defend my Father,
" (1) When to proud *Thebes* he went Amba-
" sador. He at *Asopus* left th' embattled
" Greeks, And bore an Embassy of Peace to
" *Thebes*; But by thy Aid, Celestial Maid,
" perform'd In his Return surprizing Deeds of
" Valour. Thus aid me, Virgin Goddess,
" with thy Favour, Then I will offer, on thy
" Holy Altar, A Heifer young and fair, that
" never knew The galling Yoke; her sacred
" Blood, O *Pallas*, I'll shed to thee, and point
" her Horns with Gold.

gury, to be deceiv'd. He pre-
sently takes the Prefage in its
true Sense. He is sensible that
this Prefage signifies, that they
shall not be discover'd, and that
they shall execute some Ex-
ploit which shall be famous;
and 'tis in this Sense that he
makes the following Prayer.

(1) When to proud *Thebes*
he went Ambassador. *Homer*
has recounted this History at
length in the fourth Book;
wherefore he only speaks here
of it in passant; Time does
not permit him to say more
of it.

Thus

Thus they both pray'd, and *Pallas* heard their Pray'rs: Then on they march'd, like two intrepid Lions Thro' the dark Shade of Night; and held their Way (m) Thro' Death, and broken Arms, and Blood, and Slaughter.

(n) Nor did brave *Hector* let the *Trojans* sleep, But summon'd all the leading Heads of *Troy*: They met, and thus the warlike *Hector* spoke:

"Who's he that dares perform what I propose? A mighty Recompence he shall receive; A Chariot, and a Pair of generous Steeds, The best and bravest in the *Grecian* Camp. This shall be his Reward, whose daring Soul, Fir'd with the noble Thirst of Fame and Glory, Incites him to pass over to the *Greeks*, And learn, if now in Arms upon their Guard They stand; or, vanquish'd by our conqu'ring Arms, Neglect their Vessels, meditating Flight; Or, weary'd with the Labours of the Day, Enjoy the Night, and lie dissolv'd in Sleep. Thus he: the *Trojans*, with Amazement struck, Sate silent, shock'd at such a dangerous Deed.

(m) *Through Death, and broken Arms, and Blood, and Slaughter.* This Verse of *Homer* has a Beauty which renders it remarkable above the others, tho' very fine ones too. The Ancients have very much prais'd this Passage of *Xenophon*, When the Battle was ended, the Field of Battle is cover'd with Blood, cover'd with Dead, and sown with broken Spears and Swords, some on the Ground, and others in the

dead Bodies. But *Homer* has collected all this Image in to one Verse, which is of a wonderful Vivacity and Harmony.

(n) Nor did brave *Hector*, [See.] *Homer*, to raise the Prudence of *Hector*, and his Capacity in the Military Art, makes him hold a Council in the Night, and propose the same Thing as *Nestor* had.

There

(o) There was a Man, *Eumedes' Son*, nam'd *Dolon*, Sprung from a Herald, and himself a Herald, Wealthy in Stores of Brass, and Heaps of Gold ; (p) His Form was hideous, but his Feet were fleet ; Who thus, at last, address'd himself to *Hector* :

" My Courage, *Hector*, prompts me to approach The Grecian Fleet, and learn what you demand ; But to me swear, (q) upon

(o) *There was a Man, &c.*] *Homer* sets down here the Birth of this *Dolon*, his Riches, and Swiftmess of Foot, to shew that he did not undertake this Action thro' Greatness of Courage, but because he hoped, either, that if he was discover'd, he shou'd save himself by his Swiftmess ; or that, if he was taken, they wou'd spare him as being the Son of a Herald, and a Herald himself ; or lastly, that if they did not spare him respect his Profession, which render'd him Sacred, they would suffer him to ransom himself, because of his great Riches.

(p) *His Form was hideous, but his Feet were fleet.*] Some Ancients have criticis'd this passage, pretending that *Homer* contradicted himself, and that it was not possible for a Man ugly in his Person, to be active. This Criticism was founded upon the word *αἴσχος* being taken in the common Usage of the Greek Tongue for the Air of the whole Person, so that they call'd *αἴσχος* a Man that was well-shap'd.

But *Aristotle* has very well defended *Homer* in his *Poetics*, Chap. 26. these are his Words: *When Homer said of Dolon, that he was ugly, he meant in the Face, and not in the Body ; for the Candiots, when they wou'd speak of a Man's Handsomeness of Face, use the Word which is compos'd of that which Homer made use of. This Word is αἴσχος. Wherefore Hesychius has mark'd αἴσχος, ὡς μορφή and perhaps the Word κεντρί shou'd be added. In Latin, facies is as equivocal as the Greek αἴσχος, for it signifies the Face, and likewise the whole Mien of the Body. I have here only used a Remark of Monsieur *Dacier's* on the *Poetics*, p. 446.*

(q) *Upon your Scepter swear.*] The Scepter was the Badge of Justice. It represented *Jupiter* himself, who, in giving to Kings the Scepter, communicates to them a Ray of his Power, to the end that they might use it like him, with Equity. Thus, to authorize their Oaths, and to render them inviolable, they cou'd

" your

" your Scepter swear, That you will give me
 " as a just Reward, (r) The noble Chariot
 " and the generous Steeds, That bear the great
 " *Achilles* to the Fight: Bold I will be, nor
 " frustrate your Design; E'en to the Tent I'll
 " pierce of *Agamemnon*, Where the assembled
 " Leaders of the *Greeks* Resolve on Battle, or
 " prepare for Flight.

Then *Hector* held his Scepter up, and spoke:
 " Let mighty *Jove*, the Thunderer, be Witness
 " That *Dolon* shall receive the noble Chariot
 " And Steeds which bear *Achilles* to the Fight.

Thus *Hector* swore what never was fulfill'd;
 Yet it encourag'd *Dolon* to depart. (s) He
 o'er his Shoulder threw a well-strung Bow,
 And round him cast a Wolf's Hide for De-
 fence: His Head he guarded with a Polecat's

do nothing more tremendous
 or solemn than lifting up the
 Scepter; for that was making
Jupiter as it were a Guarantee
 of what they swore. *Aristotle*,
 speaking of the Royalties of
 those Heroical Times, did
 not fail to take notice of this
 Practice, & he says he,
 The Form of the Oath was
 lifting up the Scepter. In the
 3d Book of his *Politics*, Chap.
 24.

(r) The noble Chariot, and
 the generous Steeds, &c.] *Hec-
 tor* did not at all speak to
 him of *Achilles's* Horses; he
 only promis'd him the best of
 the *Enemy's* Horses; and as
 those of *Achilles* were beyond
 Comparison the best, *Dolon*,

seduc'd by his Pride, explains
 thus the Promise *Hector* has
 made him. This *Dolon* was
 a passionate Lover of Horses.
 Moreover, the sortish Van-
 ty of *Dolon* makes a good
 Contrast here with the Val-
 our so sage and circumspect of
Diomed.

(s) He o'er his Shoulder
 threw a well-strung Bow. *Dol-
 on*, like an imprudent Man
 goes alone, and does not de-
 mand a Companion, as *Diomed*
 did; and therefore we see
 that he perishes in his
 Enterprize. *Homer* thereby
 shows, that Prudence is bet-
 ter than all other Qualities;
 and that, as the Proverb says,
 A Man alone is rather weak
 than his wife.

Skin,

kin, And in his Hand he bore a pointed
 spear ; Then forth he march'd, (t) and in the
 beaten Road Went tow'rds the *Greeks*, and *Agamemnon's*
Tent, From whence he never must
 with Life return. When he had pass'd the
 Army of the *Trojans*, With hasty Steps he
 forward held his Way ; Him, at his near Ap-
 proach, *Ulysses* saw, And thus in haste to *Diomedes*
 spoke ; " See, from the Camp some
Trojan comes this way, Perhaps, a Spy, to
 view the *Grecian* Army, Or strip the Bodies
 of the slaughter'd *Greeks*. (u) But let him
 pass, and o'er the Plain advance Still far-
 ther, then we'll start and rush upon him ;
 But if we find in Swiftness he excels, Then
 drive him with thy Spear upon our Fleet,
 Lest to the *Trojans* he shou'd make his Flight.
 Thus he ; and strait aside the beaten Path,
 among the slaughter'd Bodies down they lay ;
 while *Dolon*, unperceiving, swiftly pass'd. (w)
 When he was gone the Distance of the Space

(t) And in the beaten Road.]
 does not, like *Ulysses* and
 go cross the Fields ;
 unwisely follows the
 Road.

(u) But let him pass.] *U-*
 is the first that perceiv'd
 who guesses what he
 and who contrives how to
 him out of his way, and
 like him. If *Diomed* had
 alone, he had never brought
 out.

(w) When he was gone the
 of the Space, &c.]
 is one of the most dif-
 Passages of *Homer*. I

am not satisfy'd with the Ex-
 plication that *Didymus* gave
 of it, viz. that *Homer* meant
 the Space which Mules gain
 upon Oxen that plow in the
 same Field. This is saying
 Nothing ; for the Mules gain
 more or less Space, as they
 trace a Ridge of Land more
 or less long. This therefore
 is not *Homer's* Meaning. To
 understand this Passage right-
 ly, it must be observ'd, that
 the *Grecians* did not till their
 Ground as we do. First they
 plow'd it with Oxen, and
 the second time with Mules.

Which Plow-men leave between two Plough
of Mules; (The Mule by far excels the lab'ring
Ox In turning up the Ground as yet untill'd
They from their Ambush rush'd, while at the
Sound Of treading Feet, still *Dolon* list'ning
stood; And hop'd that *Hector* had some Troop
sent To stop his Journey, and prevent his pro-
gress. But when they came within a Jav'lin
Cast, He knew them to be Foes, and o'er the
Plain Swiftly he ran, and swiftly they pursue
As when two Gray-hounds of an equal Speed
Pursue a tim'rous Hare, or fearful Deer, Thro'
woody Grounds they urge the noble Chace
Forward they press, and bear upon the Prey

When they set on two Ploughs in a Field, they measur'd the Space which these two Ploughs cou'd perform in a Day, and put their Ploughs at the two Ends of this Space, and these Ploughs proceeded towards one another. This intermediate Space was always fix'd, but less for two Ploughs of Oxen than for two of Mules, because Oxen are slower, and labour more in a Field which has not been yet turn'd up; whereas Mules are swifter, and go faster in a Field which has had its first Ploughing. I am therefore perswaded, that *Homer* calls $\lambda\epsilon\gamma\omega\upsilon\sigma$ the Space which the Husbandmen left between two Ploughs of Mules which work'd in the same Field; and as this Space was greater in a Field already turn'd up by Oxen, as I have just said, he adds what he says

of Mules, that they are
and more proper to give
second Ploughing to a Field
already broke up by Oxen,
and which he for that Reason
calls *deep, rursi, rabini,
fundi novalis*, for this Soil
was fix'd and certain of
many Acres, or of Peasants
and always greater than the
Field as yet untill'd; and
being tougher and more difficult,
requir'd the Space
greater between two Ploughs
of Oxen, because they could
not dispatch so much Work.
Homer could not use a
Comparison for a Thing
is transacted in the middle
Fields; and at the same time
he shews his Experience in
Art of Agriculture, and adds
to his Verses a very agreeable
Ornament; for all the labours
which are drawn from
Art, are delightful.

thus *Diomed*, and thus the brave *Ulysses*, Bore
 and upon the intercepted *Dolon*. But when
 he almost reach'd the Trojan Guards, With
 strength and Vigour the propitious *Pallas* In-
 fir'd *Tydidēs*, lest some other Greek Shou'd first
 wound *Dolon*, and prevent his Glory. Then
 brandishing his Spear, *Tydidēs* spoke ; "Stand,
 or receive thy Death, nor hope t' escape.
 he said, and from his Arm he launch'd his
 spear, But miss'd on purpose ; o'er his Shoul-
 der flew The erring Dart, and hiss'd along the
 air. Then *Dolon* stopt his Flight, and trem-
 bling stood, Teeth charter'd, quak'd his Body,
 knock'd his Knees, He seem'd the very Image
 of pale Fear. Panting, and out of Breath they
 seiz'd the Captive, Who thus, with Floods of
 tears, intreated Pity :

" Spare me ; a mighty Ransom I will pay,
 For I have Stores of Brass, and Gold, and
 Steel ; Of these, a Load of Gifts my Sire
 will bring, Whenever he shall learn I am
 your Captive.

Thus he : And thus the wise *Ulysses* spoke ;
 Fear not, thy Life is safe ; but say, What
 Cause Brings thee from *Heſtor*'s Camp, now,
 while the Night Thus reigns, and others lie
 dissolv'd in Sleep ? Or art thou come to rifle
 the dead Bodies ? Or art thou sent by *Heſtor*
 as a Spy ? Or was it thy own Choice that
 brought thee hither ?

He spoke: And trembling, *Dolon* thus reply'd ;
 Induc'd by mighty Promises from *Heſtor*, To
 meet my Ruin, hither I was brought ; He
 proffer'd to bestow, as my Reward, The no-

" ble Chariot, and the generous Steeds That
 " bear the brave *Achilles* to the Fight ; He bids
 " me to pass over to the *Greeks*, And learn
 " now in Arms upon their Guard They stand
 " or vanquish'd by our conqu'ring Forces, Ne-
 " lect their Vessels, meditating Flight ; Or
 " weary with the Labours of the Day, Enjoy
 " the Night, and lie dissolv'd in Sleep.

Then with a flouting Smile, *Ulysses* said ;
 " was no small Reward, at which you aim
 " When you demanded great *Achilles'* Steeds
 " But they are restive, and obey no Rein, But
 " when *Achilles* guides them to the Field ; And
 " he's a Hero of a Goddess born. But tell me
 " now, nor dare disguise the Truth ; Where
 " when you came away, was valiant *Hector*
 " Where were his Arms, and where his gene-
 " rous Horses ? And how has he dispos'd his
 " Guards of *Troy* ? Tell me, what new Dis-
 " signs they entertain ? Whether before our
 " Fleet they mean to stay, Besiege our Arms
 " or return to *Troy* ?

Ulysses thus : And *Deion* thus reply'd ;
 " I will open, nor disguise the Truth. Far
 " from the Noise and Tumult of the Camp
 " The valiant *Hector*, near the Tomb of *Ilus*
 " In Council sits among the Chiefs of *Troy*
 " (x) As for the Watch, there's none secure

(x) As for the Watch, there's
 none secures the Camp. The
Trojans alone content'd them-
 selves with watching in Arms
 near their Fires. All the
 Quarters of the Auxiliary
 Troops were open and de-

fenceless, and in a perfect
 Sleep. *Homer* here shows
 that these Nations were
 even at that Time very
 want, and gross, in the Art
 War.

the Camp : (y) The *Trojans* only, to defend the Town, Their Fires have kindled, to prevent Surprize, And stand all Night upon their Guard in Arms : But all th' Auxiliars in a Sleep profound Are laid dissolv'd ; for they have no Concern, (z) No Cares, no Wives, no Children to defend.

Thus *Dolon* spoke : *Ulysses* thus reply'd ; (a) Mixt with the *Trojans* do th' Auxiliars sleep ? Or have they Posts peculiar to themselves ? *Ulysses* thus : And *Dolon* thus reply'd ; " This too I'll speak, nor will I use Disguise. Along the Shore, the *Carians*, and *Paonians*, The *Leleges*, *Caucones*, and *Pelasgians*, Extended lie ; the *Lycians*, and the *Mysians*, The *Pbrygian* and *Meonian* Cavalry Are quarter'd tow'rds the wide *Thymbraean* Plains. But why shou'd you enquire each single Point ? If you are bent to penetrate our Camp ; There, in the outmost Lines the *Thracians* lie, But just ar-

(y) The *Trojans* only to and, &c.] *Dolon's* Ex-
position seems to me remark-
able ; for to say that the
Trojans alone were upon the
watch, he uses these Words,
as many Trojan Fires
there are, &c. he does not
mean the Fires of the Camp,
the Fires of the City,
Eustathius was very senti-
ment of ; and he takes this
of Fires in the same Sense
we apply it, in saying, that
there are so many Fires in a
place, in a Borough.
(z) No Wives, no Children
to defend.] For what we

hold most dear, is that which
obliges us likewise to keep
upon our Guard, for fear of
losing it. *Homer* advertises
here, that Auxiliary Troops
are commonly very negli-
gent.

(a) Mixt with the *Trojans*
do th' Auxiliars sleep ?] What
Dolon has just said of the *Tro-
jans* and their Allies, draws
this Question from *Ulysses*,
who interrogates this unhap-
py *Dolon* with a Prudence
answerable to his Reputation.
I think that nothing shews
Ulysses's Wisdom more than
these Questions.

" riv'd, and *Rhesus* at their Head : Such stately
 " Steeds, so exquisitely beauteous, As *Rhesus*
 " are, these Eyes before ne'er view'd ; whiter
 " than Snow, and swifter than the Winds :
 " Magnificent his Chariot is ; (b) with Plates
 " of Gold And Silver 'tis adorn'd ; his Arms
 " are Gold, Wondrous, and dazzle the Behol-
 " der's Sight : To bear such Arms the Gods are
 " only worthy. But now conduct me to your
 " Camp and Fleet ; Or leave me here fast
 " bound in Iron Chains, Till you return, and
 " witness to my Truth.

Then sternly thus fierce *Diomed* reply'd :
 " Since thou art made our Captive, hope not,
 " *Dolon*, To 'scape with Life, tho' true thy
 " Words are found ; For should we now dis-
 " miss, or take thy Ransom, Again thou
 " would'st return a secret Spy, Or fight in open
 " Arms against the *Greeks* ; But dead, from
 " thee no Danger we shall fear.

He said : And as th' unhappy *Dolon* rais'd
 His Hands and Voice to move the Hero's Soul,
Tydidēs rais'd on high his fatal Sword, And
 struck his Neck ; deep pierc'd the fatal Sword,
 Sever'd the Sinews, and cut off his Head.
 (c) Along the Dust it roll'd, and stream'd with

(b) With Plates of Gold, &c.] *Achilles's* Chariot was adorn'd only with Brass, as *Homer* has taken Care to observe ; and this of *Rhesus* is adorn'd with Plates of Gold and Silver. *Homer* never fails to describe this Magnificence of the Barbarians, who were very curious to have the rich-

est Arms and the finest Chariots. He thereby shews, that this is not the Character of great Warriors, they despise such Gawdiness and vain Nery.

(c) Along the Dust it roll'd.] This is the Recompence that cowardly *Dolon* deserv'd, who to save his Life, betray'd his Blood.

lood, And mutter'd unintelligible Sounds.
 When the brave Heroes stript him from his
 Arms: The Arms *Ulysses* took: aloft he bore
 them, And offer'd 'em to *Pallas* thus with
 Pray'rs.

"Receive, O Goddess! favourably receive
 This Off'ring; for to thee, of all the Gods,
 To thee the first will we address our Pray'rs.
 Guide us with Safety to the *Thracian* Tents,
 To *Rhesus*' Chariot, and to *Rhesus*' Steeds.

While thus he spoke, again he took the Arms,
 and laid them on a Bush; the Bush he mark'd.

(d) With Reeds and Branches of the Tamarisk,
 to guide 'em to the Place of their Return.
 When on they march'd thro' Blood and broken
 Arms, And reach'd the Quarters where the
Thracians lay. They, weary'd and fatigu'd,
 were fast asleep, Stretch'd in three even Ranks
 in fair Array; Each had his Steeds at hand,

entry, by discovering to
 Enemy all the Secrets of
 Army, and by telling
 much more than they
 knew. This Wretch had even
 Imprudence to answer
 Questions, without ha-
 ving requir'd any Oath of
Ulysses, that they
 would save his Life; he who
 did not engage himself to
 his Country, without
 having before-hand demanded
 their Oath, for securing
 him the promis'd Rewards.
 Scripture relates an
 instance of *David* not un-
 like this. He pursuing the
Goliath, met with a Strag-
 gler, 'twas an Egyptian Slave

of an Amalekite Officer. *Da-
 vid* questions him, as *Ulysses*
 here questions *Dolon*: But the
 Egyptian had more Wit than
 the Trojan; for, before he
 tells any thing he exacts an
 Oath from *David*: *Fura mi-
 hi per Deum quod non occidas
 me, & non tradas me in ma-
 nus Domini mei, &c.* 1 Sam.
 xxxv. 15.

(d) With Reeds and Branches
 of the Tamarisk.] By these
 Reeds and Tamarisks, *Homer*
 shews that the Place they went
 in was Marshy. This Exact-
 ness is necessary, and has a
 good Effect in Poetry, as well
 as in Painting.

and each his Arms. *Rhesus*, the Leader of the *Thracian* Horse, Slept in the middle of the circling Bands, And his proud Steeds were ty'd behind his Chariot. Him first *Ulysses* saw and first thus spoke.

" This is the Man, *Tydidēs* ; these the Horses, Which *Dolon* mention'd, whom we lately slew. Put on thy Strength, then, and assume the Hero ; Exert the whole *Tydidēs* ; chuse thy Task ; Or loose the Horses, or the Owners slay.

Then *Pallas* breath'd into the Soul of *Diomed* A God-like Courage, and a Hero's Vigour And Death on ev'ry side he dealt, and Slaughter ; Then Sighs and broken Groans were heard around, And Streams of Blood flow'd on the Crimson Ground. As the fell Lion rushes on a Fold Of Sheep or Goats, that want the Shepherd's Guard, And deals Destruction to the helpless Prey ; So *Diomed* invades the *Thracian* Bands, And sent Twelve sleeping *Thracians* to their Graves. Mean while, *Ulysses* drew aside the Bodies, And made an open Way for *Rhesus* Steeds, (e) Lest, not as yet mur'd to Blood and Death, Back they shou'd start, affrighted at the Sight. Then, when to *Rhesus* *Dionēdes* came He sent him likewise to the dark Abodes ; He Hand he rested on proud *Rhesus*' Head ; Nor wak'd he, but he felt, (f) as in a Dream, That

(e) Not as yet mur'd to Blood and Death.] *Homer* took care to inform us, that *Rhesus* was but just arriv'd at *Troy*. So his Horses had

not yet been in any Engagement.

(f) As in a Dream.] At the Circumstances of this Vision, the Night, *Rhesus* bury

Swan

word of *Di'med* plung'd into his Bosom. Mean-
while, *Ulysses* loos'd the *Thracian* Horses, And
brought them with their Trappings safe away :
his Bow supply'd the Office of the Whip ; His
Whip was with his Chariot in the Camp.
When he made Signs to *Di'med* to depart, (g)
who meditated still a bolder Deed, Whether
to bear away the Arms and Chariot Of *Rhesus*;
or slay a greater Number of the *Thracians*. But while
these Thoughts he entertain'd, *Minerva* Stood
by his Side, and thus the Goddess spoke :

" Delay not to return, great Son of *Tydeus*,
For fear some God should wake the sleeping
Trojans.

She spoke : *Tydidēs* knew *Minerva's* Voice ;
Then Horse he took, while with his Bow
Ulysses Urg'd on the Steeds ; the Steeds flew

to a profound Sleep, and
laid with his Sword in his
hand hanging over the Head
of that Prince, and giving him
a sign, furnish'd *Homer* with
the Idea of this Image, which
represents *Rhesus* dying fast a-
sleep, and, as it were, seeing
his Dream *Diomed* plunging
his Sword into his Breast. This
Image is very natural, for a
Man in this Condition awakes
rather, than to see confu-
sion what environs him, and
think that it's a Dream,
than a Reality.

(g) Who meditated still a
greater Deed. *Homer* loves to
show the Character of *Diomed*
on all Occasions. What he
does in this Place of that Hero,

shews both his Courage and his
great Strength, since alone he
would undertake to carry off
the Chariot of *Rhesus*.

(h) Then Horse he took. *Homer's* Expression seems to
insinuate, that this Chariot of
Rhesus's had four Horses, and
that *Ulysses* and *Diomed* led
away two a-piece. From *Ulysses*
and *Diomed's* mounting up
on *Rhesus's* Horses, we must
not conclude, that there were
then Cavalry like ours. *Ulysses*
and *Diomed* mount on Horse-
back, only because they could
not lead those Horses by the
Bridle; but in the Troops there
were nothing but Chariots.
Cavalry was in use only in
Games and Turniers.

o'er the Plain : But *Phæbus*, anxious for the Fate of *Troy*, Saw what Protection *Pallas* gave *Tydidēs*; (i) And in his Rage descended down to *Troy*, And wak'd *Hippocoon*, the *Thracian* Sage *Hippocoon*, Kinsman to the slaughter'd *Rhesus*.

Then in Amaze he started from his Bed : But when he saw the Steeds of *Rhesus* lost, And the dead *Thracians* floating in their Blood, He cry'd aloud, and call'd his breathless Friend. Then with Confusion and disorder'd Tumult, The *Trojans* throng'd to view the bold Exploit, Which unperceiv'd the valiant *Greeks* perform'd.

Now, when *Ulysses* and the brave *Tydidēs* Came to the Place where *Dolon's* Armour lay, *Ulysses* stopt the Horses, while *Tydidēs* Leap'd to the Ground, (k) and gave the bloody Arms To great *Ulysses*, and took Horse again ; Then smote the Steeds, the Steeds flew o'er the Plain. (l) First *Nestor* heard a trampling Sound, and spoke ; " Methinks, my Friends, I hear afar " the Sound Of trampling Horses, and the " Tread of Feet. I wish they bring *Ulysses* and " *Tydidēs* This way in safety from the *Trojan* " Army : But grievously I fear lest they

(i) And in his Rage descended down to *Troy*.] The Presence of *Minerva*, who sustains *Diomed*, awakes *Apollo's* Jealousy. Thus *Homer* gives to the Gods the Passions of Men. We likewise plainly see, why the Poet feigns that *Apollo* came to waken the *Trojans*. 'Tis because Day approaches and dispels the Darkness.

(k) And gave the bloody Arms to Great *Ulysses*.] Who on Horseback. *Diomed* could not remount with those Arms in his Hands.

(l) First *Nestor* heard, &c. For he stay'd without the trenchments with the other Princes, to expect the Return of the Spies.

fall'n, Slain in an Enterprize so full of Danger.

Thus while he spoke, the Grecian Chiefs ar-
d, And lighted from their Steeds; with Joy
d Transport The *Greeks* receiv'd 'em, and em-
ac'd the Heroes, Then thus sage Nestor,
m'd for Wisdom, spoke:

" Tell me, O Pride of Greece, O brave *Ulysses*;
Now tell me, Whence these Horses?
whose they were? Won from the *Trojans*?
or did some Deity Bestow them as a Gift,
a Mark of Favour? They shine with Lustre
like the beamy Sun: Old as I am, I issue to
the Fight, And mingle with the *Trojans* in
the Battle; But ne'er before behold such
(m) Steeds as these. Sure, 'twas some God
who gave the mighty Present, For both are
favour'd by the Heav'nly Pow'rs, By *Virgin*
Pallas, and by mighty *Jove*.

Sage Nestor thus: *Ulysses* thus reply'd; " O
prudent Nestor, Glory of the *Greeks*, With
Ease a God might give far nobler Steeds:
But these which you behold, from *Thrace*
were brought; Their King the Sword of
Diomed has slain, And left Twelve others
breathless by his Side. *Dolon* we slew, whom
Heitor, and the *Trojans*, (n) Well-skill'd in

(m) Sure, 'twas some God.]
The more he looks on those
Horses, the more he is con-
vinced in this Thought, that
they were a Present of the
Gods; for that was not with-
out Example, those of *Tros*,
of *Achilles*, and of *OEnomaus*,
the Presents of the Immortals.

(n) Well-skill'd in all the

Stratagems of War.] This is
an Irony, as the Scholiast has
very well observ'd, *αἰρωνία*, says
he, *ἢ ὑπερηφανία* *ὑπερηφανία*
ταύτην. *Ulysses* with Reason
laughs at the *Trojans* Indis-
cretion, in sending *Dolon* all
alone, and leaving their Camp
without Retrenchments or
Guards.

B 6

" all

" all the Stratagems of War, A Spy had sent
 " to view the *Grecian* Camp.

He said, and o'er the Ditch triumphant rode;
 And after, all the *Greeks* exulting follow'd. When
 to the Tent of *Diomed* they came, They plac'd
 the Horses in the Prince's Stable: After his
 Ship the bloody Arms of *Dolon Ulysses* hung, till
 to the Virgin Goddess The Sacrifice was ready
 to be offer'd. Mean time, the Heroes to the
 Ocean went, (o) And wash'd their Bodies in
 the briny Waves. Thus cleans'd, and thus re-
 fresh'd, their Baths they enter'd, And o'er their
 Bodies pour'd the chearful Oil; Then took
 Repast, and from capacious Urns Pour'd forth
 the sprightly Wines, and made Libations To
 Virgin *Pallas*, *Jove's* propitious Offspring.

(o) *And wash'd their Bodies in the briny Waves.* This is a Regimen which is very suitable to the Simplicity and Austerity of those heroic Manners. Those Heroes plung'd into the Sea to wash themselves, for Sea-Water is more cleansing than any other, and

a Friend to the Nerves; afterwards they went into a prepar'd Bath, and after the Bath they rubb'd themselves with Oil; for Oil, by moistning and suppling the Flesh, hinders a too great Dissipation, and restores Strength.



Argument





*The two armies being engag'd by break of day Jupiter sends Iris to
 retire from the Fight & not return, till Agamemnon's wound be
 heal'd, so with draw, from the Field of Battle.*

Argument of the Eleventh Book.

Agamemnon having arm'd himself, makes the whole Army do so too, and leads 'em to the Fight; Jupiter sends Iris to Hector, to command him to retire from the Engagement, while he sees Agamemnon perform deeds of prodigious Valour, and deal Destruction to the Trojan Army; but to return, when Agamemnon, wounded, retreats to his Camp. Ulysses is surrounded by the Enemy, but Ajax and Menelaus run to his Assistance, and discharge him. The principal Leaders of the Greeks are wounded; Agamemnon by Coon, Ulysses by Hector, and Paris with his Arrows wounds Menelaus, Eurypylus, and Machaon. Achilles sees this last Person from his Ship, brought to the Camp by Nestor, and sends Patroclus to know who he was: Patroclus coming to the Tent of Nestor, finds it to be Machaon; then Nestor exhorts him to persuade Achilles to re-arm his Arms, and if he refuses, to come himself in Achilles's Arms, and fight in his stead. Patroclus returning to the Quarters of Achilles, finds the wounded Eurypylus, whom he leads to his Vessel, applies a Root to his Wound, and relieves the Pain.

THE



THE
I L I A D
O F
H O M E R.

BOOK XI.

(a)  OW gay *Aurora* from *Tithonus'* Bed Rose, to display
Light to Gods and Men. Thence
to the *Grecian* Fleet Saturnus
Jove Sent *Discord*, dreadful
a bloody Vest, (b) Bearing the Signal of
destructive Battle. On brave *Ulysses'* Ship she

(a) Now gay *Aurora* from
Tithonus' Bed.] This is the
seventeenth Day of the Re-
sentment of *Achilles*, and the
sixth since the War was re-
new'd.

(b) Bearing the Signal of de-
structive Battle.] The Signal
of Battle which *Discord* bore,

was either a Pike, or a
lin, or a Quirass; for
Colours were not used.
Her here says poetically,
the *Greeks* now recover
their Fear, have no
Thoughts of Flight,
only desire to come
Battle.

Stand, (c) (For in the middle of the Fleet
ay) That all around might hear her dread-
Voice, Both in the Tent of *Ajax* and *Achil-*
For they, relying on their manly Prowess,
arded the two Extremes, the Posts of Danger :
eedy of Slaughter there the Goddess stood,
d rais'd her terrible and jarring Voice To all
Greeks ; and breath'd into their Souls The
ge of Battle, and the Thirst of Blood. Inglo-
s Flight was banish'd from their Thoughts,
d they grew eager for the promis'd Fight.
To Arms, cry'd *Agamemnon*, haste to Arms !
And in refulgent Brass himself array'd. A-
nd his Legs he bound his brazen Greaves,
se and compact with Clasps of polish'd Sil-
He put a Breast-plate on his manly Breast,
Which *Cinyras* gave, a Token of his Friend-
o, A Pledge of future Hospitality. For ev'n
Cyprus the Report had reach'd, That with a
ousand Ships of War the *Greeks* Were ready

For in the middle of the
it lay.] Prudence ought
in the middle of an Ar-
no animate and conduct
Whole ; and Valour and
gth in the Extremities,
end the Whole.

And in refulgent Brass
f array'd.] This is the
Battle which was fought
the Resentment of *Achil-*
whence comes it then,
Homer does not sooner
be the Armour of *Ag-*
no, but defers it till this
Battle ? It is because in
two other Battles *Ag-*
does not act the pri-

cipal Part, whereas this Day is
the Day of His Exploits ;
and as it wou'd have been
wrong to have stopt the Rea-
der with a Description of his
Armour before, so it is just
and necessary in this place, to
raise the Reader's Attention
by a pompous Description.

(c) Which *Cinyras* gave
Token of his Friendship.]
What *Homer* here says, may
be founded on some antient
Tradition, or it may be
only a Fiction, *Cyprus* being
a Place that abounds with
Metal.

to assault the Tow'rs of Troy. Therefore he sent the Breast-plate to *Atrides*, Ten Pales the Breast-plate held of burnish'd Steel; Twelve were of Gold, and twenty were of Tin: On either Side three dreadful Dragons Form'd Seem'd ev'n to hiss, and dart their fork y Stings: Their Bodies were distinct with various Dyes, (f) And shone like Rainbows, which the Arms of *Jove* Paints in the Heav'ns, and stretches in the Clouds, As Signs for ever to the Race of Man. A Sword he took, lusted with Studs of Gold: The Scabbard Silver, and the Belt was Gold. He bore a vast Circumference of a Shield, Moony and large! that cover'd his whole Body: Around it were ten Orbs of polish'd Brass, And in it twenty Boises of white Tin, And in the Middle one of burnish'd Steel. There was the *Gorgon*, dreadful to behold, Casting her hideous Eyes around; engrav'd; And near the *Gorgon*, *Rout*, and ghastly *Fear*; A Strap of Silver grac'd the wondrous Shield, On which, in various Folds, a frightful Dragon Twisted his Spires; three Heads the Monster bore, Crown'd with the dreadful Pride of rising Crests. Then on his Head he plac'd a massy Helmet; Four Crests adorn'd it, and four lofty Plumes Wav'd terrible, and nodded

(f) *And shone like Rainbows, which the Arms of Jove.* The Antients thought that the Celestial Bow, as well as the Comet, denounc'd either Wars or some other great Calamity. It may be, the *Pargians* had some Knowledge of

what God said to *Noah* in the Sacred Scriptures. I will make a Covenant with you, I will put my Bow in the Clouds, and it shall be for a Token of a Covenant between me and the Earth. This Passage is remarkably singular.

the Air. Two Spears he bore, pointed with
 shining Brass, That cast a dreadful Brightness to
 the Skies. (g) Around the Hero Juno and Mi-
 nerva Stood, tho invisible; and all around
 his'd a propitious Sound, and clank'd their
 Arms. Now, full of Ardour, each for Fight
 prepares, Commands his Charioteer to range
 his Chariot Along the Ditches Brink, in fair
 array.

(b) Clad in bright Arms, the Infantry rush'd
 forth, And waited with Impatience till Aurora
 lighten'd her Rays, and usher'd in full Day.
 The Foot was rang'd before the Horse; the

(i) Around the Hero Juno
 [Minerva.] The God-
 dess did not appear at the
 Head of the Troops with A-
 gathon; but about him
 made the Sound of their
 Arms to be heard: *Exstatius*
 says this Sound was a Clap
 of Thunder, for Antiquity as-
 crib'd Thunder to Minerva
 Juno: but 'tis my Opi-
 nion, that the Idea of Homer
 is otherwise, these two God-
 desses are in Arms; he may
 more reasonably speak of
 the Sound of them. In ano-
 ther place the Poet, speaking
 of the Sound of their Arms,
 it might be heard on all
 sides of the Army, and this
 is a very noble Idea: There
 is nothing more Magnificent
 in this whole Description:
 Agamemnon marches to Bat-
 tle, and all Nature proclaims
 the March.

(c) Clad in bright Arms,
 the Infantry rush'd forth.] The

whole Army marches on foot
 out of the Entrenchments;
 then the Cavalry mount their
 Chariots, and range themselves
 in Order of Battle. This Re-
 mark is necessary to make the
 Text clear, which is some-
 what obscure.

(i) The Foot was rang'd be-
 fore the Horse.] Here we see
 the Order of Battle is inver-
 ted, and opposite to that which
 in the fourth Book Nestor pro-
 pos'd; for it is the Cavalry
 which is there sustain'd by the
 Infantry, here the Infantry by
 the Cavalry. But to deliver
 my Thoughts freely; 'tis my
 Opinion, that the Nearness of
 the Enemy oblig'd Agamem-
 non to change the Disposition
 of the Battle: he wou'd break
 their Battalions with his In-
 fantry, and compleat their De-
 feat by his Cavalry, which
 shou'd fall upon the Run-
 aways.

Horse

Horse Mov'd to the Battle, and sustain'd the Foot. Then mighty *Jove*, by Claps of dreadful Thunder, Which shook the very Pillars of the Heav'ns From their Foundations, gave the Sign of Battle. (k) He from the Clouds, instead of Morning-Dews, Shed Drops of Blood, and dy'd the Crimson Ground: A sure Prefage that in that fatal Day Heroes shou'd fall, and many generous Souls Visit the gloomy Shades of awful *Pluto*.

On th' other Side, upon a rising Ground The *Trojans* stretch'd their Squadrons in Array *Hector*, *Polydamas*, and brave *Aeneas*, Whom all the *Trojans* honour'd as a God; *Agenor*, *Phylbus*, and *Acamas*, All three the Offspring of the great *Antenor*, Order'd the Battle, and gave each his Post.

Then *Hector* at their Head survey'd the Ranks
(l) As the pernicious Dog-Star from the Skies

(k) He from the Clouds, instead of Morning-Dews, shed Drops of Blood.] These Prodiges, with which *Homer* embellishes his Poetry, are the same with those which History relates not as Ornaments, but as Truths. Nothing is more common in History, than Showers of Blood, and Philosophy gives us the Reason of them: the two bloody Battles which had been fought on the Plains of *Troy*, had so drench'd them with Blood, that a great Quantity of it might be exhal'd in Vapours, and carry'd into the Air; and being there condens'd, fall in Dews or Showers of Blood.

(l) As the pernicious Dog-Star.] This is a fine Image of *Hector*, who being clad in Arms that shone like Flame sometimes appear'd at the Head of his Troops, and sometimes retir'd into the thick of his Battalions, is compared to the Dog-Star, which sometimes appears in all its Lustre, and sometimes veils its Rays, and is seen behind a Cloud. *Hector* had already employ'd all the Pomp of Poetry on the description of *Agamemnon's* Armour; he cou'd not therefore do the same for *Hector*. Neither ought these Descriptions to be so frequent, so near one another; but

shines illustrious, then behind the Clouds
 is all his Glory, and withdraws his Light:
Hector sometimes in the Front appear'd,
 then to the Rear retir'd, to give his Orders:
 his brazen Arms shone like the Flames of
 Lightning Which the great Thund'rer launches
 from his Arm.

(n) As when two Bands of Mowers adverse
 stand, Rang'd at the two Extremes of some vast
 Field, Where wanton *Ceres* smiles in Sheaves of
 Corn; Rank against Rank, with Emulation
 they Advances on each Side, in Loads the Corn
 cast to the ground before the sharpen'd Scythes:
Trojans thus, and *Greeks* each other charg'd,
 Death stalk'd o'er the Plain; no Thoughts
 of Flight, nor Of Dismay; in even
 ranks The Battle hung; as two fierce Wolves
 in Rage, And combat o'er the Prey, they rush'd
 on. Discord with Joy beheld the bloody
 Fight; For she alone was there, of all the
 Gods; (n) The rest were absent, and in Peace

recourse to a Comparison
 and lively, which has
 the Effect.

As when two Bands
 of Mowers, &c.] By this
 Comparison, *Homer* shews us
 the Customs of his
 Country: that the Mowers
 all advance together
 in Line, as they do now,
 and divide themselves into
 Companies, and began at the
 extremities of the Field;
 then they advanc'd one a-
 gainst the other towards the
 middle, to see which Party
 would mow'd its Half;

and nothing gives us a more
 lively Idea of two Armies ad-
 vancing one against the other
 than this Comparison. I have
 already remark'd, that these
 Comparisons which are drawn
 from any Art that carries with
 it the Idea of Peace and
 Lenity, have an admirable
 Effect when apply'd to Bat-
 tles.

(n) The rest were absent.]
Homer here removes the Gods
 from the Battle, well know-
 ing that the Description of two
 Armies always fighting with
 the Gods at their Heads, must
 remain'd

remain'd In their bright Mansions on *Olympus* Heights; But all conspir'd to blame the Son of *Saturn*, Because he stretch'd his Arms against the *Greeks*; (o) Apart he sat upon his Royal Throne, With Glory and with Majesty array'd Unmov'd by all the Murmurs of the Gods: Tow'rds *Troy*, and tow'rds the *Grecian Fleet* he turn'd His Eyes, and view'd with Joy the Flare of Arms, The Heroes slaying, and the Heroes slain.

While to her Noon the sacred Day advanced On even Wings, between the warring Arms Dubious the Conquest hover'd; (p) till the Hour In which the Woodman in some shade Vale Prepares his Dinner, when his sinew'd Arms Are tir'd with Felling the tough Forest Oaks. Then the fierce *Grecians* push'd the yielding *Trojans*.

at last grow tedious; he likewise knows when to descend from surprising Fictions to the Plainness of a History. And by this means he raises the Glory of his Heroes.

(o) *Apart he sat upon his Royal Throne.* Here Homer paints the supreme Majesty as Independent of the Gods, who are to execute the Decrees of his Providence; he has resolv'd to honour *Achilles*, and his Resolutions are to be accomplish'd by the Destruction of the *Greeks*.

(p) *Till the Hour in which the Woodman, &c.* As they had not as yet divided the

Day by Hours, they mark the different Parts of it fix'd and known Employments by what passes in *Markets*, *Bars*, or the *Temples*: As Example, they said, when come from the *Markets*, the *Judges* rise from the Bench or when they offer such or such a *Sacrifice*. Agriculture furnish'd us with such periods: As at the Time when the *Labourer* dines, or at the Time when the *Labourer* feeds his Cattle; and these Dates were in Being before the Establishment of the *Calendrical*. And by these Homer describes the Mid-day.

Forth to the Battle *Agamemnon* rush'd, And
Bianor, sprung of Royal Blood ; (q) And
Oileus too, his valiant Charioteer. He from his
 Chariot leapt, and full of Fury, Came to re-
 venge the Prince *Bianor's* Death. Him in the
 Forehead, with a pointed Spear, *Atrides* struck,
 And thro' his Iron Helm, And thro' his Brain it
 pierc'd ; staggring he reel'd, Then tumbld dead
 before the Hero's Feet. Them of their Arms,
 And of their Vests he stript, And left them na-
 ked in the open Field, (r) To shew by their
 whiten'd snowy Bodies, That far from Arms
 they had been train'd in Ease, And liv'd in
 softness and inglorious Shades.

Then *Agamemnon* bent his manly Force
 against *Antiphus* and *Isus*, *Priam's* Sons. This
 was a lawful, that a spurious Issue. One Cha-
 riot held them both ; the spurious Son Guided
 the Chariot, while the other fought. (s) Them
 on *Ida's* Heights, the brave *Achilles*, As

And *Oileus* too, his va-
 liant Charioteer. He from his
 Chariot leapt. *Oileus*, after
 the Death of his Prince *Bia-*
nor, could not both guide the
 Chariot and fight at the same
 time. And this is the Reason
 why he leaps from his Chariot
 to engage *Agamemnon*. It is
 necessary, in this place, to
 remember that *Agamemnon*
 was on foot at the Head
 of his Infantry.

To shew by their unsul-
 lowed snowy Bodies. I have in
 this place follow'd the Re-
 ceptions of *Euſtathius*, who says
 that *Homer*, in some places,

mizes Raillery with his Poe-
 try ; but Raillery, noble and
 worthy the Majesty of a
 heroick Poem. Thus he here
 ridicules the two Warriors,
 who by the Whiteness of their
 Skins, discover'd they had
 ever been bred in Softness and
 Delicacy, far from War: And
 I think I have seen in *Euripi-*
des, some Hero reproach'd
 for the Whiteness of his
 Body.

(s) Them as they fed their
 Flocks on *Ida's* Heights. *Ho-*
mer in ancient Customs almost
 always agrees with the sacred
 Scripture, where we find the

there

there they fed their Flocks, surpriz'd and bound
 But gave 'em Freedom for a mighty Ransom
 Now by *Atrides*' Hand they both were slain
 His fatal Spear pierc'd thro' the Breast of *Idomeneus*
 And thro' his Brother's Temples pass'd his
 Sword: But as in haste he stript them from
 their Arms, He knew 'em both; for both be-
 fore he saw, When first *Achilles* brought
 to his Tent. As when a famish'd Lion in a
 rest Assaults the Covert of the trembling Hind
 His hungry Jaws devour the tender Fawn
 While the affrighted Dam, tho' she behold
 No Aid can bring; for she with Fear is seiz'd
 Trembles, and thro' the Woods and o'er the
 Lawns From the fell Beast precipitates
 Flight: So rush'd *Atrides* 'gainst th' unhappi-
 Youths; Nor durst the *Trojans*, who beheld
 the Fight, Move to assist, or interpose
 Aid, But fled disorder'd from his conqu'ring
 Arm.

And now against *Hippolochus* and *Pisander*
 The Offspring of *Antimachus*, he march'd
Antimachus! who, brib'd by *Paris*' Gold,
 vis'd the *Trojans* not to yield fair *Helen*
Menelaus' Arms; his Sons *Atrides*, (Unhappy
 Warriors!) in one Chariot took: For
 their Hands they dropt th' embroider'd Raiment

most powerful Princes pass'd
 their Youth in feeding their
 Flocks: and this they did up-
 on two Accounts; first to ex-
 ercise and discipline themselves
 by fighting with the most
 furious wild Beasts. Secondly,
 to learn, by governing Ani-

mals, to govern Men, and
 convince themselves of the
 great Truth, That as the
 herd ought to wait for the
 Safety of his Flock, the
 Prince ought to wait for the
 Safety of his Subjects.

their Horses started, and they shook with
 fear, (r) And on their Knees thus made their
 humble Pray'r:

"Spare us, *Atrides*, spare us for our Ran-
 som; *Antimachus* has mighty Stores, and
 wealthy Treasures In Gold, and Brass, and
 in well-polish'd Steel; Of these, vast Loads
 our Father will present, To pay our Ransom,
 when he knows we live.

Thus, with a Flood of Tears they humbly
 cry'd: But thus *Atrides* terribly reply'd; "If
 when you are *Antimachus* his Sons, (u) In
 Council sage, and in the Battle brave; Who,
 brib'd by *Paris*' Gold, advis'd the *Trojans* To
 murder *Menelaus* and *Ulysses*, Who brought
 to *Troy* an Embassy of Peace; (w) You both
 shall suffer for your Father's Crimes.

(r) And on their Knees,
 Homer varies admirably
 the Actions and Postures
 the Warriors he introduces,
 which is a Talent as necessary
 in Poetry as in Painting. Here
 is a very remarkable Posture
 of two young *Trojans*, who
 are in the Quarter from their Cha-
 racter, but 'tis observable, that
 the Poet never lets the Gre-
 cians commit Actions so unge-
 nerous; and what seems most
 worthy Observation,
 always relates 'em as done
 by the Sons of wealthy Men:
 as then of *Horace*'s *Opi-*
 datus, that Poverty was the
 Mistress to train up a
 soldier, *utilem bello tulit &*
illum sava paupertas. *Chal-*
cus, the *Athenian*, speak-

ing to *Darius* about the good
 Discipline and Valour of the
Macedonians, says, *They did*
not learn this good Discipline
but in the School of Poverty;
and to this Day they main-
tain'd themselves by nothing
but Poverty. *Quint. Curtius*,
 Lib. 3.

(u) In Council sage, and
 in the Battle brave. This is
 spoke ironically, for he shew'd
 no Wisdom in hindering the
Trojans from restoring *Helen*,
 nor any Valour in counselling
 them to kill the Ambassadors
 of Greece.

(w) You both shall suffer
 for your Father's Crimes. See
 the Children here are punish'd
 for the Injustice of the Fa-
 ther: it is not at all reason-

He

He said, and in the Bosom of *Pisander* R
 ry'd his Spear; he tumbled to the Ground
 Then from the Chariot leap'd *Hippolochus*
 Him on the Ground he slew, his fatal Sword
 Lopp'd off his Hands, and from his Shoulder
 struck His Head; the bloody Head roll'd o
 the Plain. Them both he left, and where
Trojans stood In firmest Battle join'd, the H
 rush'd; And all the *Grecians* issu'd to the Fight
 The *Grecian* Foot o'er-power'd the *Trojan* Foot
 Put 'em to flight, and slew them as they fled
 Th' Horse push'd their Horse, and mighty Clouds
 of Dust (x) Rose from beneath the Feet
 Men and Horses, Darken'd the Skies, and over
 cast the Day. Still *Agamemnon* press'd
 yielding *Trojans*, Laid waste the Fight, and de
 Destruction round. As when a fierce wide-w
 ing Fire devours Some vast prodigious Forest
 on a Mountain, To ev'ry side the Wind
 tends the Flame, And with the Boughs
 very Trunks destroys: So fell the *Trojans*
Atides' Arms; Dire was the Noise, Confus
 stalk'd around; Th' affrighted Steeds hur
 the empty Carrs Thro' the Battalions, and

ble, that the Gold which the
 Father got for counselling the
Trojans not to restore *Helen*,
 shou'd now serve to ransom
 the Sons.

(x) Rise from beneath the
 Feet of Horses.] The *Greek*
 adds, from the Horses Feet,
 which struck the Ground with
 their Brass; which *Explanatus*
 explains by the Iron with
 which their Feet were shod;

χαλκῶν δὲ τῶν λίγῶν τῶν
 πασσάλων τῶν ὑπὸ τοῖς ποσὶν
 ἵππων. He here calls
 the Half-Moons, which
 put under the Feet of
 Horses: we see then, that
 Horses wore Shoes in the
 of the *Trojan* War.
 their Shoes were call'd
 Moons from their
 which still resembles a
 Moon.

ed the War ; The Charioteers, whose Reins
 ey us'd ro hear, Pierc'd with deep Wounds,
 y breathless on the Ground ; (y) A Prey,
 ich hungry Vulturs view with Joy, But
 ightful Objects to their weeping Wives.

ove all this while withdrew the valiant He-
 , Far from the Hiss of Darts, and dusty
 in ; From Slaughter, and from Blood, and
 m the Tumult. Still, without Respite, *Agamemnon*
 fought, And push'd the *Trojans* ; they
 wild Confusion Fled from his Arm, and
 d the Tomb of *Ilus*, And strove to gain
 City : but *Atrides*, Cover'd with Blood and
 st, chastis'd their Flight. When to the
 an Gate the Hero came With the few *Greeks*
 kept an equal Course, They made a Stand,
 halted for the rest Still o'er the Plain the

A Prey which hungry
 &c.] The Greek runs
 and in this Condition
 agreeable to Vulturs, than
 waste Spouses. This is a
 sion of the Poet's, and
 one as arises from a
 ment of Compassion ; and
 there is nothing more
 than to see these He-
 who were the Love and
 of their Wives, re-
 suddenly to such a Con-
 of Horror, that their
 Wives dare not look
 ; but the Greek Ex-
 I thought wou'd not
 Language, I have
 a little vary'd it :
 was very much surpriz'd
 a Remark of *Eusta-*
 on this Place, which
 to be very wrong nad

unjust : He wou'd have it,
 that there is in this Place an
Ellipsis, which comprehends a
 very severe Raillery ; for, says
 he, *Homer* wou'd here imply
 that these dead Warriors were
 now more agreeable to Vulturs,
 than they had ever been in all
 their Lives to their Wives.
 This is very ridiculous ; for
 to suppose, that these unhappy
 Women did not love their
 Husbands, is to insult 'em bar-
 barously in their Affliction :
 every body can see that such a
 Thought wou'd have appear'd
 mean and frigid in this sort
 of Poesy. *Homer* always en-
 deavours to excite Compassion
 by the Grief of the Wives,
 whose Husbands are kill'd in
 the Battle.

C

trembling

l. III.

trembling Trojans fled, Fled like a Herd of Beeves, which some brave Lion Drives o'er the Meadows in a gloomy Night : He chas'd all, but only one destroys ; (x) Her down he tears, and rends, and then devours. Thus *Agamemnon* chas'd the flying Trojans, And still he slew the last ; they from their Carrs, Struck by his Spear, precipitating fell : But when the Chief approach'd to storm the Walls, Then the great Father of the Gods and Men, With all his Thunder in his mighty Hand, Descended from his Heav'ns ; on *Ida's* Top Confess'd he stood, he shook beneath the God : Thence he dispatch'd the Messenger of Heav'n, The ready *Iris*, with her golden Wings.

" *Iris*, said he, to *Hector* bear this Message :

" While he beholds the valiant *Agamemnon*

" Raging in Fight, and dealing Deaths around

" Let him retreat, and animate his Trojans To

" meet his Fury, and maintain the Fight

" But when he sees the Hero mount his Chariot

" riot, Struck by 2 Dart, or wounded by

" Spear, Then let him issue to the dreadful

" Battle ; For he shall conquer, and destroy

" the Greeks, And to the very Fleet advance

" his Arms, Till the Sun sets, and Night is

" veils the Skies.

He spoke : And *Iris* swifter than a Whirlwind,

From *Ida* takes her Flight to sacred

(x) *Her down he tears, and rends, and then devours.* The Greek says, he first breaks her Neck, then eats her Entrails, and sucks out all her Blood ; and this is what the Lion really

does : But such Particulars are not beautiful in Poetry, in a Language that has Choice of Words to express nobly most minute Things.

roy: She found the Hero in his Chariot arm'd;
and standing by his Side, the Goddess spoke:

"The Messenger of *Jove*, to thee I come,
O *Hector*, sage in Counsel, brave in Arms,
While you behold the valiant *Agamemnon*
Raging in Arms, and dealing Deaths around,
From Fight retreat, and animate your Tro-
jans To meet his Fury, and maintain the
War; But when you see the Hero mount
his Chariot, Then, *Hector*, issue to the dread-
ful Battle; For you shall conquer, and de-
stroy the *Greeks*, And to the very Fleet ad-
vance your Arms, Till the Sun sets, and
Night involves the Skies. She spoke, and
back with Diligence return'd.

Then to the Ground stout *Hector* leapt, in
Arms, Two Spears he grasp'd, and thro' the
Trojans march'd To animate the Troops; the
Troops, inspir'd With Courage at his sight,
new'd the Fight. Mean while, the *Grecians*
reinforc'd their Troops, Strengthen'd their Squa-
drons weary'd with the Fight; But *Agamemnon*,
leader for the Battle, Sprung from the *Greeks*,
shone, confess'd in Arms.

(a) Say, Muses, you who dwell on high
Olympus, Say who he was, of *Troy*, or *Troy's*
Sons, Who first advanc'd against the brave
Trojans. It was *Antenor's* and *Theano's* Son, (b)
the bold *Iphidamas*, whose tender Age Was

(a) Say, Muses, you who
dwell on high Olympus. By
this Apostrophe Homer breaks
the Monotony of an historical
narrative, and makes his Rea-

der more attentive to the Ex-
ploits of *Agamemnon*.

(b) The bold *Iphidamas*.]
At the first Report of the
Expedition of the *Greeks*,

form'd and fashion'd on the Plains of *Thrace*
Cisseus his Uncle, by his Mother's Side, In his
 own Palace train'd the Infant Child: And
 when he grew, and ripen'd into Man, He there
 detain'd him by the best of Chains, The
 sweetest Ties; by the soft Marriage-Bands
 But long *Iphidamas* had not been espous'd
 When fir'd with Glory, and the Thirst of Arms
 He left his Bride, and the sweet nuptial Bed
 And with twelve Vessels hasted to the War
 (c) He left the Vessels at *Percope's* Walls, And
 march'd his Soldiers to the War by Land. His
 first advanc'd against the brave *Atrides*; Then
Agamemnon hurl'd a pointed Spear, It err'd, and
 hissing, cut the empty Air. *Iphidamas* then
 struck the great *Atrides* (d) Beneath his Breast-
 plate, where the plated Belt Girded his Loins;
 he thrust with all his Force, And push'd the
 Jav'lin to explore his Arms. The Jav'lin en-
 ter'd not; the blunted Point Stopt at the Silver

Antenor had sent his Son into
Thrace, to his Uncle *Cisseus*,
 who brought up the Infant
 with Care, and made him
 afterwards espouse his second
 Daughter; who was the Sister
 of *Iphidamas*, Mother to this
 young Prince; so *Iphidamas*
 espous'd his own Aunt, the
 Sister of his Mother. Nor
 were such Marriages only com-
 mon among the Barbarians,
 but also among the Greeks;
 for *Diomed* marry'd his own
 Aunt.

(c) He left the Vessels at
Percope.] (*Eustathius* is of
 opinion that *Percope* and *Per-*

cote, both which he mentions
 in this same Book, p. 186.
 two different Places, both
 situate on the *Hell-spont* on the
 Coast of *Asia*; but it is not
 probable that they are one
 the same. *Strabo* only mentions
Percope.

(d) Beneath the Breast-plate,
 where the plated Belt girded
 his Loins.] What in this
 place signifies a Belt, *Zeugma*,
 and *Zeugma*, was a Sash which
 cover'd a Plate of Brass or
 Silver plated on the Inside, and
 passing from the bottom of
 the Breast-plate, defended the
 bottom of the Belly.

Plat

lates, refuse as Lead. *Atrides*, then enrag'd,
 The Jav'lin seiz'd, And like a Lion wounded by
 Spear, Wrench'd from his Belt the disap-
 pointed Dart; Then aim'd a noble Blow, with
 all his Strength, Against *Iphidamas*; and down
 he fell: Thus Iron Sleep, in Darkness and in
 Death, Clos'd his benighted Eyes: unhappy
 Man! Who to defend his Country, lost his
 Wife, Far from his lov'd, and his beloved
 Spouse; His Spouse! from whom no Fruits of
 Marriage came, No Son to represent the wretch-
 ed Father. (e) He, when a Bridegroom, to
 his beauteous Bride Gave mighty Gifts; a hun-
 dred Beeves he gave, And promis'd to present
 thousand Sheep, And the like Number of his
 choicest Goats. But then he fell by *Agamem-
 non's* Sword, Who bore his Arms in Triumph
 over the Plain.

The generous *Coon*, Brother to the Slain; Saw
 this; and, stung with Sorrow, mourn'd his Bro-
 ther. Grief cast a gloomy Mist before his Eyes;
 when Rage inflam'd his Blood, he breath'd
 revenge, And march'd against *Atrides*; by his
 side Unseen he stood, and struck with all his
 strength *Atrides' Arm*; between the Hand and
 bow He struck him; and quire through the
 jav'lin pass'd. The Hero started at the sudden
 sound, (f) But ceas'd not from the Battle;
 he rush'd Against brave *Coon* brandishing his

(e) He when a Bridegroom.]
 It was the Custom, the Bride-
 groom gave Presents to the
 bride on the Day of Marriage,
 and these Presents generally
 consisted in Flocks.

(f) But ceas'd not from
 the Battle.] Here Homer very
 much exalts and raises *Ag-
 amemnon's* Valour, who tho'
 wounded, still continues to
 fight.

Spear; He from the Place of Battle drew his Brother, And call'd the valiant *Trojans* to his Aid: But *Agamemnon* launch'd his fatal Spear, And struck, and pierc'd, and slew the generous *Trojan*. Then o'er the Body of *Iphidamas* He with his Sword struck off his bleeding Head. Thus the two gallant Sons of wise *Antenor* Fell in one Day by *Agamemnon*'s Arm. He through the Ranks still forc'd his dreadful Way With mighty Stones, and with his Spear and Sword; Nor ceas'd from Slaughter, while the tepid Blood Flow'd from his Arm, and while the Stream was warm. But when the clotted Gore had stopt its Course, His Arm grew stiff, and dreadful Pains ensu'd; (g) Such Pains he felt, as Women in their Travail, (b) When th' *Ilithyæ*, who preside o'er Births (Those dreadful Parents of most racking Pangs) (i) Send forth their sharpest Darts, their keenest Pains, To torture and distress the wretched Mother: Such were the Pains which *Agamemnon* felt. Then from the Battle hasting to his Chariot, He

(g) *Such Pains he felt, as Women in their Travail.*] Here we find the Style of the Holy Scriptures, which, to express some severe Pain, compare it to those which Women in Travail feel. Thus *David*, Pain came upon them as upon a Woman in Travail; and *Isaiab*, They shall grieve like a Woman in Travail: and all the Prophets are full of the like Expressions.

(b) *When th' Ilithyæ.*] By what admirable Poetry does

Homer embellish his Comparisons!

(i) *Send forth their keen Darts.*] I approve of the Remark which *Eustathius* makes upon this Place: he shews with what Nobleness *Homer* calls the Pains which Women in Travail feel, the Darts of the Goddesses *Ilithyæ*, who preside over Childbed. He ascribes to them their Darts, as he does to other Deities their Arms; *Jove* has his Thunder, *Neptune* his Trident, and *Apollo* his Arrows.

the Fleet retir'd, but cry'd aloud To all the
Grecians to maintain the Fight.

"O Friends, said he, and Leaders of the
Greeks, Avert the Battel from the Grecian
Fleet, Since angry Jove refuses me the Ho-
nour Of fighting till the Night succeeds the
Day.

He said, and to full Speed the Charioteer
urg'd his fleet Steeds; they swiftly flew along,
cover'd all o'er with Dust, and frothy Foam,
and to the Fleet bore off the wounded King.

When Hector saw him carry'd from the Field,
to Arms he rush'd, and to the Trojans cry'd,
loud he cry'd, that all might hear his Voice:

"O Trojan, Lycian, and Dardanian Pow'rs,
Haste to the Charge, put all your Courage
on; For the most Brave of all the Greeks
retires, And Jove inclines the Victory to Troy.
Charge with your Cavalry the Grecian Files,
And crown the Day with Glory and with
Conquest.

He said; his Words inspir'd heroic Ardour.
When the Hunter in the noble Chace, En-
rages his Hounds with sprightly Cries To
seize a Lion, or a furious Boar; So Priam's Son
courag'd his Allies To march to Battle, and
to assault the Greeks. With Martial Stalk, conspi-
cuous from afar, He issu'd forth, and shone be-
fore the Trojans. Then on he rush'd, impe-
tuous, like a Whirlwind, Which bursting from
cloud, tempestuous plows The roaring Main,
and o'er the foaming Deep Raises on high,
and dissipates, the Waves.

Say, Muse, whom first, whom last stout *Hector* slew, When *Jove* conspir'd to crown his Arms with Conquest. (k) *Antinous*, *Affæus*, and *Opites*, *Dolops* the Son of *Clytus*, and *Opheltius*, *Æsymnus*, *Agelaus*, *Hipponous*, And *Orus*, all chief Leaders of the *Greeks*; But, without Number, private Men he slew. (l) As when fierce *Zephyr* rushes from the West, To dissipate the Clouds which the South-East Had gather'd, then he drives along the Skies, And scatters in his Course; then Waves on Waves He raises and afflicts the hoary Deep: So by the Sword of *Hector*, Heaps on Heaps Rose on the Plain, and strew'd the Ground with Deaths; There had Destruction overwhelm'd the *Greeks*, And all their Navy perish'd by the Flames, Had not *Ulysses* spoke to *Diomedes*.

(m) "What Change is this, O valiant Son of *Tydeus*! Where is our Courage, that we

(k) *Antinous*, *Affæus*, and *Opites*.] *Homer* speaking of the Captains which *Hector* slew, only gives us their Names, and so passes slightly over 'em; that he may not detain the Mind of the Reader with the Exploits of the *Trojans*, and that he may lessen the Disgrace of the *Greeks*: but he does not do so, when he mentions the Exploits of *Agamemnon*.

(l) As when fierce *Zephyr* rushes from the West.] *Homer* is inexhaustible; he has already a hundred times rais'd the Valour of the Heroes of his Poem by the most noble

Comparisons; and his Imagination, pregnant with magnificent Ideas, still brings forth new Images, not inferior to the former, either in Vivacity or Magnificence: there is some difficulty in this, but *Strabo* has clear'd it by showing the Western Wind, *Zephyr*, viz. the North-West, scatters the Clouds, which the Eastern Wind, which is call'd *Argæstes*, *Leuconatus*, assembles.

(m) What Change is this, O valiant Son of *Tydeus*! It is no small Commendation to *Ulysses*, that it is he who animates *Diomedes*;

thus give way? But let us stop the Fury of the *Trojans*; Since the Disgrace would be indelible, Shou'd *Hector* fire the Navy in our Sight.

Thus he: And thus brave *Diomed* reply'd;
Against the *Trojans* I'll oppose my Strength;
But vain my Strength will prove, since mighty
Jove Favours the *Trojans*, and dismays the
Greeks.

He spoke, and smote *Thymbraus* with a Spear;
On the Left Side he smote him to the Ground:
Nestes slew his Charioteer *Nolion*. Then both
Rush'd forward on the *Trojan* Ranks; Like two
Bore Boars they rush'd, that, fir'd with Rage,
Ran on the Hounds that chase 'em o'er the
plain: Then in one Carr two valiant Youths
They took, Born on the Shores of *Hellepont*,
The Sons Of *Merops*, far the most enlighten'd
Prophet Of all Mankind; his Sons unhappy
They Forewarn'd he saw, and from the fatal
Srove to detain 'em; but they disobey'd
His Father's Orders, and the Prophet's Wisdom;
For pow'rful Destiny drew 'em to their
Fates. Them *Diomedes* slew, and stript their

I say, whom nothing
dismay, who had even
Fought with the very Gods.
They would shew by this,
Prudence often sharpens
Pain.

For pow'rful Destiny,
Fate to their Deaths, I
say, always intent upon
Mortals, here shews,
The Disobedience of the
To the Commands of the
Gods, and the Contempt of

Religion, cou'd not be other-
wise, than of a fatal Conse-
quence. But some will say,
the Sons of *Merops* were drawn
by Destiny; cou'd they resist
it? But this is to take in a
wrong Sense the Doctrine of
Homer, who establishes a two-
fold Destiny over Mankind.
The Sons of *Merops*, by obey-
ing their Father, had pro-
cur'd a long Life; but by dis-
obeying him, they shorten'd it.

Boats,

Bodies, And bore their Arms in Triumph,
while *Ulysses* Slew *Hippodamus* and *Hyper-
chus*.

Then *Jove*, who from the Heights of lofty
Ida Beheld the Fight, in equal Balance hung
The Battle; and with equal Strides grim Death
Stalk'd thro' the *Grecian* and the *Trojan* Army.
Then *Diomedes* wounded with a Spear *Agastrophus*,
the valiant Son of *Peon*; He was con-
strain'd to meet great *Tydeus*' Son In Arms; for
in the Rear his Charioteer Staid with his Cha-
riot, while *Agastrophus* Engag'd on Foot con-
spicuous in the Front, Till *Diomedes* took his
Life away. *Hector* beheld his Fall, and forth
he sprung With Shouts; behind a Train of
Trojans follow'd. Struck at the Sight, to great
Laertes' Son *Tydidēs* turn'd, and as he turn'd, thus
spoke: "See the tempestuous Storm, with Fur-
"charg'd, Threatning comes on to burst upon
"our Heads; But let us stand, and dissipate
"Rage. He said, and rais'd, and launch'd his
fatal Spear, And struck the Helmet of the
valiant *Hector*. Beneath the mighty Blow the
Armour rung, The Spear recoil'd, nor reach'd
the Hero's Temples; For strong the Helmet
and the Gift of *Phæbus*. Stunn'd with the
Stroke, brave *Hector* back retir'd, Sunk on his
Knees, and with his Hand up-stay'd His reeling
Body; Sense a while was lost, And a thick
Darkness seiz'd his swimming Eyes. But when
Tydidēs went to fetch the Spear, Which from
the Helm recoil'd, again stout *Hector* Regain'd
his Strength, and mounting swift his Chariot
Drove to the *Trojan* Host, avoiding Death.

When brandishing his Spear, *Tydidēs* cry'd ;
Thou hast indeed, thou Coward, 'scap'd thy
Death, But 'tis *Apollo*, who thy Life pre-
serves: With Reason therefore are thy Pray'rs
address'd To him, when thou descendest to
the Battle. But I am sure thou canst not long
escape, If any Deity assists my Arms. Mean-
while, I'll recompense thy Coward Flight Up-
on the *Trojans* who oppose my Sword.

(o) He said, and went to strip *Agastrophus* ;
at *Paris*, Husband to the beauteous *Helen*,
conceal'd behind the Tomb of ancient *Ilus*,
against *Tydidēs* bent his Warrior Bow ; And
he loos'd the Breast-plate from his Body,,
the weighty Helmet, and the pond'rous Shield ;
the Bow-string twang'd, and the swift Arrow
flew, And nail'd the Foot of *Di'med* to the
ground. Then *Paris* started from his Ambus-
h ; (p) Loudly he laugh'd, and boasting, thus
began :

" Wounded you are, my Arrow was not vain ;
But, O! that in thy Body it had struck,,
And laid thee breathless on the bloody
Ground. Then *Troy* had taken Respite from

He said, and went to
[*Agastrophus*.] *Estathius*
remarks, that *Homer*, to
show that nothing is so pemi-
tious as to amuse one's self in
the time of Battle, feigns, that
the Heroes who stop to
change the Arms of those they
are generally wounded
in Action.

Loudly he laugh'd, and
thus began.] As

Homer knew how to draw the
Valour of a Hero, so he knew
how to paint the Baseness of
a Coward. *Paris* dares not
shoot his Arrow at *Diomedes*,
till hid behind a Tomb ; and
even then he shoots with so
much Feebleness and Timi-
dity, that his Arrow only
reaches his Foot ; and yet he
boasts of this Action, as an Ex-
ploit worthy of Memory.

" her Plagues From thee, her Scourge ; (q)
 " whom all the Trojans fear, As trembling
 " Lambs the Fury of a Lion.

(r) Then Diomedes unconcern'd reply'd ;
 " Base Archer ! vile Seducer of the Women !
 " (s) That only know'st to curl the plaited
 " Hair ! Shou'dst thou engage with me in open
 " Arms, Useless thy Bow wou'd be, thy Ar-
 " rows vain. And now, because thy Dart has
 " scratch'd my Foot, Thou boasts as if it were
 " some mighty Action ; Which I no more re-
 " gard, than if an Infant, Or some weak Wo-
 " man's Hand had giv'n the Wound. A Cow-

(q) *Whom all the Trojans fear, as trembling Lambs the Fury of a Lion.* This is another Piece of Paris' Cowardice ; he confesses to his Enemy, that the Trojans fear'd him as the Lamb fears a Lion ; he judges of the Fear of the Trojans by his own.

(r) *Then Diomedes unconcern'd reply'd.* The Character of Diomedes, as it is here set in Opposition to the Character of Paris, is very beautiful : Paris thought he had done a brave Exploit, in wounding the Foot of Diomed from behind a Tomb ; while Diomed, though his Foot is nail'd to the Ground, calls his Wound a trifling Scratch, and despises his Enemy ; Paris discovers the Terror which he causes among the Trojans, and Diomed dissembles the Pain of his own Wound.

(s) *That only know'st to curl the plaited Hair.* I have no Design to give a

Reason for every Expression in Homer ; this would be endless ; but I cannot help explaining those which comprehend some Usage, which deserves to be known. And such is this which Homer here uses for what I here render, *that only know'st to curl the plaited Hair*, Homer in two Words calls $\chi\epsilon\tau\alpha \alpha\gamma' \alpha\epsilon$, which is word for word ; *who strive as to thy Horns* ; that is to say, who wearest thy Hair curl'd pointwise. In the Days, they parted their Hair upon their Foreheads, and rais'd them into Points, like two Horns ; and this is the Reason why Hair is called $\chi\epsilon\tau\alpha$, or *Horns* ; and those that wore them, $\chi\epsilon\tau\alpha\iota\sigma\tau\alpha\iota$. The Hesychius calls $\chi\epsilon\tau\alpha$ $\epsilon\pi\iota \chi\epsilon\tau\alpha\iota$, i. e. *Hair* ; and $\chi\epsilon\tau\alpha\iota$, $\kappa\epsilon\mu\epsilon\tau\alpha$. The Hesychius explains this Passage in Homer thus, $\chi\epsilon\tau\alpha \alpha\gamma' \alpha\epsilon \tau\alpha\iota \tau\epsilon\tau\iota\chi\alpha \lambda\alpha\mu\pi\epsilon\tau\iota$.

ard's Arrows have no pow'r to hurt ; But
mine are fatal, and their Touch is Death ;
And he that feels 'em, on the Spot expires :
His Wife abandon'd to Despair and Tears,
Her Bosom beats, and tears her furrow'd
Cheeks ; Her Sons are Orphans, and her
House unhappy ; While with his Blood he
stains the blushing Ground, Infects the Air,
(i) and draws the preying Vulturs, More than
the Women, to behold the Object.

Tydidēs spoke : *Ulysses* then approach'd, And
saw the Arrow from the Hero's Foot ; But
better Pains shot thro' his tortur'd Body. Then
from the Battle hasting to his Chariot, He to
the Fleet retir'd, and gain'd his Tent.

Now all the *Grecians* from the Battle fled,
All but *Ulysses* ; he alone stood firm, Expos'd
to all the Dangers of the Fight. Then thus to
his undaunted Soul he spoke : " Unhappy Man!
what Course shall I pursue ? 'Twould be a
Shame, should I from Numbers fly ; And
how shall I alone resist an Army ? (u) But
I disgrace my Courage, in debating What
Course to take, when I already know, That
only Cowards from the Battle fly, While
the courageous and the valiant Man Marches
to meet his Death, or gain the Conquest.

(i) And draws the prey-
Vulturs, more than the
men, to behold the Object.]
is a Piece of Raillery
severe against *Paris*,
which reproaches him for lov-
ing the Assemblies of Ladies.

more than Arms and War.

(u) But I disgrace my Cour-
age.] No one can better paint
what a Man of Courage ought
to think and speak in so great
a Danger, than *Homer* has
here done.

Mean-

Mean time on every side the Trojan Bands
 Inclos'd the Hero to their own Destruction;
 For as when Huntsmen and the eager Hounds
 Surround a Boar, he rushes from the Woods,
 And whets his dreadful Tusks, his Eyes shoot
 Fire, He braves their Rage, and dissipates the
 War: So fought the Chief, surrounded by the
 Trojans. Then he the brave *Deiopites* slew, And
Ennomus, and *Thoön* with his Spear; And bold
Cberfydamas; below the Navel He smote him;
 down he fell, and bit the Ground: Then *Cherops*,
 Son of *Hippasus*, he slew; Which when
 his valiant Brother *Socus* saw, He vow'd Re-
 venge, and to *Ulysses* spoke:

" Illustrious, indefatigable Man, This Day
 " the Fame of our united Deaths Shall crown
 " your Arms, or you yourself shall Fall; Fall
 " by my Hand a Victim to my Brother.

He said, and launch'd his Spear; it swiftly flew,
 And pierc'd his pond'rous Shield, and well
 wrought Breast-plate, And tore his Flesh; but
 the propitious *Pallas* Deaden'd the Blow, and
 stop't the pointed Spear. *Ulysses* soon perceiv'd
 the Wound not mortal; Yet backward steps
 and thus to *Socus* said:

" Unhappy *Socus*! now thy Hour is come
 " Some other Trojan I design'd to slay, But
 " thou hast sav'd his Ruin, by thy own. Thy
 " Death is certain, by my Spear thou fall'st
 " The Honour of thy Arms shall grace my Con-
 " quest; (w) But to dread *Pluto* I commit thy
 " Soul.

(w) But to dread *Pluto* I commit thy Soul. What place he calls *Image*, as
 he here calls *Soul*, in another have explain'd it, Vol.
 P.

Ulysses

Ulysses spoke: And *Socus* trembling fled; But he fled, *Ulysses* hurl'd his Spear; The Spear
ing thro' the Air, and pierc'd his Body; And
own he fell; his clashing Arms aloud Rattled:
en tauntingly *Ulysses* said:

"Your Hopes of Safety then you plac'd in
Flight; But Death is swifter far than you,
O Socus, Unhappy Man! Nor shall your
mournful Father, Nor weeping Mother close
your Eyes in Death; But greedy Birds shall
prey upon your Carcase: But when I fall,
the *Grecians* will perform, With solemn Rites,
my Funeral Obsequies.

Ulysses thus; and from his Buckler drew, And
from his wounded Breast, the Spear of *Socus*;
then stream'd the flowing Blood, and Pains
su'd.

But when the *Trojans* saw *Ulysses'* Blood,
they pour'd whole Legions on the single Chief;
when he gave Ground, borne by the Torrent
down, And call'd aloud for Aid; (x) thrice
did he call; Thrice *Menelaus* heard, and spoke
Ajax:

"Brave Son of *Telamon*, illustrious *Ajax*,
I hear *Ulysses'* Voice, and such it seems, As
if it spoke Distress; as if the *Trojans* Press'd
fore upon him in unequal Fight; But let us
bring him Aid; for much I fear, Lest over-
pow'r'd, he fall beneath their Arms, And we
with Grief lament his Loss in vain.

(x) Thrice did he call.]
in the Greek, he call'd
as loud as his Head
would permit; our Language

has the same Expression, but
with this difference; the Greek
Expression is Noble, our Mean
and Vulgar.

Thus.

Thus Menelaus spoke, and led the Way, (y)
 And Godlike Ajax follow'd to the Battle: Him
 in the middle of the Foes they found ; (z) As the
 fierce Lynxes rush upon the Stag, Whose Side
 is deeply wounded by a Dart ; He, while the
 Blood flows repid from the Wound, Leaves
 his rapacious Hunters far behind, Bounds o'er
 the Plains, and to the Mountains flies ; But
 when he faints, and sinks beneath the Wound,
 They overtake, and seize upon the Prey : But
 then, if Fortune brings that Way, a Lion,
 They start, and trembling, fly his dreadful Sight ;
 The Stag he seizes, and devours the Prey :
 Thus Multitudes of the courageous Trojans Hem
 in on ev'ry side the brave Ulysses, Still fight-
 ing, still retreating o'er the Plain. Then the
 stout Ajax interpos'd his Shield, Strong as a
 Tow'r ; afraid, the Trojans fled, While Mene-
 laus brought Ulysses off, Safe to his Chariot,
 from the Rage of Battle : But Ajax rushing
 forward to the Fight, slew Doryclus, the spu-
 rious Son of Priam, And wounded Pandocus
 and Pyrasus, Lysander and Pylertes, brave in
 Arms. As when some Stream, increas'd by

(y) And Godlike Ajax fol-
 low'd.] Ajax is no Orator ;
 he makes no Answer to Mene-
 laus, but follows him to the
 Fight. Homer is wonderful in
 his Characters.

(z) As the fierce Lynxes.]
 Homer understands Nature as
 well as Art ; and the Natures
 of Beasts are known to him :
 Many Ages before Aristotle,
 he knew what that Philoso-

pher has since remark'd in his
 History of Animals, Book IX.
 Chap. I. viz. that the Lynx and
 the Lion are Enemies, that
 they both live upon Flesh,
 and feed upon the same Prey ;
 πολίμυ δὲ καὶ ὁ λέων, καὶ
 θὰς ἀλλήλοισι ἀμοιβαίως καὶ
 ὄντες ἀπὸ τῶν αὐτῶν ζῴων
 It was this Knowledge which
 furnish'd him with this Com-
 parison, which is extremely
 just.

Floods

oods of Rain, That tumble with a dreadful
 and from Mountains, O'erflows his Banks;
 deluges the Plains; He bears the lofty
 ks and stately Pines Down his fierce Torrent
 the distant Main: Thus o'er the Field of
 ttle *Ajax* rag'd, And overthrew the Chariot
 the Horse, and dealt Destruction thro the
Ajan Host. *Hector* perceiv'd not this; for,
 remov'd, In the left Wing he fought by
Arctus' Stream, Which flow'd with Crimson
 aves, and from his Banks Echo'd around the
 adful Noise of War. There stout *Idomeneus*
 hstood his Arm, And *Nestor* valiant in ex-
 me old Age: Amazing Deeds were now
 form'd by *Hector*; Slaughter and Death at-
 ded on his Sword, And in his Rage he laid
 Battle waste. Yet still unbroke he *Grecians*
 st had stood, if *Paris*, Husband to the beau-
 us *Helen*, Had not disabled with a fatal Ar-
 The Safeguard of the *Greeks*, the great
Patroclus, And shot his Dart into his bleeding
 oulder; For him the *Grecians* fear'd, lest he
 ould fall, Crush'd by the Fury of the *Trojan*
 nds. Then thus *Idomeneus* to *Nestor* spoke:
 Great *Neleus*' Son, the Glory of the *Greeks*,
 Haste to your Chariot, haste, and let *Macbaon*
 Ride by your side, and drive him to the
 Fleet: His Life is precious; (a) for one
 good Physician, And such *Macbaon* is, is
 worth an Army; For he draws out the Ar-

For one good Physi-
 This is a noble Pan-
 upon Physicians, and
 one too; *Homer* was
 of their Opinion, who to

vilify Physick say, *et μη ιατροί
 ἄνθρωποι, οὐδὲν αὖτ' ἢ ἄνθρωποι γράμματα
 ἴκανον μισθότροποι* if there were
 no Physicians in the World,
 there would be nothing more

rows.

" rows from the Wounds, Eases the Pain, and
 " pacifies the Anguish.

He said, And Nestor hasted to his Chariot
 And from the Battle bore the wounded Greek.

Then Hector's Charioteer, Cebrión, saw The
 Trojans flying from the Sword of Ajax, And
 said, " While we thus, Hector, force the
 " Greeks In the Right Wing, the Trojan Horse
 " and Foot Fly in Confusion from the Arms
 " Ajax: 'Tis he, I know him by his tow'ring
 " Shield: Thither the Danger calls us; there
 " the Battle Rages with all its Fury; Trojans
 " fall On Trojans, Horse on Horse, and to the
 " Heav'ns The dreadful Clamour of the Fight
 " resounds. He said, and clack'd his Whips
 the Horses flew Swift over Heaps of Arms
 and Hills of Slain; O'er Shields and Heroes
 gasping in their Blood, Th' ensanguin'd Axes
 and the Chariot Wheels, Blush'd in the Blood
 which from the Crimson Ground, The Horses
 upward forc'd in goary Rains. Hector, impatient,
 darted on the Greeks With Stones, and
 with his Spear, and with his Sword, Breaking
 their routed Ranks; but far he fought, Far
 from the Place where dreadful Ajax rag'd
 (b) But Jove, the Father, from the Heights

impertinent than the Grammarians. Eustathius says, that this is the Language of Ignorants, who not being capable to understand the Reasons of Physick, look upon it as a meer Jargon of Trade; and that it has nothing real or solid. But it is certain, that God makes both the Physick and Physician. In the Time

of Homer, they knew nothing but Pharmacy and Chirurgery. Physick was not known till long time after. However, certain Antients tell us, that Machaon understood Chirurgery, and Podalirius Physick; but this has no Foundation. (b) But Jove the Father &c.] With how much Grandeur, and how much Decour, Heav

heav'n Dismay'd with Fear the sinking Heart
Ajax. Amaz'd he stood, shock'd at the Sight
Hector; He threw his Moony Buckler o'er his
 back, (c) And made a slow Retreat; with tar-
 Paces He measur'd back the Field, and often
 n'd His furious Looks upon the *Trojan* Bands.
 when the Peasants and the watchful Dogs
 give a fierce hungry Lion from the Field,
 here many Bees are feeding in the Night;
 greedy of his Prey, with vain Attempts
 each Way explores; from ev'ry Part the Darts
 adverse; (d) and the Blaze of frequent
 Fires Frights him, tho' bold, and eager for his
 Prey; And when *Aurora* promises the Day,
 he retreats, and grumbles as he goes:
 thus the stout *Ajax* made a slow Retreat.
 Or, as the patient tardy Animal Forces

Homer manage the Re-
 of *Ajax*, while he shews
 that he did not give ground
 Man, but to *Jove*! and
 he did not fly, but re-
 like a Lion with slow
 and often turning

He made a slow Re-
 It was the slow March
 in his Retreat, which
 to Homer's mind the
 of the Lion; and
 observes, in his Hi-
 of Animals, Book ix.
 that when he is
 in View, he never
 or shews the least Sign
 at; but if by reason of
 multitude of Hunters he
 ed to retire, he makes
 Retreat Step by Step, and
 his Head every moment;

and such is the Retreat of
Ajax.

(d) And the Blaze of fre-
 quent Fires.] What is re-
 ported of the Lion, says *Ari-*
stotle, in the place which I
 just now quoted, is true, that
 he is more afraid of Fire than
 any thing; and as a Confir-
 mation, he produces this Verse
 of *Homer's*, which says, that
 the Lion dreads the Fire even
 in his greatest Fury, and when
 he is eager for his Prey; for
 this is the Meaning of *ἵστουμι*
νός τριπ.

(e) Or, as the patient tardy
 Animal.] Homer just now com-
 par'd *Ajax* to a Lion, to set
 off the Hero's Valour, who
 even by his Retreat preserv'd
 the *Greeks*; here, to demon-
 strate his Patience, he com-
 his

his Way into a Field of Corn, And mocks the weak Resistance which the Boys That guard the Passage make; tho' many Blows Sound on his Sides, he feeds upon the Grain; And when he there has satisfy'd his Hunger, Backward he tardy moves, and scarce recedes: Thus the fierce Trojans, and th' Allies of Troy, With Show'rs of Darts pursu'd the Steps of *Ajax*. His Looks with sullen Indignation low'r'd, (f) And sometimes he retir'd; then turn'd again

pares him to an *Ass*, the most patient of all Creatures. Some Critics, unfortunately delicate, have condemn'd this Comparison as too low; to justify which, I will only quote a Remark of *Monsieur Dacier* upon *Aristotle's Poetics*, Chap. 26. where he shews us, that this Image is so far from being Mean and Vulgar, that it is extremely Just and Noble. In the Time of *Homer*, says he, *Asses* were not so contemptible as they now are; their Names were not made a Reproach, but Kings and Princes were us'd to ride upon them. *Homer* therefore without any Disparagement, compares *Ajax* to one of these Animals; and no doubt but he did it, to make his Obstinacy, Strength and Patience apparent: neither can we ridicule this Comparison without Impiety, since God himself has put it into the Mouth of *Jacob*, who says, as he blesses his Sons, *Issachar is a strong Ass couching down between two Burdens*. There

is nothing more beautiful than this Image. And I'll be bold to say, that they will be frequently mistaken, who, to give a Judgment of a Comparison, go about to examine whether the Subject whence it is borrow'd, be Noble or mean; they should chiefly consider whether the Idea it gives be clear and lively; whether the Poet has embellish'd it with poetical Words, and whether it perfectly paints the Thing it is design'd to represent. *Top* driven by a *Lash*, is a very elevated Subject, yet *Megil* has thence drawn an admirable Comparison, to represent an incens'd Queen; but I return to *Homer*, tho' I am persuaded, that this is a very beautiful Comparison, yet I durst not mention the Name of *Ass* in the Translation, but had recourse to a Paraphrase, knowing that we ought to accommodate all our Expressions, to the Ideas and Usage of our own Times.

(f) While sometimes retir'd, &c.] *Homer* is

and check'd their Rage, and drove them from
the Fleet. He march'd between two Armies :
As he sav'd, And that repuls'd, and on his
field there stood A Wood of Spears, (g) while
others that fell short Cover'd the Ground that
between the Hosts. But when *Eurypylus*,
Demion's Son, Saw *Ajax* thus oppress'd with
show'rs of Darts, Forth from the *Greeks* he
rung, and with his Spear, Launch'd from his
only Arm, slew *Apisaon*. He fell, and thro'
the Wound breath'd out his Soul : But while
stay'd to strip him of his Arms, *Paris*, the
husband to the beauteous *Helen*, Bent with full
length his Bow ; the Arrow flew, And pierc'd
the Thigh of brave *Eurypylus*. The Arrow
stuck, the Head remain'd behind Deep in the
wound, and pain'd his tortur'd Soul. Then
retreated tow'rd's the *Grecian* Camp ; But
singing thus his Voice, aloud he spoke :

O Friends and Leaders of the valiant
Greeks, Stand and defend stout *Ajax* from
the *Trojans*, Who, almost cover'd with a
Show'r of Spears, Sinks over-pow'r'd beneath
a Host of Men ; then boldly stand, and save
the fainting *Ajax*.

sy'd with telling us, that
was none but *Jove* that
the *Ajax* retire ; but he ele-
his Retreat by a thousand
noble Circumstances.
is the only Poet who ever
giv'd such lofty Ideas of
hero, as to make him in a
great preserve one Army,
repulse another: What

wou'd not *Ajax* have done, if
Jupiter had not oppos'd his
Courage, and dismay'd his
Heart ?

(g) While others that fell
short, &c.] This is another
Circumstance to magnify the
Retreat ; *Homer* shews the
Distance which the *Trojans*
kept from *Ajax*.

He

He spoke: The Warrior *Greeks* resum'd their
 Courage, Oppos'd their Bucklers, and advanc'd
 their Spears, Till *Ajax* safe arriv'd; then re-
 inforc'd, He ran to Battle, and renew'd the
 Fight.

Now, *Nestor's* Steeds, cover'd with Blood and
 Sweat, Had brought *Machaon* from the Throes
 of War.

(b) When *Thetis's* Son, who, to behold the
 Fight, Conspicuous stood upon his Vessel's Stern
 And saw from far, and thought he knew *Machaon*;
 Then call'd *Patroclus*, his beloved Friend
 He heard, and issu'd from his Tent like *Mars*
 The God of War; but from that fatal Hour
 Sprung all his Woes, and thence his Ruin flow'd
 Then thus *Menetius's* Son *Patroclus* spoke. "What
 "wants *Achilles*, that he calls *Patroclus*?
 "My Friend, said he, the dearest to my Soul
 "Now, on their Knees, the *Greeks* will beseech
 "my Aid; Such are their Streights, so great
 "their Distress. But haste, and learn of *Nestor*,
 "whom his Chariot Brought wounded
 "from the Fight; I saw his Back, And thought
 "it much resembled brave *Machaon's*;

(b) When *Thetis's* Son.] *Achilles* griev'd to be absent
 from the Battel, comforts him-
 self with beholding it: *Homer*
 thence draws, with a great
 deal of Art, the Discovery of
 the Plot of his Poem; for this
 Hero, whom the Prayers of
Ulysses, *Phoenix*, and *Ajax*,
 cou'd not move, is touch'd
 at the Sight of the Defeat of
 the *Greeks*; this disposes him
 to send *Patroclus* to fight in

his room, and his Death makes
 him renounce his Resentment
 to revenge his Friend.

(i) My Friend, said *Eustatbius* very well remarks
 that *Homer* in giving
 Thought to *Achilles*, had
 good Opportunity to introduce
 a second Embassy to him,
 wou'd not embrace it, to avoid
 Repetition, which must
 have been tedious.

"F

face I could not see; for swift the Horses
Hurry'd the Chariot tow'rd the Tent of
Nestor.

Thus he: And strait *Patroclus* left his Presence,
And held his way along the Grecian Fleet.

Mean time, the Rev'rend *Nestor* and *Machaon*
descended from the Chariot to the Ground;

And while *Eurymedon* the Steeds unharness'd,
They stood a while upon the Ocean's Shore,

To recreate and refresh their weary'd Bodies,
In the cool Breeze that gently fann'd the Air.

They enter'd then the Tent, and took their
Seats, While *Hecamede*, beauteous as a Goddess,

Hecamede, Daughter to *Arfinous*, The King
of *Tenedos*, (whom, when *Achilles* Laid waste

to the Isle, the Greeks to *Nestor's* Arms Presented
As a Token, (1) to proclaim How much they

honour'd his superior Wisdom) Prepar'd a Bowl
Of various Compositions. The beauteous Cap-

was plac'd before the Heroes A Table, made
Of the most precious Wood; Smooth was the

Surface, and the Feet were azure. Then in a
Tray of refulgent Brass, She brought new

Wine, and the Flow'r of Meal, And Onions,
To create a Thirst. Then *Nestor's* Bowl

To recreate their weary'd

[Here are two Heroes,
one wounded, and the o-
ther very old, who would not
sit down, but stood in the open
air, but stood in the open
air, to cool themselves by the
breeze.]

To proclaim how much
[honour'd, &c.] The Poet
intimates, that Prudence
and Wisdom deserves to be re-

compens'd, as well as Valour;
in the Games which were made
to honour *Patroclus's* Funeral,
Nestor bears away the Prize
without the Contest: *Isocrates*
some-where complains, that the
Greeks had established Prizes
as Rewards for Strength and
Courage, but none for Wisdom
and Prudence, the far more
preferable Qualifications.

She

she plac'd upon the Table; (m) The Bowl brought from *Pylos* to the War; Wond'rous was, and damask'd o'er with Gold; Four Ears it had, and to support each Ear, Two Golden Doves, so exquisitely carv'd, That they seem'd to feed around the Bowl. Double the Bottom was, and deep withal; And when with smiling Liquor it was crown'd, One Man could scarce support the noble Load; But age *Nestor* bore it without Pain. (n) In this beautiful *Hecamede* mix'd (o) Pure *Pramnian* Wines, and to the sprightly Wines Added the tasteful Cheese, and Flow'r of Wheat. When they had satisfy'd their Thirst with Drink With sweet Discourse they pass'd the Time away.

(m) *The Bowl he brought from Pylos.*] This is spoken to acquaint us, that it was not any Part of Booty, but a Family-Bowl; nor is this an inconsiderable Circumstance; for Gold and Silver in those Days were so scarce, that the greatest Princes drank out of Cups of Brass; and this is the Reason why the Necklace of *Eriphyle* was so much extoll'd: Gold and Silver were not common in Greece, till the Days of *Alexander*; for 'tis said of his Father *Philip*, that having but one Cup of Gold, he laid it every Night under his Pillow.

(n) *In this the beautiful Hecamede.*] This Drink is somewhat extraordinary, especially for a wounded Man, as *Machaon*; but we must remember, that *Machaon* was

not so dangerously wounded as to be forc'd to observe any Rule more than ordinary. The Greeks made him retire from the Battle, in Consideration of his being a Physician, and necessary to the Army, and therefore should not be too much expos'd; *Machaon* had so much need to moderate his Spirits, that there was Danger of a Fever, or inflammation; therefore we see him standing on the Shore to refresh himself: and *Homer* tells us, that *Nestor* and he entertain'd themselves with agreeable Discourse; whereas a person dangerously wounded, would have had no Relish for pleasant Discourses.

(y) *Pure Pramnian Wine.* *Pramne* is a Mountain in the *Icarian* Iland.

And now *Patroclus* to the Tent was come,
When *Nestor*, who espy'd the God-like Man,
Rose from his Place, and welcom'd his Arrival,
Offer'd a Seat, which he refus'd, and said :

"I have no time to stay, divine old Man,
But I must haste, and bear my Message back,
Since with Impatience great *Achilles* waits
To know what wounded *Greek* your Chariot
Bore ; And now I see it was the great *Ma-*
chaon : Therefore I haste ; for well you know
Achilles Is passionate, and violent by Nature ;
And no Excuse can mitigate his Wrath.

Patroclus thus : And (p) *Nestor* thus reply'd ;
Does then *Achilles* pity our Distress ? And do
Our wounded *Grecians* move his Soul, Now
While he knows not half what we endure ?
Idides, *Agamemnon*, and *Ulysses*, *Eurypylus*
And, as you see, *Machaon*, Desist from Battle,
Wounded by the *Trojans*. How long will

(p) *Nestor* thus reply'd.]

Patroclus has but just told
us, that he had not time
to sit down, that he was in
haste to carry back his Answer
to *Achilles*, who waited for
him with Impatience ; yet here
Nestor begins a long
Discourse, and *Patroclus* stays
to hear it. I have met with
many who think this is a Fault,
a small Slip in *Homer* ; but
they are mistaken ; *Patroclus*
did not sit down, but heard
Nestor standing : *Nestor*
is a Prince of that Figure
and Generation, that *Patroclus*
ought not, nor ought to in-
terrupt his Discourse, by going
away. This whole Piece is

so serious, so important, and
touches *Patroclus* so nearly,
and has so great Relation to
Achilles, and the present Pos-
ture of Affairs, that *Patro-*
clus cou'd not be blam'd for
making such a stay. *Patro-*
clus thus retain'd by *Nestor*,
sees with his own Eyes to
what Extremities the *Greeks*
are reduc'd ; and in his Re-
turn, he meets *Eurypylus*,
wounded with an Arrow :
He is obliged to lead him to
his Tent, and take care of
him ; and while he is employ'd
in this necessary Work, he
sees the Intrenchments forc'd,
as I shall shew by and by.

“ then *Achilles*’ Fury burn? Waits he
 “ warlike *Hector* fires the Navy, And Greece
 “ o’er *Greeks* in one Destruction fall? (q) For
 “ now my Arms are weak; devouring Age
 “ Unstrings my Nerves, and breaks my manly
 “ Prime. O did that Strength now actuate my
 “ Limbs, As when in all the bloomy Flow’rs
 “ Youth I fought against the *Eleans*, fierce
 “ Arms, (r) And slew *Itymoneus* the King
 “ *Elis*! I led the injur’d *Pylia*ns to the War
 “ To make Reprizal on the *Elean* Flocks; The
 “ bold *Itymoneus* oppos’d my Sword; But he
 “ I slew, and scatter’d all his Forces, And bore
 “ away a rich and mighty Booty; Full fifty
 “ Drove of Beeves, of Swine as many, With
 “ fifty Herds of Goats, and fifty Flocks of
 “ Woolly Sheep; besides thrice fifty Mares
 “ Them and their Colts; and all to *Pyrrhus*
 “ brought Safe in the Night: With Joy
 “ Father saw So young a Warrior, as his Son
 “ victorious. Then the next Day, when the
 “ the Morn appear’d, (s) The Heralds staid

(q) For now my Arms are
 weak.] Nestor would here
 intimate to *Patroclus*, and
 by him to *Achilles*, that if
 he had his youthful Strength,
 he shou’d have no need of
Achilles’ Aid, and that he
 cou’d without him protect the
Greeks.

(r) The King of *Elis*.]
Elis is the whole Southern
 Part of *Peloponnesus*, between
Achaia and *Messonia*, it was
 originally divided into several
 Districts or Principalities; af-
 terwards it was reduced to two;

the one of the *Eleans*, or
Elis, the other of *Nestor*.
 Remark is necessary for
 understanding what follows.
 In *Homer*’s Time the
Elis was not built.

(s) The Heralds staid.
 See how much Justice is
 practis’d by a Pagan Poet.
 his People had been plun-
 dered by the Enemy; he enters
 the Enemy’s Country, carries
 a rich Booty, and employs
 it in making up the Lobs of
 Subjects.

“ mo

mon'd, in a publick manner, All those that
ever suffer'd by the *Eleans*. They met; the
Magistrates divided round The Prey; for
many, tho' the Towns of *Pylos* Then lay un-
peopled, suffer'd (t) by th' *Epeans*; Few were
the *Pylians*, (u) for some Years before This
War broke out, *Alcides*' conqu'ring Arms (w)
Laid *Pylos* waste, and slew her bravest
Youths. Twelve Sons then *Neleus* had, a
lovely Offspring! (x) Of which I'm only
left, the rest he slew; But our Misfortunes
prov'd th' *Epeans* Gains, Who, scorning our
weak State, with daily Insults Ravag'd our
Fields, and bore our Flocks away; Old as
he was, then *Neleus* took his Arms, For-
rag'd their Lands, and chose three hundred

(t) By th' *Epeans*.] I have
already taken notice, that the
Eleans are the same with the
Epeans.

(u) For some Years before
War broke out.] Homer,
in this Relation, follows the
Method as he does in
the Poem; he begins with the
Beginning: this Method is by
the most agreeable, and
raises our Curiosity. It
is brought in with a great
deal of Art, for it was *Nestor*'s
to detain *Patroclus*, till
he had seen the Defeat of the
Greeks; to the end that a Sight
moving, might dispose him
to intercede with *Achilles* for
the Greeks.

(w) Laid *Pylos* waste.]
because *Neleus* wou'd

not receive him into his Walls,
when he came from the Con-
quest of *Diomedes*, and brought
away his Horses; or because
the *Pylians* had given Aid o
the *Orchomenians* against the
Thebans: it is also said, it was
because *Neleus* refus'd to ex-
piate *Heracles* from the Mur-
der of *Iphitus*; but this cannot
be true, according to the most
exact Traditions of the An-
tients, for according to them,
Homer knew nothing at all of
such Expiations; the only
Punishment for Murder which
he mentions, was a Forfeit or
Banishment.

(x) Of which I'm only left.]
He was then an Infant, and
his Father educated him at
Gerene, on the Frontiers of
his State.

" Sheep, A mighty Flock! the fairest in the
 " Nation! And brought 'em off, to recompence
 " his Losses, Which were not small; (y) in
 " he four generous Coursers Had with the
 " Chariots sent to *Elis*' Games, To win the
 " Prize, and gain the Golden Tripod. But
 " both the Chariot and the Steeds *Angas*
 " Injurious King! detain'd, and with Affront
 " (z) Dismiss'd the Charioteer; at this
 " cens'd, *Neleus* laid waste his Lands, and bore
 " away (a) Booty immense! of which the
 " greatest Part He kept himself, to satisfy his
 " Wrongs; The rest he shar'd among his Pe-
 " lian Subjects. Then two whole Days we
 " fer'd Sacrifice To all the Gods; but when the
 " dawning Rays Of the third Morn appear'd
 " th' *Epeans* came In terrible Array, but

(y) For the four generous
 Coursers.] 'Tis said, that these
 were particular Games, which
Angas had establish'd in his
 own State; and that the
 Olympic Games cannot be here
 understood, because *Hercules*
 did not institute them till he
 had kill'd this King, and de-
 liver'd his Kingdom to *Phy-
 leus*, whom his Father *Angas*
 had banish'd. The Prizes of
 these Games of *Angas* were
 Prizes of Wealth, as golden
 Tripods, &c. whereas the
 Prizes of the Olympic Games
 were only plain Chaplets of
 Leaves or Branches. Besides,
*Hom*er knew nothing of these
 Chaplets given at the Games,
 nor of the triumphal Crowns,
 nor of the Garlands wore at

Feasts; if he had, 'tis pro-
 ble he wou'd somewhere
 other have mention'd them.

(z) Dismiss'd the Charioteer
*Hom*er here mentions but one
 Charioteer; and in my Opi-
 nion, this is sufficient to
 termine the Dispute the Po-
 etists rais'd about this Passage,
 viz. whether these four Horses
 were for one Chariot, or whe-
 ther there were two Chariots,
 one for each Pair of Horses.
 Now had there been two Cha-
 riots, there must have been
 two Charioteers.

(a) Booty immense.]
 means that Booty which
 mention'd in the beginning
 this Discourse.

" Ho

Horse and Foot; With them (b) the two Molions came in Arms, New to the Field, young, and not skill'd in War. There stands a City, (c) *Thryöessa* nam'd, By *Alpheus'* Stream, upon a steepy Rock. This they besieg'd, and furiously attack'd, But the celestial Maid, the martial *Goddeßs*, By Night descended from *Olympus'* Heights, And cry'd, To Arms, ye *Pylians*, haste to Arms! They arm'd with one Consent, and throng'd to War; But *Neleus*, to detain me from the Dangers, Convey'd away my Horses, and my Chariot. (d) But his Precaution, and his Care was vain; On Foot, to Arms I went among the Horse, For *Pallas* prompted, and inspir'd my Soul.

(e) The River *Minyas*, near *Arene's* Walls, into the Ocean disembogues his Waves, And on his Banks the *Pylian* Cavalry Waited the Rising of the dawning Morn; Halting, till all the Foot had join'd the Horse. (f) Thence,

[The two Molions.]
[*Neleus* and *Cleatus*, Sons of
[*Neleus*; or, according to others,
[Sons of *Neptune* and *Molus*.
[Daughter to *Molus*.
[*Thryöessa*.] It is the same
[that which he elsewhere
[*Thyon*.
[But his Precaution.] It
[is if *Nestor* had a mind
[to enquire by this to *Patro-*
[that he ought to follow
[example, and fight for his
[country, tho' *Achilles* shou'd
[not prevent it.
[The River *Minyas*.]

This is the River *Anigrus*, about half-way between *Pylos* and *Thryöessa*; but this *Anigrus*: was call'd *Minyas* or *Minyus*, from the *Minyans*, who liv'd round it. *Strabo*, Book 8.

(f) Thence, e'er the Sun.]
Homer is so excellent a Geographer, that he distinguishes exactly not only the Situation of Places, but their Distances too from one another: *Strabo* says precisely, that it is not above half a Day's Journey from *Pylos* to *Thryöessa*.

" e'er the Sun had gain'd the Noon of Heav'n
 " We reach'd the sacred Banks of *Alpheus*
 " Stream, And made an Off'ring to the Thun-
 " d'ring God; (g) A Bull to *Alpheus*, and a
 " Bull to *Neptune*, And a young Heifer to the
 " warlike Goddess. Then the whole Army
 " took a due Repast, And slept all Night in
 " Arms along the Flood. Mean time, the
 " *Epeans* press'd upon the Town, And fondly
 " hop'd to take it by Assault: But dreadful
 " *Mars* prepar'd a bloody Game, T' avert their
 " Arms, and frustrate their Designs. For, when
 " the Sun display'd his glorious Beams, We
 " march'd to Battle, when we first had pray'd
 " To Virgin *Pallas*, and to Thund'ring *Jove*
 " In the first Shock I slew the valiant *Mulius*
 " *Mulius*! the Son-in-Law of King *Auges*
 " Who had espous'd the beauteous *Agamemnon's*
 " His eldest, and his far-moſt lovely Daughter
 " *Mulius*! who all the Herbs, and all the Sim-
 " ples, Which the Earth's fruitful Womb pro-
 " duces, knew. He gasping lay, and roll'd
 " Blood and Dust, While, bounding from the
 " Ground, with youthful Vigour (h) I sprung
 " into his Chariot: but th' *Epeans*, Who
 " they beheld the Gen'ral of their Horse,
 " gallant Soldier! breathless on the Ground
 " Struck with Amaze, betook themselves

(g) A Bull to *Alpheus*.
 Bulls were the usual Victims
 that were offer'd to *Neptune*,
 and River Gods. Horses like-
 wise were sometimes sacrific'd
 to *Neptune*: of such Sacri-
 fices, the ancient Authors fur-

nish us with a thousand
 amplexes.

(h) I sprung into his
 Chariot. Hitherto *Nestor*
 fought on Foot, but now
 mounts the Chariot which
 took.

" Flig

Flight. Then I rush'd on 'em like a dreadful Whirlwind, (i) And fifty Chariots took, and with my Sword, And with my Jav'lin, slew twice fifty Men. Then too my Spear had slain the two *Molions*, The Sons of *Astor*, had not potent *Neptune* Withdrawn 'em from my Fury, in a Cloud. That Day *Saturnian Jove* with Conquest crown'd, And signal Honours, our triumphant Arms. Far from the Field of Battle we pursu'd Our flying Foes, and slew 'em as they fled, Till to *Euprasium* and *Olenia's* Heights, And to *Alesium*, situate on a Mount, We came, where *Pallas* check'd our swift Pursuit; Ev'n then the hindmost of the Foes I slew. Now from *Euprasium* we return'd to *Pylus*; And all gave Thanks peculiarly to *Jove*, Of Gods; of Men, peculiarly to *Nestor*. Such then I was, when Youth inspir'd my Arms, And thus behav'd myself among the *Greeks*. Not so *Achilles*! (k) he alone enjoys His Valour, while his Country wants his Aid: But I am sure, the Day will come, when he Will sore repent his Fury and his Wrath. 'Twill grieve his very Soul, to see the Fleet, And all the *Grecians*, bury'd

[And fifty Chariots took.]
is far from being an Im-
liberty; especially in a
History both Sacred
Profane relates many Ex-
much superior to this, yet
by single Men
He alone enjoys.] There
Qualifications which are

only beneficial to the Owners;
but it is a Piece of Injustice to
rob all others of their Advan-
tage, and reserve 'em only for
one's self: such is Valour, and
'tis a Disgrace to a Man not
to exert it for the Good of
his Country.

" in one Ruin. Remember, dear *Patroclus*, and
 " recall The sage Instructions of the wise *Me-*
 " *netius*, (1) When he from *Phthia* sent you
 " to *Atrides*, I and *Ulysses* heard his sapient
 " Words ; When, (m) as we levy'd Forces for
 " the War, We to the Palace came of Royal
 " *Peleus*. *Menetius* there we found, and you
 " *Patroclus*, With the brave Son of *Thetis*, great
 " *Achilles*. The righteous *Peleus*, in the Palace
 " Court, Was off'ring up a Sacrifice to *Jove*.
 " And holding in his Hand a Golden Cup
 " He sprinkled Wine upon the burning Thigh
 " While you prepar'd the sacred Victim's Flesh
 " I and *Ulysses* kept an awful Distance, Not
 " near advanc'd, till *Peleus*' Son, surpriz'd
 " Came, and embrac'd, and led us to the Pa-
 " lace, And entertain'd us as no vulgar Guest
 " When we had eat and drank to Satisfaction
 " I told the Cause and Business of our Journey
 " Which was to bring you to the Trojan War
 " Fir'd with the Prospect and the Thirst
 " Glory, You both were eager for the pri-

(1) When he from *Phthia*
 sent you to *Atrides*.] What
Nestor here says to *Patroclus*,
 is brought in with a great deal
 of Subtilty and Force ; for he
 here gives him to understand,
 that he was not brought as an
 Auxiliary by *Achilles*, but di-
 rectly sent to *Agamemnon* ;
 therefore is more obliged to
 obey his Commands, than to
 follow the Caprices of *A-*
chilles.

(m) As we levy'd Forces

for the War.] *Nestor* and
Ulysses were sent to all the States
 of Greece, to exhort the
 several Princes to make
 Alliance, and unite in the
 Expedition ; as they were
 two most renown'd Men
 Wisdom in all Greece, they
 were perhaps the only Per-
 sons capable to engage
 People in such a War, which
 was undertaken only upon
 Person's account, and the
 faithless Woman.

" mi

mis'd War. (n) Then *Peleus* thus instruct-
ed young *Achilles*: (o) Be always valiant
and excel in Virtue. And thus *Menetius*
spoke to you, *Patroclus*: My Son, remem-
ber, that in Birth *Achilles* Is your Superior,
and excels in Valour: (p) But since your Age
is more, be it your Care To give Instructions,
and direct his Strength; When you ad-
vise, if your Advice is good, He'll hear
with Patience, and with Speed obey. Thus
spoke the good Old Man, the sage *Menetius*;
But you, *Patroclus*, have forgot his Words.
Yet try, ev'n now, to move *Achilles*' Soul.
(q) Who knows, but some propitious Dei-
ty May by your Words incline his Heart
to Pity? The Voice is pow'rful of a faith-
ful Friend; But if some fatal Prophecy he-
stuns, Which from great *Jove* (r) his Mo-

(n) Then *Peleus*.] In the 9th
Book, *Ulysses* has at large re-
cited the Instructions which
Nestor gave to *Achilles*; *Nestor*
therefore gives the Sub-
stance of 'em, and that in one
single Verse.

(o) Always.] This Word
is not added in vain; for
he wou'd intimate to *Pa-
troclus*, that *Achilles* has forgot
his Father's Instructions, since
he thus lets his Valour sleep,
and so satisfy his Anger, for-
gets the War.

(p) But since your Age.]
He says, as you ought not
to follow the Caprices of A-
chilles, and obey his Resent-
ment, so you ought to advise

him; and lay before him his
Injustice.

(q) Who knows, but some,
Sec.] *Homer* very well knew,
that 'tis God who enforces the
Words of the Wise; and that
'tis he who gives them the
Power of Persuasion.

(r) His Mother has re-
veal'd.] *Nestor* says this,
upon the account of what
Achilles himself spoke in the
ninth Book: and it is very
much to the purpose; for
nothing cou'd sooner move
Achilles, than to let him see
that it was the general Re-
port in the Army, that he
shut himself up in his Tent
upon no other account, but

" ther has reveal'd, Thee let him send, thee
 " and his *Myrmidons*, To try if thou canst
 " bring (s) some Ray, tho' faint, To warm our
 " Courage, and dispell our Fears. Let him
 " permit thee to assume his Arms: Perhaps the
 " *Trojans*, (t) when his Arms they view, May
 " think *Achilles* to the Battle comes; Retreat,
 " and let the weary'd *Grecians* breathe; (u) One
 " Moment's Respite sometimes turns a Battle.
 " With Ease your vigorous Forces will re-
 " pell The fainting *Trojans*, and preserve the
 " Navy.

Thus *Nestor* spoke, and mov'd *Patroclus*' Soul.
 Then thro' the Fleet he hasted to *Achilles*: But
 when he came (w) against *Ulysses*' Ship, The
 Army's Marker, and the Place of Justice:

to escape Death, with which his Mother had threaten'd him, in discovering to him the Degrees of the Destinies.

(s) *Some Ray*.] This is spoke with a Regard very glorious to *Achilles*; they had no Hero, that could be a Light to the *Greeks* but him: *Patroclus*, tho' he bore his Arms, could only bring a faint Ray; and this is the Reason why *Nestor* says, in other.

(t) *When his Arms they view*.] What a Compliment is this to *Achilles*! when the very Sight of his Arms is said to be sufficient to make the *Trojans* fly; and at the same time, what a powerful Insinuation to *Patroclus*, to tell him, he may pass a while for *Achilles*!

(u) *One Moment's Respite sometimes turns a Battle*.] I have explain'd the Sense of *Nestor*'s Words, which he leaves unfinished: for he continues himself with saying, *one Moment's Respite to the War*, where the Sense is manifestly imperfect. It seems to have been a Proverb in *Homer*'s Days; there was therefore need to finish it, to make it understood.

(w) *Against Ulysses' Ship*.] This was in the middle of the Camp; *Homer* has taken care to tell us, that *Ulysses* had his Quarters. In the middle therefore of the Camp, the Market, the Pleading, and the Altars and Stairs to the Gods.

There, where the Altars of the Gods are plac'd,
(x) He met *Eurypylus*, *Evemon's* Son: Lame
with his Wound, he slowly limp'd along; A
Sweat ran down his Face in plenteous Streams,
And Blood still issu'd from the gaping Wound.
With Grief *Patroclus* view'd the bleeding
Greek, And thus began; and as he spoke, he
sigh'd.

" Ah! wretched Leaders of the Grecian
Army! Must you then fall far from your na-
tive Country, Far from your dearest Friends,
and lie a Prey To greedy Vulturs on a ho-
stile Shore? But tell me now, divine *Eurypy-
lus*, Say, will the *Greeks* keep off the furious
Hector? Or will they perish by his fatal
Spear?

Thus he: And thus *Eurypylus* reply'd; " All
Hopes, *Patroclus*, of Defence are vanish'd;
And in a Moment all the *Greeks* are lost:
Our wounded Leaders have forsook the Fight,
While Conquest flushes the victorious *Tro-
jans*. But lead me now, *Patroclus*, to my
Tent, And cut the broken Arrow from my
Thigh; Then with warm Water wash the
goary Wound; Apply some Med'cine to ap-
pease the Pain; For such you have, such
Chiron gave *Achilles*, (y) *Chiron*! the wisest

(x) He met *Eurypylus*.] What Management is this! to make *Patroclus*, already mov'd by the Discourse of *Nestor*, to meet in his Return a Chief dangerously wounded in the thigh, on Foot, and none to

help or support him? A Sight so moving cou'd not fail to produce a good Effect.

(y) *Chiron the wisest*.] *Eurypylus* remarks, that this Expression, the most just of the *Centaur*, is put for the

“ and the best of *Centaur*s ; Absent are our
 “ Physicians ; in the Tents *Machaon* wounded
 “ lies, (z) and wants himself A Person to in-
 “ spect and dress his Wound ; And *Podalirius*
 “ battles on the Plain.

Thus he : And thus reply'd the brave *Patro-
 clus* ; “ What shall I do ? What Course shall
 “ I pursue ? I haste to bear the Message to *A-
 “ chilles*, Which *Nestor*, Safeguard of the Gre-
 “ cians, sends ; (a) But cannot leave you in this
 “ fore Distress.

Patroclus spoke, and bore him in his Arms
 Safe to his Tent ; a Slave upon the Ground
 Strait spread the Hides of Bulls, and on the
 Hides *Patroclus* plac'd the pain'd *Eurypylus*.
 Then from his Thigh (b) he cut the broken
 Arrow, And (c) with warm Water wash'd

rest *Just* among the *Centaur*s ;
 for the *Centaur*s were noto-
 rious for their Violence and
 Injustice.

(z) And wants himself a
Physician.] There were more
 than two in the Army, but
Homer gives us the Names only
 of two, *Machaon* and *Podal-
 irius*, they being the Chief,
 and as it were the Princes of
 their Profession.

(a) But cannot leave you.]
 This is carry'd on with a great
 deal of Art: it is very natu-
 ral to make *Patroclus* perform
 an Action of so much Huma-
 nity, and hence *Homer* draws
 a great Advantage for the
 Oeconomy of his Poem ;
 εὐρυπύλου δὲ ποδάλιου τόνου, &c.
 says *Estathius* ; the Poet

disposes thus this Incident
 to the end that *Patroclus* reap-
 ing with *Eurypylus*, might be
 a Witness to the Attack
 made upon the Intrenchments
 and see with his own Eyes
 the extreme Danger of the
Greeks, and by that means use
 his utmost Efforts to move
Achilles.

(b) He cut the broken Ar-
 row.] He cut it out ; for the
 Arrow had pierc'd from Side
 to Side, so that it was impossi-
 ble to draw it out.

(c) With warm Water.
 For hot Water, instead of
 staunching the Blood, makes
 it flow ; and cold Water
 causes Shiverings and Con-
 vulsions.

he goary Wound ; Then with his Hand he
 cruish'd (d) a bitter Root, Which in a Mo-
 ment stop'd the flowing Blood, Dry'd up the
 Wound, and pacify'd the Pain.

(d) *A bitter Root.* He
 apply'd a Piece of this Root ;
 or otherwise he cou'd not
 have stop't the Blood which
 flow'd apace. We see by
 this Passage, that the antient
 Physicians, and those who un-

derstood Physick, always car-
 ry'd about them Necessaries,
 to relieve those that wanted
 Help. And it is upon this,
 that *Hippocrates* builds the
 Precept which he gives us.



Argument

Argument of the Twelfth Book.

THE Greeks Being pursued by Hector, retire into their Intrenchments. Hector endeavours to force them, and pass the Ditch; but this being impracticable, Polydamas advises the Trojans to light from their Chariots. They embrace his Advice; and being divided into five Bodies of Infantry, assault the Wall on every side. Two of the Greeks defend a Gate against a Battalion of Trojans, whom they make a great Slaughter. An Eagle bearing in his Talons a wounded Serpent thro' the Air, flies on the Left of the Trojans. Polydamas interprets the Prodigy, and advises a Retreat: Hector opposes him, and mocks all Omens that are drawn from the Flight of Birds, and continues the Attack. Sarpedon, at the Head of the Lycians, having gain'd the Height of the Wall, breaks down a Battlement, and makes a wide Breach; then the Fight is obstinate. At last, Hector throwing a prodigious Stone against one of the Gates, forces it, and opens a Passage; and at the Head of his Troops, who meet with no Opposition, pursues the Greeks to their very Ships.

T H



Michael, J. sculpsit.

Returning & having driven the Greeks to their Retrenchments attacks them with fury breaks down a passage with a stone of an enormous size. At the head of his Troops pursues them to their ships.



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THE
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OF
HOMER.

BOOK XII.



*Enetius' Son thus dress'd Eurypy-
lus ; Mean time, the Grecian and
the Trojan Armies, With ten-fold
Fury fought ; and now the Foss,
And now the Wall, which to de-
fend the Fleet, And guard the
other'd Boory, they had built, No more suf-
fer'd the Fury of the Trojans. Broad was the
Foss, and mounded strong the Wall ; In Height
and Breadth surprizing ! (a) but the Greeks*

(a) But the Greeks forgot
offer Hecatombs.) Here
 Homer inculcates a very great
truth ; that whatever Man
undertakes, without imploring

the Divine Assistance, by
Prayers and Sacrifices, is un-
dertook without the Blessing
of Heaven, and therefore can-
not be of long Duration.

Forgot

Forgot to offer Hecatombs to Heaven, When the Foundations of the Wall were laid: Therefore it stood not long; for Heaven, provok'd, Curs'd it, and raz'd the inauspicious Work.

While *Hector* liv'd, and while *Achilles'* Soul Burnt with Resentment, and while *Ilium* stood, *Ilium!* the Royal Seat of wealthy *Priam!* So long the Wall's Foundations were unmov'd: But when the stoutest Sons of *Troy* were fall'n, (b) And *Greece* victorious, after ten long Years, A tedious Length of Time! had sack'd the City, And laid her lofty Palaces in Ashes; (c) Then *Neptune*, the dread Father of the

(b) *And Greece victorious, after ten long Years.*] As *Homer* has brought into his Poem, by the shortest Episodes, the greatest Part of what pass'd in this War, before the Resentment of *Achilles*; so he has taken care to shew his Reader what happen'd after that Hero was reconcil'd; viz. that the victorious *Greeks* at last laid *Troy* in Ashes; and that it is the Anger of *Achilles*, which is the Subject of his Poem.

(c) *Then Neptune and Phœbus.*] As this Wall was purely the Invention of *Homer*, so we see that the Poet takes care, by saying that there was not the least Mark left of it, to prevent any Objection that might be rais'd against the Truth of his Relation; and he has taken the most natural and likely Methods in the World, to abolish it from its very Foundations;

for the strongest Wall could not resist the Quakings of the Earth, the Overflowsings of the Sea and River that attack'd it on every side. It is probable, that *Homer* liv'd in an Age not very remote from the *Trojan War*; but had he liv'd many Ages after, he needed not to have had Recourse to any thing but the length of Time, which at last ruins every thing. The Authority of *Aristotle*, of which I have already made mention in the 7th Book, confirms the Conjecture of its being a fictitious Wall; yet I won't affirm, but the Wall was really built by the *Greeks*. It is certain, *Homer* flourish'd 250-Years or thereabouts, after the War of *Troy*; and this was Space enough to give the Poet room to ascribe its Ruin to the length of Time; but there is nobody, that has any Talk of Floods.

Floods, And *Phæbus*, from its nethermost Foundations, O'eturn'd the Wall, and push'd it to the Ground. They loos'd the Rage of all the rapid Streams, That rush impetuous down from *Ida's* Heights, Roar in their Fall, and dart along the Plains; *Rhesus*, *Eptaporus*, and *Rhoëus*, *Caresus*, and *Æsepus*, and *Grenicus*, The fierce *Scamander*, and the rapid *Simois*; *Simois*! who roll'd along his crimson Streams, Helmets and Shields, the Instruments of War, And coating Demi-Gods in Battle slain. These various Floods, which from their roaring Mouths, pour'd Deluges of Waters, (d) *Phæbus* turn'd (e) Nine Days against the Wall; the Thunderer now'r'd down incessant Cataracts of Rain, And Neptune, with his Trident in his Hand, March'd

Poetry, but must own, that this Reason, drawn from Nature, would have been in-dignified and jejune, if compar'd with the Means that *Homer* uses, which as they are natural, so they may be true; and as they are here rais'd by Poetry, at once surprize and ravish.

(d) *Phæbus* turn'd.] What Strength, and what Magnificence is here in this Picture! He loos'd all the Rivers of Asia against the Wall! *Neptune* strikes it with his Trident, that is, shakes it with Earthquakes and Inundations of the Seas! and *Jupiter* pours down upon it Deluges of Rain! This is a thought the most Great and

Noble, and at the same time the most Regular, that ever came into the Mind of Man; so that the Poet seems only to dress a natural Truth in the Pomp of Poetry.

(e) *Nine Days*.] Some of the Antients, by a faulty Criticism, have reproach'd *Homer* for making a Wall, which the *Greeks* built in one Day, resist the united Efforts of all these Gods, for nine Days: But the Objection is impertinent; for what the Poet here says, is exactly true; Art always spends less Time in raising, than Nature in destroying; and it looks like a Miracle, that the Wall, tho' built in one Day, shou'd be so ruined in nine, that there was not left the least Mark of it.

in Array, before the foaming Floods, And smote, and bore away the tumbling Wall From its Foundations, with a hideous Noise. But when 'twas level'd with the even Ground, He bade the Waters of the Floods retreat Each to his Channel, where before he flow'd, Tow'rd the wide Deep, to disembody his Waves.

Thus Neptune and Apollo, when proud Ilium Fell from her tow'ry Height, the Wall destroy'd But now around it rag'd the Storm of War. The suff'ring Air resounded with the Shout Of Men and (f) Darts, that whizz'd along the Skies, And smote the sounding Timber of the Tow'rs. The Greeks dismay'd by Jove's Almighty Arm, Ran tow'rs the Fleet, precipitate in Flight, To shun the Sword of Hector who around, Like an unruly Hurricane, bore down With Violence whate'er oppos'd his Course. As when the Dogs and clamorous Swains surround A dreadful Lion, or a furious Boar, He rolls around his Eye-balls, flashing Flames, While they stand adverse, wedg'd in deep Array, And dart from far a hissing Show of Spears: But he, untterrify'd, maintains the Ground; His generous Soul disdains a Coward Flight; And when he falls, 'tis thro' Excess of Courage: Now here, now there, he rushes on

(f) Darts that whizz'd along the Air.] Homer here delivers his Words ambiguously, and they bear a double Sense; the first is, that which I have follow'd; and this is the second: With the dreadful Sound of the Beams of the

For, which the Trojans enter'd incessantly. ἄλλοι δὲ σῆμις, says Eustathius διλοὶ γὰρ αἱ ἡ κενὸν ἀνέμω δέσπον, καὶ οὐ γὰρ βαλλόμενα, ἢ ἐν τοῖς πυρσὺς ἐὼς ἀνέμω, ἢ ἐν τοῖς βαλλόμενοι.

his Foes, Springs on the yielding Swains, and
 gains his Way. Such *Hector* was, so battel'd on
 the Plain. He bade the *Trojans*, and th' Allies
 of *Troy*, To pass by Force th' Intrenchments of
 the *Greeks*: But back (g) their Horses started
 at the Sight Of the Profundity, and at the
 breadth Of the vast Ditch, and from the steepy
 brink Flung back, and with loud Neighings
 pierc'd the Air. On ev'ry side, in terrible Ar-
 ray, Bristled the Palisades, a dreadful Guard
 which was the Fence, impervious to the Horse,
 and difficult, and dangerous to the Foot. Then
 as *Polydamas* to *Hector* spoke :

"In vain, O *Trojans*, and ye Friends of
Troy, We urge our Horses to leap o'er the
 Ditch, Thus arm'd on every side : in
 pointed Rows The Palisades are struck into
 the Ground, And with a strong Defence se-
 cure the Wall : But could we pass, our Pas-
 sage would be useless ; For in a Place so
 close, the Cavalry Could not engage, or
 form themselves for Fight: (b) But *Jove's*
 propitious to the Arms of *Troy*, Crowns us

(g) *That Horses started at*
Sight. Poetry is a Picture,
 Homer ever draws to the
 eye; and in this Book he
 has given us a Multitude of
 beautiful Pictures. This
 passage furnishes us with one
 which is very useful.

(b) But *Jove's* propitious.
 These seems to be an
 allusion in this Place, and the
 passage is interrupted: *Poly-*
damas answers the Objections
 which *Hector* might make; viz.

That Jupiter declares him-
self against the Greeks; That
the Trojans ought therefore to
fear nothing, but run any Ha-
zards. This is what *Poly-*
damas would say, but stops
 his Discourse, since to discuss
 that Point, would take up a
 great deal of Time, and they
 have little to spare: He con-
 tents himself to shew the in-
 evitable Danger they must
 run, if they engage in so nar-
 row a Pass.

"with

" with Conquest, and destroys the *Greeks*—
 " And 'tis my earnest Wish, that in this Hour,
 " Abandon'd they! ingloriously may fall, Far
 " From their dearest Friends, and native Shores:
 " (i) But if they turn, and we are put to
 " Flight, A general Ruin overwhelms us all;
 " Nor can one Man escape, to bear to *Troy*
 " The mournful News of our unhappy Fate.
 " Then listen, and perform what I advise;
 " Leave here the Chariots, and on Foot let
 " *Hector*, Embod'y'd, lead us to the promis'd
 " Fight: The *Greeks* will not sustain our fierce
 " Assault, If pow'rful Destiny decrees their
 " Ruin.

Thus spoke *Polydamas*: Then from his Chariot,
Hector in Arms, leap'd nimbly to the Ground;
 And all the Army follow'd his Example,
 And bade their Charioteers dispose the Chariots
 Along the Trenches Brink in fair Array.
 Then they divided (k) into five Battalions,
 And with their Godlike Leaders march'd to Battle.
 The greatest Number, and the stoutest Men,
 Who were impatient for th' ap-

(i) But if they turn.] The Counsel which *Polydamas* here gives, is very good. The Space between the Ditch and the Wall (for this is the Meaning of *σιβος*, *σιβος μὲν ἵσταντο* *μετὰ τὸν ὅππῃ καὶ τὴν τρυφὴν συζώοντο*) was so narrow, that the *Trojans*, after they had pass'd the Ditch, cou'd not make any Advantage of their Chariots, nor extend their Ranks for the Battle; and when the *Greeks*

shou'd recover themselves they shou'd be overthrown in the Ditch, and not a Man wou'd escape their Fury.

(k) Into five Battalions. *Homer* gives us the Names of the Leaders of the five Battalions, to make the Reader more attentive, that he may look upon the Attack of the Entrenchments, as a new Action, very different from any of the others.

proaching

roaching Fight, (l) Follow'd the martial Steps
Of Godlike *Hector*, Of brave *Polydamas*, and
Stout *Cebrius*: For with his Chariot *Hector* left
Trojan Inferior to *Cebrius* in Arms.

Paris, *Agenor*, and *Alcatbons*, March'd with
the second Body to the Battle.

The third Battalion the Commands obey'd
Of *Helénus*, *Deiphobus*, and *Asius*; *Asius*! the
son of *Hyrtacus*, who came From *Selleis*' Banks,
and from (m) *Arisba*'s Tow'rs; *Asius*! whose
brightly Horses were admired; Their Size was
gigantic, and they shone like Flames.

The fourth *Aeneas* headed to the Fight,
but join'd to his Command *Antenor*'s Sons,
and *Archilochus* and *Acamas*, Well skill'd
in all the various Forms of Battle.

The fifth Battalion, the Auxiliar Troops,
were led, but chose *Asteropaeus* And *Glaucus*
for his Partners in Command: For they, of all
the Allies who came to *Troy*, Were far the most
remarkably courageous.

Then, cover'd with their moony Shields, the
Trojans, With martial Fury fill'd, embattled
march'd, And hop'd that very Day, with *Tro-*
jan Flames, To fire the Fleet, and overwhelm
the *Greeks*.

The *Trojans* thus, and the Allies of *Troy*,
obey'd the Words of sage *Polydamas*; (n) But

(l) Follow'd the martial
Steps of Godlike *Hector*, of
brave *Polydamas*, and stout
Cebrius. It is observable,
that there are three Captains
in every Battalion; but
the Battalion was divided
into three Companies, as we

gather from what follows.

(m) *Arisba*.] It is a City
of *Troas*, between *Percote* and
Abydos; it was a Colony from
Mitylene.

(n) But *Asius*.] Hence it
appears, that the three Lea-
ders of the Battalion were

Asius,

Asius, Son of *Hyrtacus*, refus'd To leave his Chariot, and desert his Steeds. Imprudent Man! they from the *Grecian* Fleet Must never bear their wretched Master back, Nor ever more must he behold proud *Troy*. Him an unhappy Fate, an instant Doom, Overtakes upon the fatal Shores of *Ilium*. There the Youth breathes his last, and yields his Soul, Slain by *Idomeneus* a wretched Victim!

(o) On the Left Part he drove his furious Steeds, Where, in the Flight confus'd, the thronging *Greeks* Hurry'd their Chariots headlong towards the Camp. The Gates stood open to receive the *Greeks*, That from the Battle flew towards them, with Fury, *Asius* urg'd on his Steeds, to gain the Way, While with loud Shout his Soldiers rend the Air: Flush'd with vain Hopes, and buoy'd with Thoughts of Conquest, Themselves they promis'd in that very Hour To fill the Fleet with Slaughter and with Flames. But vain their Hopes! for in the Gate they found Two gallant Men, this *Polypemon* nam'd, That *Leonteus*, terrible in Arms

not subordinate, but that each had a separate Command, and was absolute over his own Company; else *Asius* had not been permitted to remain in his Chariot, while the rest march'd on Foot to the Battle; *Homer* by this intimates, that these *Barbarians* were Strangers to an exact Discipline; and he inserts this Default of *Asius*, to give a beautiful Variety to this Episode.

(o) On the Left Part *Aristarchus* tells us, that this Left Part, which was towards the *Rhetan* Promontory, the greatest Gate of the Camp was; thro' which the Chariots came in and went out; *Asius* in making his Attack on this Part thought to distinguish himself; not considering that it was the most open Part, so it was sure to be the most defended.

the God of Battle; both were sprung
from the courageous *Lapithean* Race. As on
the Mountain's Height, two Forest Oaks, That
among the Clouds their tow'ring Heads,
check the outrageous Fury of the Storm, The
rocks of Thunder, and the Floods of Rain;
they the Rage and Violence of *Asius*; With
Polixenus and *Acamas*, *Orestes*, *Thoön*, and
Phonon, Press'd on the *Greeks*, and bore up-
the Pass, And with horrendous Shoutings
shook the Ground.

Mean time the two brave *Lapithean* Heroes
urged all the *Greeks* to issue forth, And
check the Fury of th' approaching Storm. But
when they saw 'em tremble at the Danger, And
in the War precipitate their Flight, (p)
forth from the Gate they sally'd to the Battle.
When two Boars, upon the Mountains bred,
obtain the Charge of Hunters, and of Hounds,
they from their lowest Roots o'erturn the
rocks, And bear 'em to the Ground! a dread-
ful Noise Echoes around, and rends the very
rocks, Till some more daring Hand inflicts a
wound, And lays 'em breathless on the trem-
bling Earth: Thus the intrepid Combatants
obtain'd The Fury of the *Trojans*; all around
the suff'ring Air resounded with the Noise Of
arts and Spears, that smote the sounding Ar-

(p) *Forth from the Gate*
sally'd to the Battle.]
we see two Captains
urging their Soldiers to
fight themselves bravely,
when they should be at-
tacking; but they, at the

first Approach of the Enemy,
betake themselves to Flight;
yet the brave Officers thus
basely abandon'd, perform
themselves what they had re-
quir'd of all their Troops.

inour:

mour: Fierce was the Onset, furious
 the Fight; The *Grecians* from above show'd
 down their Darts, And roll'd incessantly
 digious Stones, To beat the *Trojans* off: In
 Storms of Snow, Frequent they fell, which
 the win'try Season, A furious Tempest scatter'd
 on the Ground: Dire was the Noise; the
 Sheets that from on high Tumbled impetuous
 struck the brazen Helms, And rais'd along the
 Shores a jarring Sound.

Then *Asius*, fir'd to see his Fury check'd
 Rag'd horribly, and frantick smote the Ground
 And thus with impious Indignation spoke:

“(q) And art thou then, great Ruler of
 “ Skies, Grown a Deceiver, a perfidious God
 “ I thought this Day had been decreed to bring
 “ A sure Destruction to the slaughter'd *Greeks*
 “ Yet as the Golden Wasps, or (r) Swarms
 “ Bees, Work in a hollow Rock their waxen
 “ Cells, And when invaded by the Peasants
 “ Hand, Defend their Treasures, and the
 “ feeble Young; So fight these *Greeks*,
 “ think upon Retreat, Till slain in Fight,
 “ dragg'd away in Chains.

(q) And art thou then.] *Asius* speaks thus, upon the Account of the Signs which *Jupiter* sent to the *Trojans*, as Tokens of Victory; and as he was vain, and full of Self-Love; he judges that the Promises of that God were falsify'd, because he is repuls'd; not considering that it was *Hector* whom *Jupiter* favour'd, and not *Asius*.

(r) Like Swarms of Bees.]

One would think that *Homer* had borrow'd this Comparison from the Books of *Moses*; we find it in the first Chapter of *Deuteronomy*, where *God* himself compares the *Amorites* to Bees: The *Amorites* were a People who dwelt in the Mountains, came out against you, and chased you as the Bees do. *Homer* has only borrow'd it in the Ornaments of Poetry.

Forbad
 Grecian
 can do
 L. III.

Thus *Asius* insolently spoke: But *Jove* That
was bent to honour *Hector's* Arms.

Mean time, on every side, with equal Fury
the Battlerag'd; but who, what mortal Tongue
like a God relate the noble Deeds, And
the Actions of the glorious Day? On ev'ry
with formidable Brightness, Flames from
clashing Swords and Armour flash'd; The
to save their Fleet, intrepid fought,
while all the Gods that favour'd their Designs,
griev'd in Heaven, because the Son of Sa-
(s) Forbad 'em to assist the *Grecian* Army.

Still the two *Greeks* oppos'd the rushing Tor-
And still perform'd prodigious Feats of
our. First *Polypates* launch'd his fatal Spear,
struck the Helm of *Damafus*; the Point
thro' the Helm, and thro' his Temples
and, and sent him to the gloomy Realms of
Then next he *Ormenus* and *Pylon* slew.
was the Godlike *Leontæus* idle; For when
Spear had smote *Hippomachus*, He rush'd
the Croud, and plung'd his Sword Into
Bosom of *Antiphates*; Then laid *Iamenus*,
stout *Orestes*, And *Menon*, breathless on
insanguin'd Ground.

At while they stript the *Trojans* from their
Polydamas and *Hector*, with a Train Of
that were impatient for the Fight, Pre-
for Battle; but a while they stood Asto-
at a Prodigy from Heaven; For thro'
Skies th' Imperial Bird of *Jove* Flew on

Forbad 'em to assist
Grecian Army. The
can do nothing, if

Jupiter their Master and
King forbids; all Nature
obedient to God.

L. III.

E

the

the Left, and in his Talons bore (t), A wounded Serpent thro' th' ethereal Way. The Serpent hiss'd, and fought in twining Folds Brandish'd his Tail, and shot his pois'ning Tongue, and wounded, as he flew, the Royal Bird. Pierc'd with the Pain of the envenom'd Sting, He dropt the Prey, which fell amid the Army: Then with a dreadful Cry he rent the Air, and clapt his sounding Wings, and soar'd away. The Trojans started from the hidden Serpent, Which as a Portent, Jove the Father sent. Then thus Polydamas to Hector spoke.

" (u) It is your Custom, Hector, to insult
 " Whenever I propose what seems to me the
 " most conducive to the Publick Good: But
 " artless as I am, I still will speak What
 " appears convenient in my Eyes To execute
 " and raise the Name of Hector. Let us
 " try to force the Grecian Camp; For this,
 " my Opinion, needs must happen, If it

[t] *A wounded Serpent.* Virgil has imitated this Passage in the eleventh Book of his *Æneid*, ver. 751. and he has kept up to the Beauty of it, as well as the Language wou'd permit; but as it is apply'd to a very different Subject, and as it is brought in only as a Comparison, he makes it lose a great deal of its Strength and Beauty, and it falls short of the Original; for there is a great deal of difference between a Thing which really happens, and which we see with our Eyes, and a Thing which ap-

pears no otherwise than Ideal.

[u] *It is your Custom, Hector, to insult.* Polydamas well knew, that what he was going to say, wou'd displease Hector; he foresaw, that a resolute and terrible War wou'd not willingly obey an Interpretation which he was about to give; he therefore endeavours to soften his Temper, by an humble delivery: nor does he obtrude, affirm his Explication is just; but introduces it as what appears, this is my opinion, if it be true, &c.

true, that *Jove* the Omen sent, T' admonish
us; th' imperial Bird of *Jove* Flew on the
Left, and in his Talons bore A bleeding Ser-
pent thro' th' etherial Way; But dropt it
e'er he reach'd his distant Nest, Nor brought
the Prey to feed the hungry Young. So tho'
we force a Passage to the *Greeks*, And they
give Ground, (w) we never more shall reach,
Or see again the Palaces of *Troy*; But fall
as Victims by the *Grecian* Arms. (x) Thus
every Augur will explain the Portent, Who
understands what Prodigies forebode.

Then thus, with Indignation, *Hector* spoke :

(y) The Counsel which you give me now,
Polydamas, Offends my Ears, and is distaste-
ful to me; And a far different Meaning you
can find : But if you speak your real Senti-
ments, Surely the Gods infatuate your

(w) We never more shall

(x) *Polydamas* thus in-
terprets the Prodigy. The
Serpent represents the *Trojans*,
being favoured by *Jove*,
and the *Greeks*; they are
defeated by the Serpent,
who is wounded, and has al-
ready lost a great Part of
his Strength; but as this
Serpent, wounded as he is,
continues to fight, and
at last his victorious
bite, who is oblig'd to
eat his Captive; so the con-
quer'd *Greeks* will renew the
war, oblige the *Trojans* to
leave the Booty they have
taken, and at last, like the Ea-
gle, force them to fly.

(x) Thus every Augur.]

Polydamas adds this, to shew
Hector, that what he spoke
was not a meer Conjecture,
but grounded upon a Science;
and at the same time, as he
is not a profess'd Augur, he
appeals to the publick Au-
gurs, and assures him, that
they will give the same In-
terpretation.

(y) The Counsel which you
give me now.] By this Word
Now, *Hector* insinuates, that
he follow'd the good Advice
which *Polydamas* gave him in
this very Book, when he
counsel'd him to leave his
Chariot, and march to the
Battle on Foot.

" Thoughts. (2) How dare you thus per-
 " suade me to distrust The Promises of Jove,
 " which, when he makes, Are certain, and
 " can never be recall'd, To follow what a
 " Bird, inconstant Bird! Seems to forewarn,
 " while with uncertain Wings, Now here,
 " now there, he cuts the empty Skies? (a) I
 " care not where he flies, what Way he takes;
 " Or tow'rs the Right, where, with his rising
 " Beams, The Sun salutes the Earth; or tow'rd
 " the Left, Where setting, he involves the
 " World in Darkness. But let us follow what
 " great Jove decrees, Who reigns Almighty
 " over Men and Gods. The only Omen which
 " forebodes Success, Is to fight bravely in our

(2) How dare you thus.]
 What Polydamus before said,
 If it be true that Jove the
 Omen sent to admonish us,
 gives place to this Answer of
 Hector's, which is very just;
 for what could be more unrea-
 sonable, than to disobey the
 certain Signs which Jupiter
 sent, and obey a Bird, which
 might appear by chance?

(a) I care not, &c.] These
 two Verses of Homer will bear
 three Senses; the first is, that
 which I have given, *αὐτὸς ἡνίοχος*
ἡνίοχος π, towards Aurora, and
 the Sun is only *ἡνίοχος*, on
 the Right; that is to say, to-
 wards the East, which was the
 favourable Part; and *πρὸς ἡνίοχον*
πρὸς ἡνίοχον, towards the ob-
 scure Darkness, is *πρὸς ἡνίοχον*
 on the Left, or towards the
 West, which was the unfortu-
 nate Part. The second Sense

is, that which Strabo gives us
 'tis his Opinion, that towards
 Aurora and the Sun, does not
 signify the East, but all the
 Southern Part, thro' which
 the Sun passes; and by this
 Means, the Right is the
 South, and the Left the
 North, or the Pole: it is
 certain, that the Word *ἡνίοχος*
ἡνίοχος is put for the South, in
 the 10th Book of the *Odyssy*,
 and 'tis oppos'd to *ἡνίοχος*
 Darkness, which is the North.
 The third Sense is, that in
 these two Lines, the four
 Quarters of the World are
 comprehended; on the Right
 that is, towards the South,
 towards Aurora and the Sun;
 that is, towards the East;
 on the Left, that is, towards the
 North; towards the gloomy
 Darkness, that is, towards the
 West,

" Country

Country's Cause. (b) But why shou'd You be fearful of the Battle? If our whole Army perish, you are safe, Who never tempt the Danger of the War: But if you stay behind, and by your Words Dishearten and deceive one single Trojan, This Sword shall send you to the Realms of Night.

When *Hector* thus had spoke, he strode away, and with a Shout a Train of *Trojans* follow'd: Then *Jove*, the Master of the dreadful Thunder, Rais'd from the Heights of *Ida* a strong Whirlwind, Which bore a Cloud of Dust upon the *Greeks*, And thus dismay'd their sinking Hearts, but breath'd New Strength on *Hector* and the *Trojan* Army. Then strait they rush'd impetuous on the Wall, (c) And tore the Battlements, and broke the Guard; Then sapp'd with massy Bars the Wall's Foundations, And trench'd 'em with their Hands; yet still the *Greeks* stood to their Arms, and still maintain'd their Ground, And with a Storm of Arrows smote the *Trojans*. The two *Ajaces* went from Tow'r to Tow'r, Encouraging the *Grecians* in the Fight; And thus aloud to all the *Greeks* they spoke:

"Friends and Companions in the War, ye Brave, Whose Fame and Valour thro' the

(b) But why shou'd you fearful of the Fight?

is very proper; *Hector* giving *Polydamas* so sensible an Affront, by accusing him of Cowardice, decries the Resolution before the Army; to take away all their doubts, insinuates, that it was

thro' Cowardice, that he gave such an Interpretation.

(c) And tore the Battlements.] The Wall was not very high; it was about the Height of a tall Man, as appears by this Passage, and by what *Sarpedon* by and by performs.

" Host is known; And you, whose Courage
 " has not yet proclaim'd Your Worth in Arms
 " (d) for all are not in War Alike esteem'd
 " now issue to the Fight. (e) Now all may
 " equal Services perform; Fear not the Show
 " and Menaces of *Hector*; Stand firm, till *Jove*
 " permits you to repulse The Trojan Host, and
 " chase 'em to proud *Troy*.

Thus they inspir'd the *Greeks* with Strength
 and Courage. As on a wintry Day the Flakes
 of Snow Incessant fall, when *Jove* the Treasure
 opens Off snowy Tempests, and of hoary Frosts
 He calms the Raging of the furious North, And
 scatters o'er the World a fleecy Deluge; The
 Depth of Snow conceals the Mountains Heights
 The verdant Meadows, and the manur'd Fields
 The Banks of Rivers, and the Ocean's Shores
 (f) While the wide Main receives into his
 Bosom A snowy Inundation from the Skies
 Thus Show'rs of hissing Darts, and rolling

(d) For all are not in War
 alike esteem'd.] This is a con-
 stant Truth, and from this In-
 equality *Homer* draws a very
 strong Argument to animate
 the greatest Cowards.

(e) Now all may equal.]
 It is word for word, There is
 Employment for every body,
 every body may be service-
 able, the Coward as well as
 the Brave, the Weak as well
 as the Strong; this Exhorta-
 tion of the two *Ajaces* is much
 to the Purpose, mix'd, as it is,
 with Commendation and Re-
 proach; and there is nothing
 so capable of raising the Cou-
 rage of the most timorous

Man, as to shew him that the
 most Weak can be as service-
 able as the most strong; for
 while the bravest Warriors
 sustain'd the Assault, Swords
 in Hand, they might prevent
 the Enemy from pulling down
 the Ramparts, and so contri-
 bute to the Victory.

(f) While the wide Main
Homer lets no Circumstance
 slip, if it raises his Compas-
 sions; here, after he has pre-
 sented the Mountains, the
 Fields, and the Shores of the
 Seas, as covered with Snow,
 he draws the Ocean, showing
 all that fell into the
 Waters.

stones, From ev'ry Part incessant flew; the
Trojans Wounded the *Greeks*, and the *Greeks*
the *Trojans*; And Streams of Blood o'erflow'd
the Crimson Ground: Yet had not *Hector*, or
his Allies of *Troy*, Burst the firm Gates, and
gain'd the forceful Way, If *Jove* had not in-
spir'd his Son *Sarpedon* To rush to Arms, and
give a loose to War. He bore a vast Circum-
ference of a Shield, Moony and large, and
cover'd o'er with Gold! Two Spears he grasp'd,
and issu'd to the Fight. (g) As some fierce
Lion, on the Mountains bred, Stung with keen
Hunger, searches for his Prey, Springs o'er the
fences, and o'er-leaps the Fold; For tho' the
shepherds, and the watchful Dogs, On ev'ry
side defend the woolly Flocks, Yet his un-
daunted Soul disdains to fly, Till he has seiz'd
his Prey, or till his Sides Smart with the An-
guish of some deadly Wound: So march'd *Sar-
pedon* to assault the *Greeks*; But first he thus ad-
dress'd himself to *Glaukus*: (b) "Why are we

(g) As some fierce Lion on
the Mountains bred.] This
comparison very much re-
sembles that of the Prophet
Isaiah, Chap. xxxi, Ver. 4.
where God himself compares
himself to a Lion. Like as
the Lion, and the young Lion
lurking on his Prey, when a
multitude of Shepherds is call'd
against him, he will not
be afraid of their Voice, nor
hide himself for the Noise of
them; so shall the Lord of
hosts come down to fight for
Jerusalem.

(b) Why are we, *Glaukus*,

E 4

Sec. 1 In former Times, they
look'd upon their Kings as their
Generals of their Armies; who,
to return the Honours that
were done them, were oblig'd
to expose themselves first in
the Battle, and be an Ex-
ample to their Soldiers; upon
this *Sarpedon* grounds his Dis-
course, which is full of Gene-
rosity and Nobleness: we are,
says he, honoured like Gods;
and what can be more unjust,
than not to behave ourselves
like Men? He ought to be
superior in Virtue, who is
superior in Dignity; what

"honour'd,

" honour'd, *Glaucus*, by the *Lycians*, With
 " Seats superior, and with larger Bowls? Why
 " do they worship us like awful Gods, (i) And
 " consecrate to us peculiar Grounds, Where
 " wanton *Xanthus* feeds the fruitful Plains
 " Is it not, *Glaucus*, that above the rest, We
 " shou'd shine forth conspicuous in the War,
 " The first in Danger, as the first in Honour
 " Then shall the generous *Lycians* speak aloud
 " Our Fame and Worth, and thus applauding
 " say, It is with Reason that our Godlike Kings
 " Feed on the choicest of our fatten'd Flocks,
 " And ever drink our most delicious Wines,
 " Since thus untterrify'd they rush in Arms, To

Strength is there, and what
 Greatness in this Thought!
 In it we find Justice, Grati-
 tude, and Magnanimity; Jus-
 tice, in that he seems to en-
 joy what he does not merit;
 Gratitude, in that he wou'd
 endeavour to recompense his
 Obligations to his Subjects;
 and Magnanimity, in that he
 despises Death, and thinks on
 nothing but Glory.

(i) And consecrate to us
 peculiar Grounds.]. He here
 speaks of the Pieces of Ground
 that were consecrated to He-
 roes, call'd *templa*, that is
templa triumphalia, *templa*
pura, Grounds inclos'd. These
 were not originally conse-
 crated to any but the Gods, till
 Gratitude induc'd the World
 to pay the same Honour to
 Princes, who had deserv'd well
 of the Publick: This Custom
 was not only practis'd in Greece,

but in *Asia*, as we find by this
 Passage; and we find it in
Italy, before the Arrival of
Aeneas; for in *Virgil*, *Aeneas*
 thus speaks to *Nisus*; *And*
among other Things, I will
 give thee the Field which King
Latinus possesses; that is, the
 Field which the State gave
Latinus, to do him an Honour.
Insuper his Campi quod Res
habet ipse Latinus; upon which
 Line, *Servius* makes this Re-
 mark. *Mos fuerat ut civi-*
bus sive regibus pro be-
nore daretur aliqua publicae
agri particula, ut habuit Tar-
quinius Superbus in Campo Mar-
tio, quod spatium ab Homero
templa dicitur. Hoc ergo
quod Latinus pro bonore be-
bnit de republica, ab Aeneas
intelligamus esse promissum. In
After-times, Flattery bestow'd
 what Gratitude shou'd have
 only given,

" meet

meet the Dangers of the bloody Day.
 (k) Shou'd we, O *Glancus*, when this Storm
 is past, For ever bloom in the gay Flow'r of
 Youth, Nor feel the various Miseries of Age,
 I would not tempt the Fury of the Fight,
 Nor prompt my Friend to such a Train of
 Dangers, To purchase Glory at the Price of
 Life: But since the Fates disclose a thou-
 sand Ways, All leading to Varieties of
 Deaths, Thro' which we all, or soon, or late,
 must pass, Let us the noblest tread, and by
 our Deeds, Lengthen the narrow Span with
 deathless Fame.

Thus spoke *Sarpedon*, and his Friend obey'd:
 Then to the Fight they march'd, and with them
 mov'd The *Lycian* Bands, in all the Pomp of
 War. *Menestheus* saw, and trembled at the
 Sight, For against him they bent their dreadful
 Course. He cast around his Eyes, to find some
 Hero, Who by his Aid might break th' ap-
 proaching Storm; And near him saw those
 Thunderbolts of War, The two *Ajaces*, and the

(k) When this Storm is
 past. There is nothing so
 valuable as this, to make Men
 brave Dangers, and seek
 Glory by brave Actions. Im-
 mortality with eternal Youth,
 is certainly far preferable to
 Glory, purchas'd with the Loss
 of Life; but Glory is cer-
 tainly better than an ignomi-
 nious Life, which at last, tho'
 perhaps late, must end. It is
 plain'd, that all Men shall
 die; nor can the Escape from
 Danger give us Immorta-

lity; it can only give us a
 longer Continuance in Dis-
 grace; and even that Conti-
 nuance will be but short, tho'
 the Infamy everlasting: this
 is incontrollable; and whoever
 weighs his Actions in these
 Scales, can never hesitate in
 his Choice. But what is most
 worthy of Remark, is, that
Homer does not put this in
 the Mouth of any ordinary
 Person, but ascribes it to the
 Son of *Jupiter*.

valiant *Tencher*; And call'd aloud, but his loud Voice was drown'd By the superior Din of sounding Arms; For o'er the Region bray'd the Clank of Helms, And Clash of Swords, which shook the very Heavens; The Gates resounded, for with mighty Stones, They strove to burst the Bars, and force their Way. Then thus *Menestheus* to *Thootes* spoke:

" Haste to the two *Ajaces*, wing thy Speed,
 " And call 'em both, to give me timely Aid;
 " 'Tis best, if both can come, for soon the
 " Ground, where now I stand, will flow with
 " Streams of Blood! For lo! the *Lycians* hi-
 " ther bend their Course, And they are fam'd
 " for Bravery in Arms; But if there too the
 " bloody Battel rages, Let *Ajax*, *Telamon's* il-
 " lustrious Son, Come to my Aid, and with
 " him *Tencher*, skill'd To draw the twanging
 " Bow, and send the fatal Dart.

Menestheus thus: *Thootes* held his Way Along the Wall, amid the warring *Greeks*, And thus in haste to both th' *Ajaces* spoke:

" Ye gallant Leaders of the *Grecian* Army,
 " *Menestheus* calls you to his timely Aid; 'Tis
 " best, if both can come, for soon the Ground,
 " Where now he stands, will flow with Streams
 " of Blood; For lo! the *Lycians* thither bend
 " their Course, And they are fam'd for Bra-
 " very in Arms: But if here too the bloody
 " Battle rages, Let *Ajax*, *Telamon's* illustrious
 " Son, Come to his Aid, and with him *Tencher*,
 " skill'd To draw the twanging Bow, and send
 " the fatal Dart.

Thus he: And *Ajax Telamon* obey'd; But first he spoke to *Ajax*, Son of *Oileus*:

" Do

"Do you and *Lycomedes* keep your Ground,
And teach the *Grecians* to maintain the Fight,
While I proceed to meet the furious Storm,
That gathers yon, and blackens o'er the
Plain; When this is done, I will with Speed
return.

He added not, but strode in haste away, And
with him *Tencher* went; behind, *Pandion* Bore
his strong Bow, and his unerring Darts: But
when they came where brave *Menestheus* stood,
They found him yielding in unequal Fight;
For now the *Lycians*, like a dreadful Tempest,
Bore down the Troops, and gain'd the *Grecian*
Wall; But Godlike *Ajax* reinforc'd the Battle,
Restrain'd the *Lycians*, and regain'd the Day.
Now *Epicles*, Companion to *Sarpedon*, Fell by
the Hand of *Ajax*; with a Stone Of an enor-
mous Weight and Size he smote him: (1) The
strongest Man, as Men are now-a-days, With
both his Hands cou'd not have borne the Load,
Tho' in the Strength and Vigour of his Youth:
But without Pain he rais'd it from the Ground,
Whirl'd it on high, and launch'd it from his
Arm; Swiftly it flew, and struck the brazen
Helm Of *Epicles*, and dash'd his Head in
pieces. He fell, and driven by the forceful

(1) The strongest Man, as
[Men are now-a-days.] The
Difference which *Homer* makes
between the Heroes of his
Age, and the Men of his
Age, is so great, that some
have made use of it as an
Argument, that *Homer* liv'd
many Ages after the War
of *Troy*: but this Argument

does not seem to be of any
weight; for supposing *Ho-
mer* wrote 250 or 260 Years
after the Destruction of *Troy*,
this Space is long enough to
make such a Change as he
speaks of; Peace, Luxury, or
Effeminacy wou'd do it in a
much less time.

Blow, Shot like a Diver headlong from the Wall. Then *Teucer* wounded *Glaucus* with an Arrow, Sent from his twanging Bow; it pierc'd his Arm, And made him cease from Fight; for from the Wall He leapt, to hide the Wound, and to avoid The taunting Insults of the scoffing *Greeks*. Now when *Sarpedon* saw his Friend retire, A Flood of Grief o'erwhelm'd his very Soul; Yet ceas'd not from the Fight, for with his Spear He struck *Alcmaon*, *Thestor's* warlike Son, And fell'd him to the Ground; his brazen Arms Clank'd with the Fall, and rattled o'er the Plain. *Sarpedon* then apply'd his utmost Strength, And broke and (m) bore away a Battlement, That made an open Breach; but thither *Ajax* Mov'd forward to oppose his sev'n-fold Shield, And thither *Teucer* bore his fatal Bow; Both aim'd at one their Weapons at *Sarpedon*, And pierc'd his yielding Arms; but mighty *Jove* Blunted the Weapons Points, and sav'd his Son. *Sarpedon* back recoil'd, but made his stand At a small Space for still his ardent Soul Burnt with the Thought of everlasting Glory. Then turning to the *Lycians*, thus he spoke:

- "Why does your Courage thus abate? And why Move ye so slowly to the glorious Fight?"
 "My single Arm, without your Aid, O *Lycians*, Can never force a Passage to the Fleet."
 "Then follow to th' Assault, and like a Torrent, We'll pour upon the *Greeks*, and gain our Way."

(m) Bore away the Battlement.] This shews, that the Wall was not higher than a tall Man.

The

Then with fresh Strength they issu'd to the Fight. Mean time, the *Greeks* in firm and deep Array Strengthen'd their Battle to support the Onset. Dire was the Shock of the encountering Armies; Nor cou'd the *Lycians* win the forceful Way, Nor cou'd the *Greeks* repel the *Lycians* Fury; (n) But as upon the Confines of their Grounds, Two Neighbours, with their Measures in their Hands, Dispute the Limits of the joining Fields, While each is resolute t'enlarge his Bounds; So fought the *Greeks* and *Lycians* for the Wall. Wide o'er the Field the Clashing of the Swords, The Stones, and Helms resounded to the Skies. Death, with gigantic Strides, Walk'd o'er the Grounds, And Thousands fell in Heaps, some bravely stood, And dy'd upon the Spot; some fled inglorious, But Fate, far swifter, overtook their Flight. And now th' En- trenchments overflow'd with Blood, Nor cou'd the *Lycians* gain an Inch of Ground: Dubious the Battle was; and (o) as a Woman, Needy

(n) But as upon the Con-
fines.] This Comparison is ex-
cellent upon many accounts,
says *Eustathius*; and especially
upon this, that it perfectly
represents the small Distance
that was between the two Ar-
mies while they engag'd: the
Limits of the Warriors resem-
ble the Measures of these two
Neighbours, and the Wall
which divides the Armies,
gives us an Idea of the large
Spaces which in ancient Days
were fix'd to determine the
Limits of adjoining Fields.
We will farther add to this

Remark of *Eustathius*, that
Comparisons are never so a-
greeable, as when they are
borrow'd from any Art very
opposite to what they are ap-
ply'd.

(o) As a Woman needy and
poor.] This too is a Compari-
son, which the Antients have
with Justice very much com-
mended: This Comparison,
says *Eustathius*, is excellent
upon the account of its Just-
ness; for there is nothing bet-
ter represents an exact Equa-
lity, than a Balance; but
Homer is to be particularly
and

and poor, (*p*) yet exquisitely just, With much Exactness, and much Caution weighs (*q*) Her Stock of Wool, to gain a Recompence, And Food to satisfy her hungry Infants: Dubious the Balance trembles, and the Beam Exactly rises, and exactly falls: Such was the Fight, till *Hector*, *Priam's* Son, Weigh'd down the Scale of Conquest for the *Trojans*, Till thus he loudly call'd to all the Army:

“ Rush to the Fight, and force the Grecians
“ Wall, Slaughter the *Greeks*, and set the Fleet
“ in flames.

extoll'd, in that he has neither describ'd a Woman of Wealth and Condition, for such a one is never very exact, nor valuing a small Inequality; nor a Slave, for such a one is ever regardless of his Master's Interest: but he speaks of a poor Woman that gains her Livelihood by her Labour, who is at the same time Just and Honest, for she will neither defraud others, nor be defrauded herself: she therefore takes care, that the Scales be exactly of the same Weight. He farther adds, that it was an ancient Tradition that *Homer* drew this Comparison from his own Family, he being the Son of a Woman who maintain'd herself by her own Industry: he therefore to extol her Honesty, a Qualification very rare in Poverty, gives her a place in his Poem.

(*p*) Very just.] The Greek says, a Woman full of Verity; Verity is put for Justice, and Justice for Verity, they being

really not distinct, but the same Things.

(*q*) To gain a Recompence.] The Greek adds an Epithet, *αἰνία μισθόν*, a vile Price, a mean Stipend, the Ancients ever accounting it a mean Thing, fit only for Slaves, to receive a Recompence for their Labour. *Eustathius* well remarks, that the *Athenians* chang'd the Word *Salary* for another Word, which gave a better and nobler Idea; for in the place of *Salary*, they substituted *δοῦλον*. Thus a certain Greek Comedian, *χρὴν γὰρ δούλον ἔσθαι*, which is really no more than we must pay him some Salary. I have inserted this Remark, because it gives light to a Passage in *Ecclesiastes*, *Honora medicum propter necessitatem*; where *Honora* signifies, to pay; the Hebrews having chang'd the Word *Salary*, for that of *Honour*: have we less Delicacy, for upon certain Occasions we call a Salary, an *Honorary*. They

They heard, and in a Body march'd to Bat-
tle: A Stone he took, the Labour of a Team,
mighty and vast, and pointed at the End!
Two Men, tho' strong, as Men are now-a-days,
could not have rais'd it from the Ground, but
With Ease sustain'd it with his sin'wy Arm;
For Jove had lighten'd the prodigious Load:
And as the Shepherd bears a Fleece of Wool
high in his Hand, and scarce perceives its
weight; So *Hector* bore the Stone to burst the
Gate. The Gate was solid, and compact and
high, And fortify'd within by a double Strength.
Bars that travers'd it from Side to Side.
Hector approach'd, and hurl'd the mighty Stone:
Impetuous it flew, and smote the Gate; The
Gate gave way, and with a jarring Sound Flew
from its Hinges, and the massy Bars Asunder
burst beneath the forceful Blow. Then rush'd
with *Hector* (s) like a gloomy Whirlwind: His
many Arms display'd a dreadful Glory, And
in his Hand two glitt'ring Spears he bore;
None but a God durst now oppose his Course,
For from his Eyes he darted dismal Flames,
And bade the *Trojans* pass the *Grecian* Trenches;
And at his Words they pass'd; while Floods
of *Trojans* Pour'd thro' the open Gates. The
Grecians fled, And Shouts like Thunder shook
the steadfast Ground.

[For Jove.] What *Ajax*
before done by his own
Strength, *Hector* does
do but by the Aid of Ju-
piter: but it must be own'd,
that this Stone was much
greater than that of *Ajax*'s.
[Gloomy Whirlwind.]
The Greek says, like *Night*:

Homer frequently uses the
Word *Night*, to signify a
gloomy Whirlwind; which by
bringing a Storm overcasts the
Day. *Hector* is like *Night*,
but this *Night* is enlighten'd
by the Blaze of his Armour,
and the Flames of his Eyes.

Argu-

Argument of the Thirteenth Book.



Neptune, griev'd to see the low Condition of the Greeks, and their Entrenchments forc'd, assumes the Shape of Calchas, and animates the two Ajaces, and inspires them with Strength and invincible Courage; then, taking the Form of one of the Generals, he encourages a great Number of the bravest Warriors. The Greeks rally, and the Fight is renewed with new Fury. Jupiter and Neptune confer how to animate the Combatants. Idomeneus does prodigious Feats of Valour. He kills Othryoneus, Prince of the Thracians, the valiant Asius, and Alcathous, the Son-in-Law of Anchises. Aeneas at the Head of many brave Trojans comes to fetch off the Body of Alcathous, between whom and Idomeneus, there happens a very sharp Encounter: the Contest between Menelaus and Helenus, in which the latter is wounded. Menelaus kills Pisander while the Trojans are repuls'd in the Left Wing. Hector maintains his Advantage in the Right. Jupiter sends a propitious Omen to the Greeks, yet Hector is not dismay'd, but continues the Attack.



When Calchas saw the Greeks routed, he cast himself out of the sea to their
rescue, assuming the shape of Calchas, reviving their courage which was
very sunk.





THE
ILLIAD
OF
HOMER.

BOOK XIII.

NOW when the Father of the Gods
and Men Had open'd a wide Pas-
sage to the Navy, He left 'em
there to execute the Work OF
Fate, and bear the bloody Rage
of Battle, And all the Dangers
the dreadful Day. He row'ds the frozen
lands of stormy Thrace, (a) The Mysians and

(a) The Mysians.] Strabo
made a Differtation in his
Book to explain this Pal-
and shew us, that Ho-
meant, when he says,
Jupiter turn'd his Eyes
Troy, and cast 'em upon
opposite Coasts, that he

look'd behind him; for this
is the Signification of πάλιν
τρέπει, εἰς τ' οὐρίων ἐλπίει.
The Mysians, of whom the
Poet here speaks, cou'd not,
as some pretend, be the My-
sians of Asia, the Neighbours
of Troy; but the Mysians of
the

(b) the valiant *Hippomolgians*, Whose constant Food is Milk, and tow'rds (c) the *Abians*, For Justice and strict Piety renown'd, (e) Turn

Europe, who liv'd beyond the *Hellepont*; that is to say, the *Thracians*, as *Possidonius* well conjectures: for *Jupiter* cou'd not behold the *Myrians* of *Asia* from Mount *Ida*, without seeing at the same time the *Trojans*; how then cou'd he be said, to turn aside his Eyes? But before we leave this Passage, we must remark, that the *Myrians* of *Asia* were descended from the *Myrians* of *Thrace*.

(b) The valiant *Hippomolgians*.] These People are call'd *Hippomolgians* from their Way of Life; they are the *Nomades* of *Scythia*, who drink the Milk of Mares, and make of it a sort of Cheese, which they call *Hippacy*. *Hippocrates* describes their Way of living in his Treatise upon Water, Air, &c. Sect. 44. and it is such as the *Tartars* now use, who inhabit the same Country.

(c) The *Abians*.] I am very much surpris'd, to find this Word *Abian*, made an Epithet to the *Hippomolgians*; especially since the Construction of the Verse will not bear such an Interpretation. It is the proper Name of a People in *Scythia*, adjoining to the *Myrians* of *Thrace*: *Ammonius* mentions them in the 23d Book; after he has spoken of *Hircania*, he adds, *Contra hanc gentem, sub Aquilone di-*

cuntur Abii versari, genus semum. In short, *Strabo* of opinion, that they were call'd *Abii*, without Life, cause they had no Wives, liberty being thought an perfect State: but in a few Lines after he corrects his Opinion upon this account because the *Thracians* on the contrary were so addicted to Women, that they espous'd several at a time; and that had but four or five, would look'd upon as a miserable Person, and as tho' he had not been marry'd at all: he thinks therefore, that they were call'd *Abii*, because they had no fix'd Places of Abode, but liv'd altogether in Cries.

(d) For Justice renowned. This Epithet *Just*, falls well upon the *Hippomolgians* as the *Abians*; and this *Justice* was the Consequence of the Frugality; for as *Strabo* observes, Book V. they were Strangers to Fraud and Injustice, which ever flows from Self-Interest, since they liv'd frugally on Milk, and had few Possessions. *Aeschylus* likewise tells, that these *Scythians* were remarkably observant of the Laws. *ΑΑΑ* *ιερώνυμοι* *Απὸ τοῦ νόμου* *Εὐδοκία*.

(e) Turn'd his eternal Eye. *Jupiter* ceases to observe the *Trojans* and the *Greeks*, by this means leaves in

eternal Eyes, that shone like Suns, And
 ed around unsufferable Day. For now he
 em'd that none of all the Gods, Durst leave
 the heav'nly Mansions of *Olympus*, To aid the
Trojan, or the *Græcian* Army.

But *Neptune*, the dread Ruler of the Floods,
 w, when the Thund'rer turn'd aside his Eyes:
 on the highest Point of a vast Mountain,
Samothrace, he sat; and thence beheld The
 ount of *Ida*, and the Tow'rs of *Troy*; And the
 hole Fleet of the afflicted *Greeks*. But now
 e God, against Great *Jove* indignant, (f)
 'Occasion seiz'd that favour'd his Designs;
 and strait, with Swiftneſs inconceivable, De-
 ended from the Mount: (g) beneath the God

the Fates of the two
 ions; for as his Counte-
 is never inefficacious,
 War had been at an end,
 he continued to fix it
 the Armies. It is there-
 upon no other account,
 related to the *Trojans*,
 he turns aside his Eyes,
 nothing is more true, than
 we generally say, when
 wou'd expreſs ourſelves as
 don'd by Heaven, and
 the Brink of Ruin, than
 God turns his Eyes from
 And thus God himſelf
 in *Jeremiah* xviii. 7.
 non faciem ostendam
 die perditionis. I will
 my Back, and not my Face
 them in the Day of their
 on.
 f) To Occaſion seiz'd, that
 w'd his Design. That is
 y, the Moment in which

he turn'd aſide his Eyes; for
 tho' the *Pagans* were fully
 perſuaded, that nothing could
 be conceal'd from God, yet
 they repreſented him as not
 obſerving what happen'd in
 one Place, while his Eyes
 were turn'd upon another;
 and it wou'd be eaſy to, pro-
 duce Inſtances of the ſame way
 of ſpeaking in the Holy Scrip-
 tures.

(g) Beneath the God the
 Mountain ſtook. *Homer* al-
 ludes to the *Epithet* which
 is frequently apply'd to *Ne-
 ptune*, *Βροχιδωρ*, who ſhakes
 the Earth. This Deſcription
 of *Neptune* is wonderfully beau-
 teous. *Longinus* ſays, that
 this Poet has excellently ſuc-
 ceeded in painting a God, ſuch
 as he is when dreſt in all his
 Maſteſty and Greatneſs, with-
 out intermixing any Image.

The

The Mountain shook, and the proud Force
 bow'd, In token of Submission, all his Grove
 (b) He in a moment flood confess'd at (i) *Aege*
 There, in the lowest Chambers of the Dec
 His Palace shone magnificent in Gold ; Glorior
 it was, eternal its Foundations. Then he p
 on his adamantin Arms, And to his flaming
 Chariot join'd his Steeds, Harness'd in Gold
 their flowing Mains around Shone like the
 golden Beams which *Phœbus*' Lamp Sheds thro
 the Skies conspicuous ; they with Speed Mir
 culous outflow the very Winds. High in h
 Car, the Deity appear'd, Triumphant o'er the
 Waves, the Monster-Whales On ev'ry side
 roll'd their enormous Bodies, And playing
 around, confess'd the God ; (k) With Joy, the

drawn from earthly Things ;
 and to prove this, he quotes
 this Passage, Chap. 9.

(b) *He in a Moment.* *Ho-*
mer says, he took three Steps,
 and at the fourth arriv'd ; it
 being necessary to shew some
 Distance. *Pindar* attempted
 to raise this Passage of *Ho-*
mer in his Poems ; but fail'd, and
 made his Expressions dull and
 sagid.

(i) *At Aege.* There are
 two Places that bear this Name,
 the one in *Peloponnesus* ; the
 other in *Eubœa* ; and *Neptune*
 had a Temple in both. *Ho-*
mer here speaks of the latter ;
 but it may be ask'd why *Ne-*
ptune, who stood upon a Moun-
 tain in *Samos*, instead of go-
 ing on the Left to *Troy*, turns
 to the Right, and goes the way
 contrary to that which leads to

the *Greeks* ? 'Tis no diffi-
 Matter to answer this Ob-
 jection ; *Jupiter* is on *Mo-*
Eda ; and his Eyes are turn'd
 towards *Thrace* ; *Neptune*
 therefore could not go the
 direct way from *Samos* to
Troy, without being seen
 by *Jupiter* : it is therefore
 to conceal himself, that he
 takes this way. The Length
 of it is no Argument
 gainst my Explication ; for
 I speaking of a Man, he
 wou'd have some Weight ; but
 the Gods move as 'twere
 Thought.

(k) *With Joy, the De-*
ity before him leapt asunder.
Callisthenes has attempted
 to imitate this Place of *Ho-*
mer when he speaks of the Passage
 of *Alexander* o'er the *Per-*
sian Sea : he says, The

Before him leapt afunder, Smooth'd all its
waves, and gave an easy Way. His foaming
Reeds flew o'er the liquid Plains, And skim'd
the Surface of the Deep, With such a
swift Career, that ev'n the Waters, As tho' un-
ruffled, smooth and unruffled lay.

Thus tow'rd's the *Grecian Fleet*, in awful
te, The Father of the Floods majestick rode.
ween the Shores of *Tenedos* and *Imbrus*, In
low Caverns of the azure Main, There is
Cave profound and vast, where *Neptune*, Who
his Trident shakes the stedfast Earth, Stopt
swift Horses, and before 'em laid A Store
Food that gives immortal Youth. Their
et he bound with Fetters of pure Gold, In-
gible! eternal! then impetuous Towards
Grecian Fleet he held his Way.

The Trojans, like a furious Flame that threa-
To lay a Forest waste, or like a Tempest

can bear'd on high his
as it were to pay
to the Prince: but
Historian did not under-
that such surprizing In-
though Beauties in a
are Faults in a Histo-
and if ever they are men-
they shou'd have some
elation. The Whales
before Neptune, and
Seas smooth'd themselves
in Presence, because he
God of the Seas: Ho-
does not describe Mer-
Passage over the Seas in
manner, when he comes
late it in the *Odysssey*;
less shou'd *Callisthenes*

have done it for *Alexander*, who is a Mortal: thus while he affects the Sublime, he becomes really frigid. In short, when *Homer* says, *ἡ δὲ θαλάττωα διέσπilo*, he does not describe it as opening like the Red Sea before the Children of Israel, to let 'em pass thro' on dry Ground, but that it open'd, that it clove asunder before his Chariot, that it level'd its Waters, and smooth'd its Waves, to make an easier Passage for the God; for by the Sequel we learn, that he flew o'er the Surface without wetting the Axle of his Chariot.

That

'That drives the roaring Waves, embattled, fo-
low'd The Steps of Godlike *Heſtor* ; with the
Shouts The very Earth and Firmament the
shook : For in that Day they hop'd to fire the
Fleet, And drench the Crimson Ground with
Grecian Blood. But *Neptune* riſing from the
briny Deep, Aſſum'd the Shape and Voice of
rev'rend *Calchas* ; And turning to th' *Ajaces*
thus began ; " 'Tis you, O gallant Warriors
" who muſt ſave The *Grecian* Fleet ; 'tis you
" who by your Valour Muſt teach the *Grecians*
" to maintain the Fight ! See ! *Heſtor* bend
" this way his dreadful Courſe ; (1) For you
" alone I fear ; on ev'ry part But this, the
" *Greeks* will ſtop the *Trojans* Fury. In terrible
" Array the Hero marches, And much
" I dread, leſt you ſhou'd quit your Ground
" But may ſome God, propitious to your Arms
" Encourage you to meet his furious Swath
" And give new Courage to the fainting
" *Greeks* : Then, tho' the Thunderer oppoſe
" his Bolts, You ſhall preſerve the Navy from
" his Flames.

Thus *Neptune* ſpoke, and touch'd 'em with
his Scepter, And fill'd their Souls with Ardour
for the Battle ; Their Limbs grew agile, and

(1) For you alone I fear.] What Addreſs ! and at the ſame time, what Strength is there in theſe Words ! *Neptune* tells the two *Ajaces*, that he is only afraid for their Poſt ; and that the *Greeks* will periſh by that Gate, ſince it is *Heſtor* who aſſaults it : at every other Quarter, the *Trojans* will be repulſ'd. may therefore be properly ſaid, that the *Ajaces* only fear draws Deſtruction upon all the *Greeks*. I don't think that any thing better could be invented to animate courageous Men, and make them attempt even Impoſſibilities.

the

their Feet grew swift: A vigorous Flow of Spirits strung their Nerves, And strengthen'd their unconquerable Arms. Then Neptune vanish'd swiftly from their Sight, As the fleet Hawk, that from a rocky Height Sees from his Prey, expands his Plumes, Darts from high, and skims along the Air; So with Swiftneſs diſappear'd the God.

Ajax, the Son of Oileus, firſt perceiv'd The Deity, and ſpoke to Ajax Telamon: "It was ſome God that on Olympus' Heights Dwells in the bliſſful Manſions of the Heav'ns, Who now aſſum'd the Shape and Voice of Calchas. His Gait confeſs'd the God: and when he turn'd, (π) I knew him by his Tread: and lo! my Soul Burns with impatient Ardour for the Battle; My Feet demand the Fight, my Arms are ſtrong, And call the Fury of the promis'd War.

their Feet grew ſwift, ſtrong their Hands.] I ſay that there are now-a-days ſome Men of ſuch a delicate Taſte, as not to be able to digeſt ſuch Expreſſions as theſe; and at the ſame time, I know that the Expreſſions are noble and beautiful. Thus the Royal Poet ſpeaks, *Pſal. xvii. 36.* Thou haſt made my Feet ſwift as Hinds Feet, and my Hands ſtrong for the Battle, ſo that I ſhall break even a Bow of

I knew him by his back Parts. The Greek ſays, I knew him at his Deſcending, by his back Parts:

this was the Perſuaſion of every Nation, they thought they could not ſee the Face of God without Death; this is built upon what God himſelf ſays, *Exodus xxxiii. 20.* and 23. *Man ſhall not ſee me and live; thou ſhalt ſee my back Parts, but my Face thou canſt not behold.* Servius too ſpeaks thus, *Æn. 10.* *Pone ſequens. Hoc quidem ideo dictum tradunt quod adverſe videri noluſſent unde, Eclog. 2.* *ſiſt, Tranſque caput jace, ne reſpicias.* Thus Grotius too, *Amœid. 11.* *Abſceſſu plerumque numina demonſtrantur fuiſſe, cum ſubita apparere deſierint.*

"The

" The same Effects, reply'd the gallant
 " I feel within me ; in my Veins my Blood
 " Dances with Joy ; I seem to tread in Air
 " A Flow of Spirits strings my sin'wy Arms
 " My Soul impatient waits the Storm of Battle
 " I move a God, and long to meet in Arms
 " And singly combat the victorious *Heſtor*.

Thus they, enamour'd with the heroic
 Charms Of Battle, spoke : Mean time, the pre-
 tent *Neptune* March'd to the Rear, to animate
 the *Greeks*, Who, weary'd with the Labours
 the Day, Far from the Storm and Tumult
 the War, Sate to refresh and recreate their
 Bodies. A Flood of Grief o'erwhelm'd their
 very Souls, And with the deepest Sorrow they
 beheld The Arms of *Troy* victorious ; from
 their Eyes A plenteous Torrent stream'd
 flowing Tears, They wept their sore Distress
 for black Despair Had sunk their Spirits, and
 they fear'd to fall Like helpless Victims by the
 Sword of *Heſtor*. (o) But *Neptune*, body'd like
 a *Grecian* Leader, Inspir'd new Strength :
Tenzer first he came, To *Leitus*, *Penelus*, and
 to *Thoas*, *Antilochus*, *Deipyrus*, and *Merion*, And
 in such Terms as these aloud he spoke :

" What Shame is this, O Coward *Greeks*
 " who thus Young as you are, decline the Race
 " of War ? On you I built my Hopes, and
 " from your Arms Expected Conquest, but now

(o) But *Neptune*, body'd
 like a *Grecian* Leader.] The
Greek says, having easily chang'd
 his Shape, *πῶς προσωποποιεῖται*.
 For the Gods can, in a Mo-
 ment, without any difficulty,
 put on what Shape they please.

Neptune does not speak
Tenzer, and the other *Greeks*
 in the Shape of *Calchas*,
 he did to the two *Ajaces*,
 assum'd the Form of some
 the Generals,

" Hop

Hopes were vain. For since you shun the
Dangers of the Day, The fatal Hour is
come, when *Troy* shall conquer, And we in-
glorious meet a wretched Doom. And must,
ye Gods, must then these Eyes behold A
Sight so hateful? such a dire Disgrace?
And shall the Coward *Trojans* dare approach
This Fleet, and not receive an instant Death?
They, like the fearful Herds of trembling
Deers, That thro' the Forest fly, and o'er
the Lawns, To Leopards and to Wolves an
easy Prey, Cou'd ne'er before sustain the
Grecian Fury: And shall they now desert
the Walls of *Troy*, Assault our Camp, and
fire the very Fleet? Are you content to sit
apart from War, Idle Spectators of the *Gre-*
tians Ruin, Because *Atrides* has disgrac'd
Achilles? Is this a Reason why the other
Greeks Shou'd fly the doubtful Hazards of the
Day? Rise then to Arms, and let us break
the Storm That threatens us with Ruin:
What a Shame Is it, that you, renown'd for
martial Deeds, And manly Prowess, thus
decline the Fight? Nor speak I this to any
Coward *Greek*, But you, the dreadful Thun-
derbolts of War. Unfortunate, mistaken
Men! how soon Will your Remissness ha-
sten on our Dooms? But think, and timely
think, what Men will say; Think on the
dire Disgrace, the fell Reproach, With
which the World will brand your hated
Names, If by your Means the *Trojans* prove
victorious: And lo! the dreadful *Hector*
ours a Train Of *Trojans* on our Fleet; and

“ lo ! his Arm Has burst the Gate, which
“ guarded our Intrenchments.

(p) Thus Neptune spoke, to animate the
Greeks. Around the two *Ajaces*, in Array, Two
Bodies of the *Greeks* embattled stood, A
gallant Men! (q) ev’n *Mars*, the God of War

(p) Thus Neptune spoke, to animate the Greeks.] I cannot but take notice of an antient Tradition in this Place, which shews, on one side, the great Opinion *Homer* entertain’d of these Verses, and on the other, the Injustice which the best of Poets often receive from Men. ’Tis said, that after the Death of *Amphidamas*, the King of *Eubœa*, his Son, in Honour of his Obsequies, proclaim’d, according to Custom, all manner of Games; and among the rest, a Prize for Poetry: *Homer* and *Hesiod* disputed the Reward, and recited by turns, certain Parts of their Poems: at last, *Hesiod* seeing the Suffrages ready to determine it in favour of his Rival, immediately recited those Verses, which he had made upon Agriculture, which we find in his Poem of *Works and Days*.

Πανίδων Ἀτλαντίων ἱμ-
πλομαίων
Ἀργεῖοι ἀμυτὲ ἀγροίῳ δὲ
δυσσομένῳ.

When the *Pleiades*, the Daughters of *Atlas*, rise, begin the Harvest; and when they set,

begin to plow. This makes the Victory doubtful. In those Verses *Homer* opposes these thirty, with a moderate Confidence, that these would end the Dispute, and gain him the Prize; but he found himself deceiv’d. The Poet preferring the peaceful Subject of *Hesiod*’s Lines to the warlike one of *Homer*’s, advisedly adjudg’d the Prize to *Hesiod*. His Determination was extremely unjust; but Posterity has, and ever will have his Memory Justice: for it is impossible that Poetry should have any thing more beautiful or noble than these thirty Lines; we may with Reason say, that if *Mars* and *Bellona* cou’d not reprehend any thing in the Order of Battle, which *Homer* here describes, *Athena* and *Minerva* cou’d not demand the least Syllable in so sublime Expressions, in which he has deliver’d it.

(q) Ev’n *Mars* and *Bellona*.] What a Comment is this of the Troops ranged in the Order of Battle! He says, *Mars* and *Bellona* cou’d find any thing there, but the Subjects of Praise and Admiration. What a great and noble Image is this!

stern Bellona, who delights in Blood, Had
 ey been present, wou'd have spoke their
 life; For they, the Flower of Greece, had
 and their Strength, To meet the Arms of
 Hor and the Trojans. Spears clos'd with
 ears, a dreadful Wood display'd; Shield
 ong'd on Shield, to Target Target join'd;
 an iustain'd Man, and Helmet bore on Hel-
 et. The waving Plumes with dreadful Pride
 high Play'd in the Wind, and nodded in
 Air; As the proud Branches of some
 ove of Trees Bend to the Breezes, and unite
 ir Boughs; So they their ploomy Crests: and
 Intrepid They shook their fatal Spears,
 march'd to Battle. But first the Trojans
 e a fierce Assault, Led by the Godlike Hec-
 to the Fight. (r) As when a furious Tor-
 overturns, And pushes down from some
 and Mountain's Height A Rock enormous,
 s Fall it bounds, And rolls impetuous down,
 tumbles to the Plain; The trembling
 ods resound, while in its Course, It over-
 whatever meets its Sway; But when it
 ches the subjected Plains No more it rolls,
 ceases from its Fury: Thus Hector breath'd
 ruption to the Greeks; Thus forc'd his Way,
 mark'd the Way with Slaughter, Till to
 Post of Ajax he approach'd; There, with
 orm of Spears, and Show'rs of Darts, The
 ks repress'd the Fury of his Course. Hector

As when a furious Tor- | Sublime, and his Thoughts are
 We see the Imagina- | ever pregnant with new Won-
 of Homer is not to be | ders; we have here a noble and
 he still soars in the | a very just Comparison.

recoil'd ; and, stung with Rage and Grief, With Indignation thus aloud exclaim'd :

“ Ye Trojan, Lycian, and Dardanian Warriors, Stand to your Arms, for long the fainting Greeks Cannot sustain the Valour of my Arm ! Tho' like a Tow'r they stand in firm Array, Yet with my Sword I'll force the strongest Battle, If the dread Thund'rer lend his potent Aid.

These Words with Strength inspir'd the yielding Trojans. And now *Deiphobus*, the Son of Priam, Fir'd with the Thirst of Fame, sum'd his Shield, A vast Circumference : with martial Stalk, Proudly strode forth to Battle : him *Merion* Beheld from far, and at once a Warrior aim'd His shining Spear ; it sung along the Air, And pierc'd the Target ; but the mortal Orb Preserv'd his Body from the fatal Wound ; For in its Folds the Point unfaithful broke. Indignant, back *Meriones* retir'd, and curs'd the faithless Weapon, that depriv'd his Master of the destin'd Victory. With halting Steps he held his eager way Back to his Tent to bring another Spear, The certain Messenger of instant Death. Mean time, the Horror of the Battle rise, While Shouts like Thunder shake the very Heav'ns. And now the Teucrian *Teucer* slew *Imbrinus*, the Son of *Merops* ; he, before The War, at *Pedasus* in Phrygia dwelt, In beautiful *Medesicaste's* Arms, the Issue of King Priam's stol'n Delights. When the Grecians, with a thousand Ships, Sought to assault the lofty Tow'rs of Troy, He to the royal Court of Priam came, Who lov'd

his own. Renown'd he shone, Conspicuous
 Troy: but now he fell By Teucer's Spear, a
 precious! lovely Object! The pointed Death
 took place beneath his Ear, And down he tum-
 ed to th'ensanguin'd Ground. As some fair
 on upon a Mountain's Height, That shoots
 verdant Honours to the Skies, When by the
 way Labourer he falls, Extends his Branches
 to the distant Ground: So wretched *Imbrus*
 fell; and all around, His clanking Armour
 under'd o'er the Plain. Teucer rush'd in, to
 strip him of his Arms; But *Hector*, to prevent
 hurl'd a Spear; It miss'd, but whizz'd im-
 mous in the Air, And the Point drank *Am-
 machus's* Blood. It plung'd into his Breast,
 and fell'd him to the Earth. A far was heard
 the Clangor of his Arms. *Hector* approach'd,
 to bear away his Helm, That shone like beamy
 gold; but Godlike *Ajax* Launch'd from his
 only Arm a shining Spear Against his Breast;
 beneath the mighty Blow His Armour rang;
 the Spear recoil'd impetuous Back from his
 shield; for ev'ry where the Hero Was sheath'd
 Brass, that shed a dreadful Gleam Wide o'er
 the Plain; yet with such wondrous Strength
 the mighty Spear was sent, that *Hector* stag-
 gerd, Retreating from the (5) Corpes of the
 slain. Then from the Tumult of the Fight the
 Greeks Withdrew the Bodies, grim with Blood
 and Dust. Th' *Atbenian* Leaders, the divine
Aeneas, And *Stichius* bore away *Amphi-
 machus*; But the the two brave *Ajaces* in their

(5) Corpes of the Slain.] *Imbrus* and *Amphimachus*.

Arms Carry'd the Corse of *Imbrius* to the
Greeks. As when two furious Lions, stung with
Hunger, (t) force a young Kid from the devouring
Hounds, They thro' the Forest and the
woody Groves Bear it away triumphant in the
Jaws; Just so they *Imbrius*; from the bleeding
Trunk (u) The Sword of Godlike *Ajax*, Son
of *Oileus*, Sever'd his Head; he hurl'd it to the
Trojans, Swift as an Arrow from the twanging
Bow, And down it fell before the Feet of
Hector.

Neptune, indignant for his (w) Grand-Son's
Death, March'd thro' the Tents, and round the
Grecian Fleet, To rekindle the Courage of the
Greeks; He met *Idomeneus*, who left the Battle
To lead away a lame disabled Friend, And
now return'd, when first he had deliver'd *Hector*.

(t) Force a young Kid.] *Eustathius* gives us a Criticism of *Zenodotus* upon this Place; he says, that Lions would fight over their Prey; and that *Homer*, tho' he speaks of two Lions, mentions but one Kid; he therefore alters the Text, and substitutes in the Place of *αἶψα, αἶψα*, two Kids: but *Eustathius* has shew'd how this Criticism is intirely false, and spoils the Beauty of the whole Comparison, by which the Poet represents the two *Ajaces* carrying off one Corse. Now the Resemblance fails, if you introduce two Kids, and tho' the Lions have but one Kid, yet 'tis no Reason they shou'd fight over it, since both of them may feed at once upon

it. *Aeschylus* has imitated this Comparison, *ἀνὰ δὲ λῶναι νεκρὸν αἶψαν*, as the Wolves carry one Fawn.

(u) Of *Ajax*, Son of *Oileus*.] *Homer* takes care to tell us, that it is *Ajax*, Son of *Oileus*, who cuts off the Head of *Imbrius*; for though the Action is pardonable in a young violent Man, yet it had been inexcusable, if ascribed to *Ajax*, Son of *Telemachus*, for it had debas'd his Greatness; *οὐ γὰρ ἦν ἄξιον ἡρώεσσι τὴν τοῦ Τηλεμάχου μαχαλόμενται*, says *Eustathius*.

(w) Grand-Son's Death. For *Cteatus*, Father of *Amphimachus*, pass'd for the Son of *Neptune*; *Astor* was only his reputed Father.

Charge

Charge to some (x) Physician of the Army.
Then the dread Ruler of the stormy Main Af-
firm'd the Image and the Voice of Thoas, An-
chamion's Son, who stretch'd his wide Domain
O'er Pleuron, and the lofty Tow'rs of Calydon.
His Form and Mien he took, and thus began :

" Illustrious Leader of the Cretan Bands,
Where are the Menaces? and where the
Boasts Of haughty Greece, which threaten'd
to destroy, And lay the Palaces of Troy in
Ashes?

" O Thoas, then Idomeneus reply'd, Blame
none for our Disgrace; for we, 'tis known,
(y) Are skill'd in all the various Forms of
Battle; It is not coward Fear, or Love of
Sloth, That e'er detains us from the dusty
Field: But 'tis the Will of Jove, that we
shou'd fall Inglorious here, far from our Na-
tive Shores. But you, O Thoas, whose ad-
vent'rous Deeds Have spoke your Courage,
and proclaim'd your Worth; Now, now ex-
ert your Strength, assume the Hero, Lead on
to fight, and teach the Greeks to conquer.

Then thus the Father of the Floods reply'd :
May that ungenerous, that unmanly Greek,

(x) To some Physician.]
Machon and Machaon were
not the only Physicians in the
Army; it appears from some
passages in this Poem, that
each Body of Troops had one
peculiar to themselves; it
may not be improper to ad-
dise, that the antient Phy-
sicians were all Surgeons, as
Hippocrates observes.

(y) Are skill'd in all the
Forms of Battle.] Eustathius
very well remarks, that Ho-
mer has reckon'd the three
Things which make Men re-
mifs in the Battle; Inexpe-
rience, Fear, or Idleness. This
is the Reason why Idomeneus
says, skill'd in all the various
Forms of Battle.

" Ne'er more behold his Country, or his
 " Friends, But here become a Prey to hungry
 " Vulturs, Who flies the Labours of this dan-
 " gerous Day! But haste! to Arms! awake
 " your sleeping Valour! Let us unite our
 " Strengths! in Union join'd, The meanest
 " Men perform heroick Deeds; Then we who
 " dare the bravest Men to Arms, Shall crow
 " with Glory the illustrious Day.

Thus spoke the God, and mingled with the
 Tumult; Then to his Tent *Idomeneus* return'd
 And dress'd himself in Arms; two dreadful
 Spears Aloft he bore, and rush'd again to Battle
 As when the Thund'rer from *Olympus*' Heights
 Launches the Lightning from his angry Arms
 Portending Ruin to the Race of Man; It bursts
 the Clouds, and flashing through the Skies
 Draws a long Trail of Light from Pole to Pole
 So shone *Idomeneus*'s beamy Arms, And shed
 dreadful Glory o'er the Plain.

But from his Tent he had not far advanc'd
 When he *Merion* met; who from the Fight
 Retir'd, to fetch that Instrument of Death, His
 Spear; to whom *Idomeneus* thus spoke:

" *Merion*, *Molus*' Son, my dearest Friend
 " Why are you absent from the Heat of War?
 " Does my Friend groan beneath some deadly
 " Wound? Or does he come to ask my time?
 " Aid? If so, return to Battle; for my Soul
 " impatiently demands the promis'd Fight.

To whom *Merion* thus: " I come to ask
 " A Spear, if any in your Tent remains; For
 " in the Target of *Deiphobus* Mine broke, and
 " treach'rously deceiv'd my Hopes.

" Inno

"Innumerable Spears, the Spoils of War,
 Reply'd *Idomeneus*, my Tent contains: Pre-
 cious they are, and shed a Lustre round
 Th'illuminated Walls: they come from *Troy*;
 This Hand their Owners slew, and sent their
 Souls Reluctant to the awful Realms of
 Night. (2) I am not us'd to hurl my Spears
 from far, But Hand to Hand I mingle in the
 Tumult: Hence 'tis, that Spears, and Shields,
 and gorgeous Helms, And golden Breast-
 plates glitter in my Tent, And dazzle with
 their Beams Beholders Eyes.

"I too have Stores of Arms, reply'd *Merion*,
 The Spoils of slaughter'd *Trojans*; but they
 lie Far distant in my Tent; for when aloud
 The dreadful Signal of the Battle sounds,
 I ever fight conspicuous in the Van. Some
Greeks perhaps are Strangers to my Prowess,
 But you are witness to my manly Deeds.

(a) I am not us'd to hurl,
 Idomeneus and Merion
 set at a distance from the
 battle, and that too in so
 a juncture of Affairs,
 that there might be room
 for a Suspicion, that they
 were treated with some Pleasure
 in the Danger of the Fight;
 they endeavour therefore to
 justify themselves to each o-
 ther; and this is what gives
 birth to this Conversation.
 If I may be allow'd to
 give my Opinion, I think
 the Discourse is not well
 managed; these two Warriors
 knew that *Hector* had forc'd
 the Intrenchments, and that
 he us'd his utmost Efforts to
 penetrate to the Fleet; shou'd

not they therefore fly to the
 Defence of it? This is not a
 Place, or Time, to speak of
 their own Exploits. I am
 persuaded, that this is one of
 the Passages which *Horace*
 had in his View, when he
 said;

*Indignor quandoque bonus
 dormitat Homerus.*

For nothing had been more
 easy for *Homer*, than to have
 avoided this small Fault; since
 he himself is aware of it, as
 we shall see a little lower.
 Had he retrench'd a few Ver-
 ses, the Whole had been ad-
 mirable.

To whom *Idomeneus* : " What mean these
 " Words, That tell me of your Worth ? your
 " martial Acts sufficiently proclaim your
 " Strength in Arms : For shou'd it be our Fate
 " to lie in Ambush (And (a) there true Cou-
 " rage most illustrious shines, There Valour, o-
 " bafe Cowardice betrays, And manifests it
 " self. The Coward trembles, His Cheek
 " look ghastly pale ; his shiv'ring Knee
 " Knock, and refuse to bear their Load ; his
 " Heart Pants in his Breast ; Weakness un-
 " nerves his Limbs ; His Body quakes, like
 " quiv'ring Leaves of Trees, That tremble to the
 " Wind ; his Teeth aloud Chatter, and Deaf
 " in ev'ry Shade he views. But the cour-
 " geous Man undaunted stands ; His Cheeks re-
 " tain their Colour, and his Soul Unshaken
 " stems the threatening Tide of Danger ; Calm
 " is his Mind, and all his Thoughts compos'd
 " Sedate he waits the Storm ; but when the
 " Voice Of Honour calls aloud, his sprightly
 " Soul Takes the Alarm, and fires his chearful
 " Blood ; He sallies with Impatience to the
 " Fight.) Ev'n there your Courage wou'd com-
 " mand Applause : For shou'd you, (b) or
 " hand, or from afar, Receive a Hurt, the
 " honourable Wound Wou'd fix a Token of your

(a). *There true Courage.* In a general Battle it may be easily conceal'd, by reason of the Number of the Combatants ; but in an Ambuscade, where the Soldiers are few, each must be discover'd to be what he is : This is the Reason why the Antients entertain'd

so great an Idea of this sort of War ; the bravest Men were always chosen to serve upon such Occasions.

(b). *Or at hand, or from afar.* That is to say, in close Engagement, or the distant Shot of an arrow.

" Wo

Worth in Arms Upon your manly Breast; no
Scar unseemly Will ever brand you with the
Mark of Coward. But why do we thus
speak our Feats of Valour, Like empty
Boasters? Let us haste to Battle, (c) Lest the
indignant *Greeks* shou'd blame our Stay. Go
then, and arm thee with a fatal Spear.

The Chief obey'd; then, eager for the Fight,
Follow'd, and overtook *Idomeneus*. (d) As
when the dreadful *Mars*, whose Sport is War
And Devastation, marches forth to Battle; Him
Terror, his beloved Son, attends, Whom with
enormous Strength, and matchless Boldness,
The Gods endu'd, who with a hideous Look
Withers the Courage of the bravest Man; (e)
They leave the Mountains of the frozen *Thrace*,
And march (f) against the *Phleggyans*, or *Ephy-*

(c) *Lest the Greeks shou'd blame our Stay.*] By these Words 'tis manifest, that *Homer* thought this long Discourse might be condemn'd; this Reflexion of *Idomeneus* comes too late, I cou'd wish the Poet had abridg'd the Passage; I know very well that the Assault of the *Trojans* being somewhat slacken'd and abated, the Poet might take the liberty to divert himself a little; but at the same time, I am sorry he did not look out for other Ornaments, since this Discourse is certainly improperly inserted in this Place.

(d) *As when the dreadful Mars.*] This is a beautiful Comparison, and very

well relieves the Simplicity of the preceding Discourse; *Idomeneus* and *Merion* are represented by *Mars* and *Terror*; and this is a very magnificent and noble Image! I believe *Homer* was the first who deify'd *Phlegor*, and made him the Son of *Mars*.

(e) *They leave the Mountains of the frozen Thrace.*] For *Thrace* is feign'd to be the Country of *Mars*, because of the warlike Temper of its Inhabitants.

(f) *Against the Phleggyans and Ephyrians.*] They were two People of *Thessaly*; the *Ephyrians* inhabited the City *Crannon*, near the River *Empeus*; and the *Phleggyans* the City *Gyrton*, at the Foot of

rians, In Battle join'd ; they view with ravish'd
Eyes The bloody Game, while with incessant
Pray'rs The warring Hosts invoke their present
Aid ; They grant not both their Pray'rs, but
give the Day To these, and scatter those con-
fus'd in Flight. Thus march'd *Merion* and *Ido-
meneus*, And their bright Arms shone dreadful
o'er the Plain. But when they now approach'd
the Place of Battle, Thus to *Idomeneus* *Merion*
spoke :

" Where shall we bend our Arms ? or tow'rd
" the Right, Or tow'rd the Center of the
" Fight ? or say, Shall we engage the *Trojans* ?
" on the Left, Since ev'ry Side alike requires
" our Aid ?

To whom the great *Idomeneus* reply'd
" Warriors there are, I see, to guard the Cen-
" ter ; The two *Ajaces*, and the gallant *Tenues*
" Expert to draw the Bow, and send the Dart
" Or join in Battle with the foremost *Trojans*
" They will repell the Violence of *Hector*
" Brave as he is, his Bravery will fail To rout
" such Men, and fire the *Grecian* Navy, (g) If
" *Jove*, the Ruler of the Gods and Men, De-
" scends not with his Lightnings from the
" Heav'ns, And hurls the flaming Ruin on the
" Fleet. He must be more than Man that can
" o'erthrow The Son of *Telamon*, illustrious
" *Ajax*. If by the Sword he vulnerable be
" The Sword of *Ajax* will inflict a Wound

Mount *Olympus*, near the
Place where *Peneus* disem-
bognes his Waters ; their Neigh-
bourhood occasion'd perpetual
Quarrels.

(g) If *Jove*, the Ruler,

What Magnificence is there
in this Idea ! and what
Commendation is it to *Hector*
to perform that which is
thought impossible to any
dy but *Jupiter*.

" An

And lay him breathless on th' ensanguin'd Plain. He, in pitch'd Battle, (b) is *Achilles'* Match, And only yields to that tremendous Hero In Swiftmess in the Course, who knows no Equal In darting fleetly on the flying Foe. Then to the Left we'll bend our manly Arms, And live with Honour, or with Honour fall.

He said : Then like the dreadful God of Battle, *Merion* rush'd impetuous to the Fight. Now, when the *Trojans* from afar beheld The gallant Heroes marching to the Onset, In shining Armour, formidably gay, With hideous Shouts they issu'd to the War, Which now was kindled into ten-fold Rage, While from each Part they mov'd in firm Array, To meet the Storm. (i) As when the warring Winds Rush

(b) *Achilles' Match.* He does not say he could conquer *Achilles*, for that wou'd carry the Hyperbole too high, he being the most valiant of all the *Greeks*; but he says, He is a Match for him, and that he would not be afraid of him. And this is as great a Commendation as he could possibly pass upon *Ajax*; for he makes some sort of an Equality between him and *Achilles*. By this *Homer* prepares the Reader for the noble Exploits, which *Ajax* is ready to perform.

(i) *As when the warring Winds.* The confus'd Multitudes of Battalions, which, by divers Motions, are assembled from all Quarters of the Armies, while they advance

one against the other, cannot be represented by any thing better than by the Clouds of Dust, which the contrary Winds gather: This gives us a very noble Image. I have taken the liberty to enlarge upon this Passage in the Translation, that I might the better shew the Beauty of the Author; tho', indeed, the Translation falls far short of the Original. I confess, I am always ravish'd when I read such Passages as these, each so perfect in the Original, but dishearten'd, when I read the Translation; and must own it a great Discouragement and Mortification, to see myself always falling so much short of the Beauties of my Author.

stormy

stormy from all Quarters of the Heav'ns, While
the hot Dog-Star fires the thirsty Plains; Thick
Clouds of Dust, forc'd up by adverse Blasts
Darken the Skies, and overcast the Day: So
Hope, and Fear, Despair, and burning Rage
From ev'ry Quarter drew a dreadful Train Of
Warriors to the Battle. Death they breath'd
And Slaughter to the *Greeks*: around the Field
A Forest of huge Spears arose; afar The beam
Helmets, and the burnish'd Shields, The gor-
geous Bucklers, and the flaming Breast-plate
Diffus'd a Glory to the very Skies. What Heart
of Steel could such a Scene behold, And not
relent, and melt into a Tear?

Mean time, the Sons of *Saturn*, *Jove* and
Neptune, To *Trojans* and to *Greeks* prepar'd new
Woes: For *Jove* to honour *Tbetis*, and his
Son, Inclin'd the Victory to *Troy* and *Hector*.
Yet meant not to destroy the *Grecian* Arms.
But *Neptune*, rising from the hoary Main, Gave
secret Aid to *Greece*; from Rank to Rank he
march'd, and reinflam'd the fainting *Greeks*.
Much was he griev'd to see 'em quit the
Ground, And much he rag'd against the thund'ring
God: For tho' those Gods both from
one Fountain sprung, The same their Lineage
and the same their Sire; (k) Yet *Jove* was elder
and excell'd in Knowledge. In secret, therefore
body'd like a Man, The potent *Neptune* gave
the *Greeks* his Aid. (l) Thus these two Gods

(k) Yet *Jove* was elder.]
Homer here shows us what
a Subordination ought to
be maintain'd in Families,
and what Respect younger

Brothers should pay
eldest.

[(l) These two Gods
clos'd the *Greeks* in the
of War and Discord.]

enclo

enclos'd the Greeks and Trojans In the eternal
adamantine Bonds Of bloody Discord, and re-
lentless War, And thousands sent to Pluto's
awful Realms. For now Idomeneus, tho'
Length of Days (m) Began to crown his Head
with hoary Hairs, Slew stout Othryoneus, who
from Cabesus Came, to partake the Labour of
the War. Fir'd with the Thirst of Fame, and
Beauty's Charms, From distant Thrace he came
to Priam's Court, Drawn by Cassandra, lovely as
a Goddess. To gain the Object of his softest
Vows, (n) He made no Promises of nuptial Pre-
sents, But proffer'd by the Prowess of his Arms

Homer speaks of War and
Discord, as of two Lines that
saw Men to their Deaths.
With these two Lines the Gods
enclos'd the Armies; the Poet
says they are indissolubly
bound. This presents to our
Imagination a very noble Idea,
and excellently paints the Ha-
zard of the most bloody Bar-
rage. Madam Dacier despair-
ing to make this Passage shine,
omitted it in her Translation;
but I have inserted it in this,
being resolv'd to give Homer's
meaning, tho I cou'd not his
poetry.]

(m) Began to crown his
Head with hoary Hairs.]
Homer expresses this by one
Word *πρωτοχρόνιος*; and He-
cates very well explains it
thus, *ὡς σέθεν πα πρὸς αὐτὸν πρῶτος*,
ἀλλὰ μὲν οὐ, οὐ πρὸς γήρῳ.
Whose Hair is not entirely white,
but in part; he being not as yet
an old Man.

(n) He made no Promises.]

Homer says, that Othryoneus
demanded Cassandra without
Dower, *Κατὰ νόμον ἀνὰ δόρυ*.
We shall widely mistake the
Meaning of this Passage, if
we don't call to mind the Cust-
oms of those heroick Times;
for Homer does not say, as it
may be suppos'd, that Othryo-
neus demanded Cassandra
without any Dower given
him by the Father, but on
the contrary, as I have ex-
plain'd it, without being ob-
lig'd to make him the usual
Presents according to the Cust-
om which I have before men-
tion'd. We here discover an
exact Conformity between the
Usages of these Times, and
the Times of the Patriarchs;
for the Words of Othryoneus
are precisely the same with
those of David, 1 King. Chap.
xviii. 25. David not being
rich enough to espouse the
Daughter of Saul, by making
him the ordinary Presents, he

To drive the *Grecians* from the Shores of *Troy*
 At him *Idomeneus* launch'd his shining Spear
 As he came tow'rd's him, tow'ring to the Fight
 Swift flew the pointed Death, and thro' the
 Breast-plate Of polish'd Brass burst its impe-
 tuous Way : He fell ; his Arms resounded o'er
 the Plain. Then thus with Taunts the Victor
 Hero spoke :

“(o) The bravest of Mankind, *Othryoneus*
 “ I freely will allow you to be deem'd, If you
 “ perform your Promises to *Priam* ! He pro-
 “ mis'd his belov'd and beauteous Daughter
 “ We too will bring from distant *Argos*' Shores
 “ The lovely Offspring of *Atrides*' Bed, And
 “ she shall recompense your manly Prowess
 “ If by your Aid we conquer lofty *Troy* : Come
 “ to our Fleet then, that we there may treat
 “ Of nuptial Articles ; you'll find the *Greeks*
 “ *Othryoneus*, are worthy such a Son !

merits her by his Services a-
 gainst the *Philistines* ; and so
Othryoneus endeavour'd to me-
 rit *Cassandra* by his Services
 against the *Greeks*, he not
 being rich enough, I sup-
 pose, to give the nuptial
 Presents.

(o) *The bravest of Man-
 kind.*] *Homer*, as *Eustathius*
 remarks from *Aristotle*, is not
 only the Father of Tragedy,
 but of Comedy also ; he more
 frequently in his *Odyssey* in-
 troduces Raillery into his
 Poem, than in his *Iliad* ;
 the *Iliad* being more Moral :
 but the Personages which he
 introduces into his *Odyssey*,
 furnish a copious Subject for

Pleasantry and Raillery ; but
 the *Iliad* being an heroic
 Poem, and by consequence
 very serious, does not allow
 the same Liberties ; yet *Ho-
 mer* has found the Secret of
 uniting two Things, which
 seem'd incompatible. He has
 with a great deal of Art in-
 serted a Piece of Raillery,
 which becomes a Hero, and
 is capable to inflame the Co-
 rage of all the Combatants
 that hear it ; this too still
 heightens and raises the Cha-
 racter of *Idomeneus*, who, tho'
 in the middle of imminent
 Dangers, preserves his usual
 Gaiety of Temper, which
 speaks him a Man of Courage.

He added not ; but dragg'd him thro' the
 tumult. Then *Asius* issu'd to revenge his
 death : (p) Before his Chariot and his noble
 steeds, He march'd to Battle ; but *Idomeneus*
 first hurl'd a Spear, it whizz'd along the Air,
 and thro' the Throat of *Asius* urg'd its way.
 As the tall Pine, upon a Mountain's Height,
 The branchy Poplar, or the lofty Oak, That
 holds his stately Head among the Clouds, Ex-
 tends his leafy Honours o'er the Ground ; When
 by the Ax it falls, the suff'ring Earth Trembles
 beneath its Weight, and all around The echo-
 ing Hills repeat the dreadful Noise : So *Asius*
 fell, his clanking Armour thunder'd, And he
 lay breathless on the bloody Ground. His Cha-
 rioteer beheld his wretched Doom, Confound-
 ed at the Sight ; his fainting Heart Sunk in his
 breast, Fear took away his Thoughts. Aftown'd
 he stood, nor turn'd his Steeds to flight. At
 him *Antilochus*, the Son of *Nestor*, Darted his
 spear, and fell'd him to the Ground ; Then
 thro' the Wound he breath'd his Soul in Groans,
 While the triumphant Victor drove the Steeds
 towards the *Grecians*, thro' the Throng of War.
 Now to the Fight *Deiphobus* advanc'd, Griev'd
 at the Death of *Asius*, his lov'd Friend, And
 launch'd his Spear against *Idomeneus* : He stoop'd,
 and lay conceal'd behind his Buckler, Made of
 tough Hides, and bright with polish'd Brass.
 Swift flew the erring Spear, but in its Flight

(p) Before his Chariot.]
 We have before seen, that
Asius would not, when
 he went to attack the In-
 habitants, descend from

his Chariot ; but here he
 descends, yet marches at the
 Head of them, never suf-
 fering them to be out of his
 Sight.

Graz'd

To drive the *Grecians* from the Shores of *Troy*;
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 fering them to be out of his
 Sight.

Graz'd

Graz'd on the moony Buckler; from the Blow
Aloud it rang, and gave a jarring Sound
Nor was it fruitless: in the royal Breast O
King *Hipsenor*, Son of *Hippasus*, It enter'd deep
and drank his vital Blood. Then thus *Deiphobus*
exulting spoke:

"Thou fall'st not, *Asius*, unreveng'd; and
"while Thou tread'st the Way that leads
"awful Night, This Man, who falls a Victim
"to thy Death, Will cheer thy drooping me-
"lancholy Shade.

Thus he insulting spoke: The *Grecians* hear
His Words with Indignation; but *Antilochus*
Who burnt with Fury to revenge his Fall
Coyer'd *Hipsenor* with his moony Shield. The
his belov'd Companions of the War, *Mecistheus*
and *Alastor*, came to offer The last sad Office
to their slaughter'd Friend: They wept, and
sigh'd, and bore him to the Fleet.

Idomeneus still rag'd, and goar'd the Battle
With many an Inroad; by his Arm he sought
To send some *Trojan* to the Shades of Night
Or fall with Honour to defend his Country
Impetuous then he march'd against *Alcathous*
Alcathous! who espous'd *Anchises'* Daughter
A lovely Nymph! *Hippodamia* nam'd, Her Mo-
ther's Darling, and her Father's Joy! In Bea-
uty, and in Works of curious Art, And Wi-
dom's Charms, she far excell'd her Equals
Therefore, enamour'd with the matchless Bea-
uty, *Alcathous* made her Partner of his Bed, The
fairest she of Women, and (q) of Men T

(q) Of Men the loveliest | the Text three Verses, which
[a] I have here added to | *Erstatius* found in an

lovely

lovely't he, while yet *Antenor's* Sons, And
Priam's Issue, and the Sons of *Pantibous*, Mat-
 ches for Gods, in Beauty! were unborn; For
 then the gay and bloomy Flow'r of Youth
 Smil'd in his Face, and wanton'd in his Eyes.

But *Neptune*, by *Idomeneus's* Spear, Fell'd the
 illustrious Hero to the Ground, And clos'd his
 Eyes in everlasting Night: For when he saw
 inevitable Doom Hang o'er his Head, con-
 founded and amaz'd, Like a fix'd Pillar, mo-
 tionless he stood, Or like a Tree with branchy
 Honours crown'd, When every Breath of Wind
 imprison'd sleeps. And now the Spear, hurl'd
 by *Idomeneus*, Impetuous flew, and sung along
 the Air, And burst his brazen Breast-plate; by
 the Blow The Armour rang, and gave a jar-
 ring Sound: It pierc'd his very Heart; with
 strong Bounces The beating Heart result-
 ed, that (r) the Spear Shook in the Blood, and

Manuscript Editions of Ho-
 mer, and which he himself
 inserts in his Remarks; they
 are in my Opinion absolutely
 necessary to be inserted: for
 it is evident that *Homer* won'd not
 have given the Preference to
Antenor's Sons over the Sons of
Priam, and much less over
 the Sons of *Pantibous*, it is necessary
 that the Reader shou'd not be
 ignorant of the Age of Al-
 tior; but without these
 lines one might take him
 for a young Man, whereas by
 the Sequel, we find he was
 an old Man, having brought up
 the War: these are the Verses
 which don't appear unworthy
 to be placed at a Post,

Περὶ Ἀντιφρόντος παρὰ μὲν
 τῷ Πανθῶς ἦεν
 Περαιμίδης θ' οἱ τρωσὶ μὲν
 πρῶτον ἐν ποδὶ μύσσειον
 "Εως ἔθ' ἦεν εἶχον, ὅραλλε δὲ
 κούρεον ἄνθος.

I have already remark'd, that
 thro' the Negligence of Trans-
 scribers, or the corrupted Taste
 of Criticks, such Passages have
 been often lost in *Homer*.

Mr. *Barnes* is of opinion,
 that these three Lines are not
 Genuine, and he himself has
 added a fourth.

(r) The Spear, &c.] The
 Word, which is here render'd
 Spear, is *Mars*, and 'tis put
 here as well as in other Places,

trembled

trembled in the Wound. Then down he tumbled to th' ensanguin'd Earth, The clanking Armour thunder'd o'er the Plain, And the destructive Spear dismiss'd his Soul Indignant, to the awful Shades of Night. Then thus *Idomeneus*, insulting, spoke:

"Does it, *Deiphobus*, sufficient seem, That
 "for one slain, to expiate his Death, Three
 "Victims thus are fal'n? if not approach! And
 "try the Valour of the Seed of *Jove*. For, to
 "inform thee, (s) from the Loins of *Jove*
 "Minos, the King of Crete, descends; from *Minos*
 "nos *Deucalion* springs, and from *Deucalion*
 "But to this War I came from *Creta's* Shores

for the Instrument that gives the Death's Wound; this is a Passage very beautiful and natural, to represent the Strength of this Hero. The Spear is shook by the Palpitations of his Heart, and moves according to its Motions.

(s) From the Loins of *Jove*, *Minos*.] The Text says, he was the first Father of *Minos*, or *ἄριστος Μίνωα τῆς* or as *Eustathius* places it, he was the Father of the first *Minos*, or *ἄριστος Μίνωα τῆς*. Now it is false, that *Jupiter* was the Father of *Minos*, the Father of *Deucalion*. This second *Minos* was only his Great Grandson. This Passage is worthy our Consideration, for it distinguishes admirably well the two *Minos's*, who were both Kings of *Crete*, and whom the ancient Writers frequently confound. I will therefore give you the Fact, which

alone can clear this Verse of *Homer's*. *Jupiter* having visit'd *Europa*, had by her three Sons, *Minos*, *Rhadamanthus*, and *Sarpedon*: *Asterius* King of *Crete* afterwards marry'd this Princess, and having no Issue by her, adopted those which she bore by *Jupiter*: after his Death *Minos* succeeded to the Kingdom, and marry'd *Itome*, whom he had *Lycastus*, who espous'd *Ida*; he had a Son by her, and gave him the Name of *Minos*. This *Minos* the second, the Father of *Deucalion*. Thus *Diodorus* Book iv. speaks, where *Idomeneus* having spoken of the first *Minos*, the true Son of *Jupiter*, passes to the second *Minos*, who was only his Great Grandson, and makes no mention of *Lycastus*, Son of the first *Minos*, and Father of the second.

"Sad Source of Woe to thee and to thy Fa-
ther, And all th' unhappy Sons of haughty
Troy!

Mean time, *Deiphobus*, considering stood,
Whether to take some *Trojan* to his Aid Affo-
ciate in the War, or singly march Against *Ido-
meneus*. At last he strode, With hasty Steps,
to call *Anchises*' Son: Him in the Rear he
found; (t) for he, inflam'd With Rage, ad-
vanc'd not to the Battle's Front. For tho' his
Prowess in the Combat shone Conspicuous to
whole *Troy*, injurious *Priam* Refus'd to recom-
pense his manly Deeds: To him, *Deiphobus*
approaching, spoke:

"If a slain Brother any Sorrow claims, If
any Honour's due to his Remains, Come to
the Fight! for lo! *Alcathois*, Slain by the
Greeks, lies breathless on the Ground; And
he, *Aeneas*, train'd your tender Years With
Fondness of a Father, in his Court; Then
rescue from the *Greeks* his bloody Corse,
And pay his Ashes what you ow'd his Life.

(t) For he, inflam'd.] Ho-
mer here gives the Reason why
Aeneas did not advance to the
front of the Battle; 'twas be-
cause he serv'd *Priam* with
Allegies; and that too, was ra-
ther to preserve his own Re-
putation, than to assist him.
This Passage is entirely histo-
rical; and we have a very re-
markable Tradition of the
Motives, by which we explain
it: they tell us, that *Priam*
was jealous of *Aeneas*, be-
cause the Oracles had declar'd,

that he shou'd one Day reign
over *Troy*; this is the Reason
why *Priam*, that he might
make him little in the Eyes
of the People, disregarded,
and gave him no Marks of his
Esteem: But as all the Pre-
cautions of Man are of none
Effect against Destiny, the
Oracle was accomplish'd. *Ae-
neas* reign'd over *Troy*, and
his Posterity after him, as
Homer himself testifies in the
20th Book.

Inflam'd

Inflam'd at this, against *Idomeneus* *Aeneas* march'd; he saw the Chief approach With Looks that spoke Defiance; firm he stood, Nor fled the Combat. As the savage Boar, That from a Mountain sees the furious Hounds, And Hunters ready to assault his Hold, Collects his Strength, and meditates the War; His stiffen'd Bristles, like a Wood of Spears, Erected stand; his fiery Eye-balls roll, And flash with Flames; he whets his dreadful Tusks, And stands prepar'd to dissipate the War: So stood *Idomeneus*; but to his Aid He call'd *Ascalaphus*, and *Apheareus*, *Antilochus*, *Merion*, and *Deipyrus*.

"Haste to my Aid, he cry'd, my Warriors!
 "Friends! For how alone shall I maintain the
 "Battle, When, lo! *Aeneas* with gigantic
 "Stalk Comes row'ring to the Fight? And
 "oft your Eyes Have seen him deal Destruction
 "to the *Greeks*: He too is young; and in the
 "Flow'r of Youth Strong are the Sinews, and
 "well-strung the Nerves. Did equal Youth
 "inform these wither'd Arms, I'd dare the
 "Hero to the single Combat, And fall with
 "Glory, or with Glory conquer.

He spoke; and they advanc'd to meet *Aeneas*. Now when he saw from far the gathering Storm, He call'd *Agenor*, and *Deiphobus*, And *Paris*, to partake the bloody Day. Then on they march'd; behind a gallant Train Of *Trojans* follow'd eager for the Fight. (u) As when the Leader of the woolly Flock In some

(u) As when the Leader of the woolly Flock. | Homer, | toms of Men or Beasts, is always a faithful Interpreter of Nature. When Sheep lead

near Fountain, or some chryſtal Flood, Pre-
 pares to lay his Thirſt, the fleecy Train For-
 takes the Paſture, and the verdant Meads, And
 ſtroges the Leaders Steps ; with raviſh'd Eyes
 the joyous Shepherd views the pleaſing Sight :
 With equal Joy *Aeneas* in Array Beheld the
 Trojans moving to the Fight. Now o'er the
 Body of *Alcatboüs* The Battle kindled into
 ten-fold Rage : The Darts flew adverſe, and
 the ſounding Arms Bray'd horrible, and rent
 the ſuff'ring Air, Mean time, *Aeneas* and
Idomeneus Burnt with Impatience to behold the
 Flood Follow their Spears, and drench the
 ſiſmion Plain. And now *Aeneas* launch'd a
 dreadful Spear : It err'd, but flew impetuous ;
 deep in Earth It forc'd its way, and quiver'd in
 the Ground. *Idomeneus* then ſmote *Ænomaus* :
 he fell, and bit the Earth ; but in the Fall
 his Bowels tumbled from the gaping Wound :
 when from the Corſe the Victor drew his
 ſpear, But bore not off the Arms ; for Show'rs
 of Darts On ev'ry ſide him fell ; and Length
 of Days Stiffen'd his Body, and benumb'd his
 ſees : Unactive now he was, to preſs the Foe
 that flew, or fly when preſs'd in hardy Fight.
 when as he march'd with Slowneſs from the
 field, Again *Deiphobus* diſcharg'd his Spear.

Paſture and drink freely,
 as a certain Sign, that they
 have found good Paſtūrage,
 that they are all ſound ;
 therefore upon this account,
 as *Homer* ſays the Shepherd
 does. *Homer*, we find, well
 underſtood what *Ariſtotle* ma-
 kes after him remark'd,

viz. that Sheep grow fat by
 drinking : this therefore is the
 Reaſon, why Shepherds are
 accuſtom'd to give their Flocks
 a certain Quantity of Salt
 every five Days in the Sum-
 mer, that they may by this
 means drink the more abun-
 dantly.

Impetuous

Impetuous at *Idomeneus*; (w) a bitter Hate bore him unrelenting; (x) but again It wide err'd; yet 'twas not sent in vain, But slew *Ascalaphus*, the Son of *Mars*. But *Mars* beheld not his unhappy Son When slain in Battle: On *Olympus'* Heights He sat, environ'd with Cloud of Gold; There all the Gods of Heaven whom *Jove's* Decrees Detain'd from Fight, glorious Synod! met.

Now o'er the Body of *Ascalaphus* A sharp Encounter rose; *Deiphobus* From the dead Corps had stript a beamy Helm: On him *Merion* like the God of War, Impetuous rush'd, and dealt a noble Blow Upon his Arm: down fell the glitt'ring Helm, And sounded o'er the Plain. Again *Merion*, Like a fierce Vultur greedy of his Prey, Flew on the Foe, and from his tortur'd Arm Forc'd back the Spear; Blood spouted from the Wound. Him from the Throng of War, and Hiss of Darts, *Polites* led in safety to the Rear; For there his Steed and there his Chariot stood, Which thence conveyed him to the Tow'rs of Troy.

Still bloody was the Fight, still thousand fell, And Shouts like Thunder shook the vale.

(w) *A bitter Hate he bore him unrelenting.* Homer does not tell us the Occasion of this Hatred; but since his Days, *Simonides* and *Ibicus* write, that *Idomeneus* and *Deiphobus* were Rivals, and both in love with *Helen*; this very well agrees with the antient Tradition which *Euripides* and *Virgil* have follow'd: for as

ter the Death of *Paris*, to tell us she was espous'd to *Deiphobus*.

(x) But again it, &c. here follow Mr. *Barnes's* Interpretation, who thus explains this Passage; and his Explanation appears very just. a little above we find *Deiphobus* had hurl'd a Spear, miss'd *Idomeneus*.

Heav'

Vol.

leav'ns. Now on * *Caletor's* Son *Aeneas*
 fust'd, And urg'd his fatal Jav'lin thro' his
 Neck; His bending Head, weigh'd by his Hel-
 met down, Reclin'd upon his Shoulder, and
 in Death An everlasting Slumber clos'd his
 Eyes. Mean time *Antilochus* beheld afar, And
 rove at *Thoon*, as he left the Field; He
 reach'd him with his Spear, and cut the Vein
 Which from the Neck adown the Back de-
 scends. He fell, and grovel'd in the dusty
 blood: Then forth he sprung, to bear away his
 Arms, But turn'd his Eyes with Caution all
 round, To save himself from Danger; for the
 Trojans From ev'ry Quarter pour'd a Show'r of
 Spears, That rang upon his Shield, but all the
 Parts Play'd round him innocent; for on that
 day, *Neptune*, the Ruler of the raging Main,
 preserv'd the Hero, tho' to mortal Eyes Invisi-
 ble: the circling Bands of *Troy* Bore hard up-
 on him, while his deadly Spear Dealt Fate a-
 round, and drank the *Trojan* Blood.

Now youthful *Acamas*, the Son of *Asius*,
 approach'd *Antilochus*, and hurl'd his Spear;
 struck the Center of his moony Shield;
 but th' Ocean's Ruler interpos'd his Aid,
 and stopt the flying Death. In twain the
 Spear Broke in the Buckler; deep infix'd, one
 half Remain'd, the other tumbled to the
 ground. Then *Acamas* retreated from the
 field, In hopes to scape his Doom; but strait
 Below his Navel plung'd his fatal
 Spear, Where the least Wound inflicts a certain

* *Aphareus* was the Son of *Caletor*.

Death; Deep went the Point, and fell'd him
the Ground. As when the Swains upon a Moun-
tain's Height, Bind a wild Bull with complicate
Ronds, Restive he fights, and struggles with
his Chains: So struggled he, till with a sprigh-
ly Bound In rush'd *Meriones*, and from the
Wound Tore out the Jav'lin, drunk with goat
Blood; And then an Iron Slumber clos'd his
Eyes.

But *Helenus*, impatient to avenge The Death
of *Acamas*, a noble Blow Aim'd at *Deiphobus*:
on high in Air He whirl'd his *Thracian*
Sword, that made around Circles of Flame
then with a Force impetuous, Down like a
Tempest on his Helm it rush'd, And cleft his
Temples and his Helm asunder; Then an eter-
nal Darkness veil'd his Eyes. With Sorrow
Menelaus saw his Doom, And breathing Slaughter,
with a martial Stalk, Strode tow'ards the
Trojan; an enormous Spear He brandish'd in his
Hand; a well-strung Bow Brave *Helenus* sum'd:
then both at once Discharg'd the various
Instruments of Death: The Son of *Priamus*
smote *Atrides'* Breast-plate, But back the Deity
impetuously recoil'd. (y) As in the middle
of a spacious Plain, When Lab'ers ply the F

(y) *As in the middle of a spacious Plain.*] There is not perhaps a Passage in all *Hommer*, which gives us a better Instance of the wonderful Art this Poet had, of ennobling and raising the most vulgar and common Subjects; he here borrows a Comparison drawn from

Pease and Beans, when they are winnow'd; but the Names of the *Greek Words* which stand for 'em, are much more sonorous than those in our Language; there is a Harmony in *κναιποι* and *επέσινθαι*, which our Words want; and by the Magnificence of the *Epithet*

high in Air, Borne by a sudden Blast, the golden Grain Mounts to the Skies, and shoots along the Clouds : So back the Arrow bounded from the Arms. Then *Menelaus* dealt a noble Blow Upon the Hand of *Helenus*, which grasp'd The twanging Bow : back with a sprightly Bound He leap'd to shun his Doom ; and o'er the Ground Trail'd the dread Spear, and mark'd the Dust with Blood : The Spear *Agenor* from his Hand withdrew, (2) And bound it with the

that he joins to them, by the plainness of the Terms, with which he imbellishes them, and by the surprizing Harmony, in which he dresses the whole Comparison ; he so beautifies a common Thought, that it becomes exceedingly charming. I have not follow'd him in my Translation ; for our Language wants both Harmony and Epithets, to raise such Words as Beans or Pease. This Place alone is sufficient to shew us the great Difference there is between the two Languages ; but I am very much surpriz'd, that none of our modern *Zoilus's*, who take so much Pains to make *Homer* look ridiculous, never took Advantage of this Comparison ; for certainly it would be ridiculous for us to say, *As Beans and Pease leap into the Air*. The greatest Part of those who do not understand the Greek, wou'd be deceiv'd, if they subscribe to such a Criticism ; but they who are acquainted with *Homer*, wou'd think the Critic ridiculous, not

the Original ; and wou'd condemn him for not perceiving the infinite Difference there is between such trivial and low Expressions, and those with which this Poet adorns the Comparison : his Words perfectly display the enchanting Power of Poetry, which relates with Pomp and Magnificence the most minute Things ; and which employs the most common Terms with so much Art and Industry, that it makes them Noble and Harmonious. *Erstatbius* tells us, that the Antients admir'd *Homer* in this Passage, for being able to elevate a Thought so plain and common, and make it beautifully Magnificent.

(2) *And bound it with the Wool that form'd a Sling*]
An ancient *Scholiast*, cited by *Erstatbius*, remarks, that *Homer* says, *with the Wool of a Sling* ; because, in his Days, the Slings were made of spun Wool, and not of such Materials as they have since been made ; for Wool, by stretching and expanding itself, en-

Wool that form'd a Sling, which in his Hand
a Trojan bore to Battle.

Pisander then advanc'd: unhappy Stars With
baleful Influence drew him to his Doom,
fall, O *Menelaüs*, by thy Sword. And now
Atrides hurl'd a pointed Spear; It err'd, and
vainly sung in empty Air. *Pisander* then infix'd
a gallant Stroke Upon *Atrides*' Shield: the
faithful Shield Receiv'd, and broke the distant
pointed Dart. Then from the Belt, distaff
with Studs of Gold, *Atrides* drew his Sword
and from his Side (a) A mighty Battle-ax
Pisander took, And smote *Atrides*' Helm, where
plumy Crest With dreadful Pride plays terrible
in Air. Then *Menelaüs* whirl'd on high
his Sword, And thro' his Forehead urg'd the
biting Death. The Bones all crash'd; and from
their goary Orbs The clotted Eye-balls tumbled
to the Ground, And he extended lay in Death
and Blood. The Victor then bestrode the
ghastly Corse, Stript off the Arms, and then
with Insults spoke:

“(b) 'Tis thus, perfidious Trojans, who
“dire Thirst Of Slaughter is insatiable;

clos'd the Stone much more
commodiously, and increas'd
its Swiftness in Motion. The
Poet adds, Which one of the
Soldiers bore; the Sling not
being the Arms of a Hero.

(a) A Battle-ax *Pisander*
took. *Homer* never ascribes
the Battle-ax to any of his
Warriors, but Barbarians;
for, as *Eustathius* observes,
the Ax was not us'd by the
more polite Nations; thus

this was the Favourite Weapon
of the *Amazons*.

(b) 'Tis thus, perfidious
Trojans. In the third Book
Homer has given us a great
Idea of the Eloquence of
Menelaüs, where he tells us
he spoke but little, and was
an Enemy to long Discourse;
but whatever he said, was
liver'd with a great deal of
Strength and Beauty; and
his Discourses were always

“the

thus, You shall be taught to leave the Grecian Navy! Audacious! impious Men! you never dread The Vengeance of great Jove, who from his Arm Launches the Lightnings and vindictive Thunders; Of mighty Jove! who awful o'er the Laws Of sacred Hospitality presides, Who will not fail to punish your Affronts, And lay the Palaces of Troy in Ashes! Ingrates! who pillag'd my Imperial Court, (c) Who bore away my Spouse, that entertain'd The faithless Trojan like a Royal Guest! And do you thus, ingrateful Sons of Troy! Our Favours thus repay? and now prepare To fire our Navy, which demands Redress? (d) 'Tis said, Great Jove, that with superior Wisdom Thou rul'st the Kingdoms both of Men and Gods; How from Almighty Wisdom then proceed Such Ills as these? how can thy Favour thus Protect an impious

We have here an Instance of it; for what Menelaus here says, comes up to the Character before ascribed to him: here we find Strength, Beauty, Justice, and Bre-

(c) Who bore away my Spouse. The Text says, *my wife, whom I marry'd a Virgin*, as in Hesychius, *ἡ γυναῖς, ἡ ἀνδρὸς ἡ ἀνδρὸς*, is what is meant in the Greek Books, by *ἡ ἀνδρὸς*, *mulier virginitatis, mulier virgo ducta*, a Woman in Virginity, a Woman married when a Virgin. Hence we may infer, that Homer means nothing of the Rape

of Helen by Theseus; as it is related by Plutarch; but it may be, that Theseus having carry'd her away, when as yet she was but a Child, and not marriageable, as Plutarch positively asserts, she might be deliver'd by her Brothers Castor and Pollux, before Theseus had espous'd her; and thus Menelaus might be her first Husband.

(d) 'Tis said, Great Jove, that with superior Wisdom. Menelaus here speaks like an irritated Man, 'tis said; as if he look'd upon that great Truth as a Counterfeit and Fable, and as if Experience had prov'd it to be so.

" Race, whose Sport is Blood, Whose Joy
 " Devastation, and dire War? (e) In ev'ry
 " thing but War there is a Mean; In Love en-
 " dearing, in refreshing Sleep; In the sweet
 " Song, and in the (f) comely Dance, More
 " worthy our Pursuit than hideous War. Yet
 " these unhappy *Trojans* rage for Battle; And
 " tho' they're drunk with Blood, still thirst for
 " more.

He spoke, and gave the Arms to his Attendants; Then rush'd again impetuous to the Fight.

Harpalion now, *Pylamenes's* Son, Who left his dearest Friends and native Shores (Which he again must never more behold) T'attend his Father to the War of *Troy*, Advanc'd against *Atrides*; with a Spear He smote the Center of his brazen Shield. Aloud the Armour rang, and back the Spear Recoil'd, and enter'd not at him *Merion* Drew with full Strength his Bow; the Arrow flew Swift from the twanging String; and thro' his Loins With Fur-

(e) In every thing but War there is a Mean.] These Words comprehend a very natural Sentiment, which perfectly shews the wonderful Folly of Men: they are soon weary'd with the most agreeable Things, when they are innocent, but never with the most toilsome Things in the World, when unjust and criminal: I believe this Passage furnish'd *Aristophanes*, who only study'd to make his

Audience laugh, - with all the Pleasantry which we find in the first Act of his *Plutus*.

(f) The comely Dance. The Greek says, the irreproachable, the honourable Dance *ἀναισχος ὀρθόμοιρος* by the Epithet, *Homer* shews us, that two sorts of Dances were practis'd in those Times; the one was becoming of the wise Personages, the other was only used by Debauchers.

urg'd its Way: stagg'ring he reel'd, (g) Then
tumbled to the Ground; a Stream of Blood
Gush'd from the Wound, and dy'd the crim-
son Plain. Then to his Car the *Papblagonian*
Warriors, With Lamentations, and with hea-
ving Sighs, Bore off the Body; in the weeping
Train (b) His mournful Father, with a Flood
of Tears, Moaning his Son's, and his unhappy
Fate, Follow'd the melancholy Pomp to Troy.

Then *Paris*, to revenge *Harpalion's* Fall,
Burnt with Impatience, for in former days,
In *Papblagonia* he had been his Guest.

There was a Man, *Euchenor* nam'd, (i) the
Son Of *Polyidus*, an illustrious Prophet: He

(g) Then tumbled to the
Ground.] The Text runs
thus; He lay extended in the
Dust like a Worm. *Eustathius*
remarks, that by this low
Comparison, Homer had a
mind to debase this *Harpa-
lion*, and to let us know,
that he had nothing Noble
or Generous in him; or else
to shew his long extended
Stature.

(b) His mournful Father
with a Flood of Tears.] We
have seen in the 5th Book,
that *Pylamenes*, General of
the *Papblagonians*, is slain.
How comes it to pass then,
that he here follows the Cha-
riot of his Son? Certain An-
cients tell us, that it was the
Ghost of the unhappy Father,
who not being yet bury'd, still
wander'd upon the Earth. *Ze-
moxenus*, not at all satisfy'd with
this Solution, which really is
not to be receiv'd, chang'd the

Name *Pylamenes* into that of
Kylamenes; others alter the
Verse, and insert a Negative,
thus; his Father did not follow
the Chariot with his Face bath'd
in Tears. But why shou'd we
give ourselves all this Trouble,
when we may easily suppose,
that there were two *Pylama-
nes's*, as there were two *Sche-
dius's*, two *Enrymedons*, three
Adrastus's, &c. and this is
the Opinion of *Didymus*; though the Alteration which
some have made, by inserting
the Negative, carries some Re-
semblance of Truth; *μὴ δ' οὐ μετ' ὤμῳ νῆρ. his Fa-
ther did not follow the Cha-
riot with his Visage bath'd in
Tears.*

(i) The Son of *Polyidus*.] *Apollodorus*, in the beginning
of his third Book, relates the
Wonders of this *Polyidus*, the
Son of *Caranus*, and tells us,
that he even recall'd to Life

dwelt at *Corinth*; for vast Stores of Gold, And for his Prowess in the Fight renown'd. (k) Tho' of his Death forewarn'd, he sail'd to *Troy*; For oft his Father, whose enlighten'd Eyes Had read the Book of Fate, foretold his Doom: he declin'd the Dangers of the Field, The bitter Tortures of a dire Disease Shou'd bring him to his Grave, a ghastly Object! But if he shou'd be conspicuous in the War, He from the *Trojan* Shou'd receive his Doom: Such was his Fate, and he, to shun the Pains, The racking Anguish of a lingering Death, (l) And to avoid the Penalty which *Greece* Fix'd upon those who ha

Glaukus, the Son of *Minos*; this was a Family of Prophets, Fore-Knowledge was hereditary to it, and descended from Father to Son; this is the Descent: *Melampus*, *Mantius*, *Clytus*, *Caranus*, *Polyidus*, *Euchenor*.

(k) Tho' of his Fate forewarn'd, he sail'd to *Troy*.] Thus we see *Euchenor* is like *Achilles*, who sail'd to *Troy*, tho' he knew he shou'd fall before it; this might somewhat have prejudic'd the Character of *Achilles*; every Branch of which ought to be single, and superior to all others; and he ought to be without a Rival in every thing that speaks a Hero: therefore we find two essential Differences between *Euchenor* and *Achilles*, which preserve the Superiority of the Hero of the Poem; *Achilles*, if he had not sail'd to *Troy*, had enjoy'd a long Life; but *Euchenor* had been soon cut off

by some cruel Disease. *Achilles* being independent, and, as King, cou'd have liv'd at *Es* at home, without being noxious to any Disgrace; but *Euchenor* being but a private Man, must either have gone to the War, or been exposed to an ignominious Penalty.

(l) And to avoid the Penalty.] We may gather from this Passage, that ancient private Men were condemn'd to some Penalty, or ignominious Fine, who refus'd to go to the War, when the Prince call'd them to it: this therefore is the Reason why *Euchenor* went to *Troy*, though he knew he shou'd fall before it; he preferred a lesser Evil, viz. to fall by the Sword, to two much greater, viz. Death by a painful lingering Disease and Disgrace; therefore there is no manner of a Similitude between him and *Achilles*. But I cannot sufficiently wonder

refus'd

refus'd to bear An equal Labour in the promis'd War, Resum'd his Arms, and sail'd to meet his Fate. At him the Son of *Priam* aim'd a Dart: Fast by his Ear took place the feather'd Death; And everlasting Darkneſs veil'd his Eyes. Thus they all day with ten-fold Fury fought.

Mean time, dread *Hector*, in the adverſe Wing, Slaughter'd the *Greeks*, and bath'd his Sword in Blood; But knew not that the fainting Sons of *Troy* Fled on the Left, and fell before the *Greeks*. Now Victory, who long with ſubſtaneous Wings Hover'd between the two conflicting Armies, Was ready to proclaim the *Greeks* the Victors; Such Aid the potent Ruler of the Floods On *Greece* beſtow'd. Still *Hector* urg'd his way Where firſt he ruſh'd, and where along the Shores *Proteſilaus*' Ship, and *Ajax*' Wood, And (m) where the Wall was loweſt from the Ground. There fought the dreadful Thunderbolts of War; There the *Bæotians*, there the *Ionians* ſtood; The *Locrians*, the *Epeans*, and the *Phthians*, And ſtrove to keep the well-ſpur'd Field; But fail'd to beat off *Hector*:

it happen'd, that even in the beſt Edition of *Didymus*, this Verſe is thus render'd; ſimul gravem cadem deſcribat *Græcorum*. Whereas it ought to have been render'd in the contrary way; for *Græci* choſe to go to the ſea. The *Greek* plainly ſays, ſimul gravem mulſtam deſcribat *Græcorum*; that is, at the ſame time avoided a

great Penalty, and a great Diſeaſe.

(m) Where the Wall was loweſt. This is the Reaſon why *Hector* attack'd this Part, becauſe the Wall was lower there than in other Places; and it was ſo, becauſe of the Neighbourhood of the Ships of *Ajax*, who himſelf was a ſufficient Rampart.

like a Flame, That sometimes sinks, then with redoubled Fury Ascends on high, and mounts the very Heav'ns; He, when repuls'd, returns again to Battle. (n) Th' Athenians stood the foremost in the Van: Menestheus was the Leader; by him fought Phidas, and Sticbia and Godlike Bias. Next in Array were drawn th' Epean Bands, Headed by Meges, Dracius and Amphion. Last in the Battle's Rear (o) the Phthians stood, And Medon and * Podarces were their Chiefs: Medon! the Brother illustrious Ajax, The gallant Son of Oileus' story Delights: He from his dearest Friends, and native Shores, In distant Phylace, a banish'd Man, Had spent his Years; for by his mighty Sword Fell Eriopis' Brother; she was Comfort To Oileus, Father to illustrious Medon. But from stout Iphiclus Podarces sprung. They led the Phthian and Boeotian Bands.

Now from the Side of Telamonian Ajax The Son of Oileus stray'd not in the Fight: He as two lordly Bulls of equal Strength, For

(n) Th' Athenians stood the foremost in the Van.] The Athenians are the same with those whom he calls Ionians, in the short Catalogue which he has given us; thus Attica was the true Ionia. Homer calls the Ionians, ἰωνοὶ, long-robed; because in former Times, the Ionians wore Cloaks that reach'd down to their very Heels; and 'tis said, that this Custom continu'd till the Time of Pericles. Homer does not confine himself to the fore-mention'd

Order, where he places Boeotians first.

(o) The Phthians.] The Phthians were not the Troops of Achilles, for they were called Ὀδυσσεύς; but they were Troops of Protefilans and Locetetes.

* Podarces.] The V is Meyer ὁδυσσεύς ἢ Πόδας. Madam Dacier renders pedibus celer Menopidem; but Mr. Barnes shews that it should be bellid Podarces.

the bright Plough-share thro' the fallow Ground;
Divided only by the polish'd Beam, They
cleave the Bosom of the Parent Earth, And
trace large Furrows o'er the fruitful Field,
While Streams of Sweat flow down their
low'ring Fronts; Thus they together labour'd
in the Battle: But Trains of *Greeks*, Compa-
nions in the War, Follow'd the Steps of *Telamo-*
nian Ajax; (p) They bore by turns his pond'rous
sev'n-fold Shield, When Slaughter weaken'd
his destructive Arms. But no Companions fol-
low'd *Oileus*' Son; For he the *Locrians* led, and
they bore Arms Unfit and useless in the stand-
ing Fight. No brazen Helms adorn'd, with
horrid Pride, Their Heads, no Shields their
Breasts, no Spears their Hands; Expert they
came to draw the twanging Bow, Or from the
Sling precipitate the Stones; With these they
chas'd the *Trojans* o'er the Plain, Or laid 'em
breathless on the bloody Ground. The *Tela-*
monian Warriors in the Van Drove on the
Trojans, (q) while the Bands of *Oileus* Dar-
ken'd the Heav'ns with Arrows from the Rear.

(p) They bore by turns his
ponderous sev'n-fold Shield.]
Who receiv'd, or bore his
Shield, *οἱ οἱ σάκος ἑξήδεκα*.
Homer says this, to shew the
prodigious Valour of *Ajax*;
he does not only fight while
he is fresh and vigorous, but
even when he is spent with
Labour, and Sweat, he does
not retreat, but makes his
Companions sustain his Shield,
and stands like a strong Ram-
part against the Enemy: such

an Instance of Valour is not
elsewhere to be found.

(q) While the Bands of
Oileus darken'd the Heav'ns
with Arrows from the Rear.]
The Slingers and Archers can-
not fight in the main Battle;
they must necessarily stand in
the Rear, or in the Wings:
Homer does not fail to assign
the Warriors different Posts,
according to their Arms and
Quality.

And now the *Greeks* had push'd the Sons of
Troy Back to the very Gates of lofty Ilium.
Had not *Polydamas* thus spoke to *Hector* :

“ Your warlike Soul, O *Hector*, never deign
“ To follow Counsel, and the Voice of Wi-
“ dom ; The Gods, indeed, have crown'd
“ your matchless Arms With Strength and
“ Vigour for the open Field ; But shou'd you
“ thence superiour Wisdom claim ? Let that
“ suffice, nor singly hope to gain The various
“ Virtues which the World adorn ! Great
“ *Jove*, indulgent to the Race of Man, (y
“ Crowns some with Vigour for heroick Deeds

(*) *Jove* — crowns some
with Vigour.] As Verses have
been frequently retrench'd from
Homer, so Verses have been
frequently ascrib'd to him,
which are really not genuine ;
this has happen'd in this Place,
where *Zenodotus* has added
this :

“ Ἀλλὰ δ' ὀρχιστ' ἱστὰν κί-
“ βαρ' ἢ ἀοιδῶν :

One in the graceful Dance
with Beauty moves,
He gently touches the languin-
ous Strings,
Or sweetly warbles the harmo-
nious Song.

Who is there that does not
see, as *Eustathius* very well
observes, that this is entirely
foreign, and disgraces the
Thought of *Homer*, whose
only Aim is to oppose Wis-
dom to Strength, in shewing
that they seldom meet in the

same Person ? How often has
the Impudence of vile Criticks ? Yet *Lucian* authorizes
this Addition, and receives it
as Genuine ; for he had the
Passage in his View, when
he wrote his Treatise upon
Dancing, where he says,
one Place, the Poet makes
Parallel between Dancing and
War ; where he says, that
Gods give to some Men Valour
to others a graceful Manner
in Singing or Dancing ; as
these divine Qualities were
Gifts of Heav'n. In another
Place, he makes a Division
of all Things into Peace and
War, and makes the
Dance and Musick, the Sym-
bols of Peace : But *Lucian*
did not examine the Text
Homer with Care ; he took
as he found it, desiring
to make a present Advan-
tage of it, in proving what
he was about. [Nevertheless

“ A

And some with Prudence, and illumin'd
Minds; And they are publick Blessings to
Mankind; (s) They Cities save, and re-
establish Thrones: I'll therefore speak what
to my Eyes appears Needful for Me to speak,
and You perform. For lo! on ev'ry side the
Jaws of War Are ready to devour us! now
the Trojans, Spent in the Fight, in part re-
treat from Arms, And part are slaughter'd in
unequal Battle. Retire then, *Hector*, and to
Council call The Godlike Leaders of illu-
strious Troy. Let us determine there to fall
impetuous Upon the Fleet, till the dread
King of Heav'n Crowns us with Conquest;
or return to Troy. For much I fear, lest
now the *Greeks* (t) repay What yesterday

Mr. Barnes thinks the Verse genuine, and shews us, that *Lucian* confounds it with one in the *Odyssey*. For my part, I can by no means think that this Verse disgraces the Thought of *Homer*, he did not entertain a mean Opinion of Dancing, as we find by what he says a little above, Verse 637. where he calls it a commendable Qualification; other Nations too look'd upon it with Honour, and *David* is represented in the Scriptures as dancing before the Ark. Neither is there any Weight in the Argument which *Madam Dacier* draws from the particular Opposition between Wisdom and Strength; since it is evident from the Expressions of *Homer*, that he speaks in general Terms; for I

cannot see how αἰὲς πῶνται can signify Wisdom only. The various Perfections, says he, of all Mankind never meet in one Man; some excell in Wisdom, some in Dancing, and some in Strength.]

(s) They Cities save, and re-establish Thrones.] *Homer* does not ascribe the Saving of Cities and Nations to Strength, but to Wisdom: Strength, on the contrary, often ruins and destroys whole Kingdoms.

(t) Lest now the Greeks repay what yesterday we lent.] This is a Metaphor drawn from Commerce; viz. I am afraid lest the Greeks return with Interest, what we lent them yesterday: but we must here restore δανεισμάτων, to the Place of ἀνταποδοῦναι, which was certainly

" we lent ; for in the Tents (u) Still stays
 " that dreadful Thunderbolt of War ; And he
 " enamour'd with the horrid Charms Of Battle
 " will resume his fatal Sword.

He spoke : and *Priam's* Son approv'd his
 Words ; (v) Then from his Chariot leaping to
 the Ground, He to *Polydamas* made this Re-
 ply :

" Stay here, *Polydamas*, and here retain *Troy*
 " bravest Sons, while to the Front of War
 " (w) I march to give my Orders ; then with
 " Speed, I'll haste to Council from the Throne
 " of Battle.

Thus *Hector* spoke ; and (x) like a tow'ring
 Mountain Crown'd with a Depth of Snow, he
 held his way Conspicuous thro' the Files of War

inserted for the worse, by
 some of the ancient Criticks ;
~~ὁ δὲ θεὸς αὖτις τὸν ἀντιφθέγγονον~~
 That is to say,
 They won't weigh it in the
 Scales to make the Payment.

(u) Still stays that dread-
 ful Thunderbolt of War.] *Po-
 lydamas* here speaks of *Achilles*,
 but does not name him, for
 fear of displeasing *Hector*, and
 making him obstinately bent
 on the Fight, by awakening
 his Jealousy.

(v) Then from his Cha-
 riot, &c.] *Hector*, as we
 have seen, by the Advice of
Polydamas quitted his Cha-
 riot, and forc'd the Trenches
 on Foot, while *Astius* only
 rode to Battle in his Chariot.
 I confess, I am at a loss to
 reconcile this Place with the

former, since no mention
 made of *Hector's* returning
 his Chariot. *Homer* has told
 us, that he fought on Foot,
 how then comes he now to tell
 us, that he descended from his
 Chariot ?

(w) I march to give
 Orders.] *Hector* could not
 execute the Advice of *Po-
 lydamas*, without first visiting
 the Attacks, and giving his
 Orders ; to the end that the
Trojans might stand the
 ground, while he was in Con-
 sultation with the Generals.

(x) Like a Mountain crown'd
 with Snow.] The prodigious
 Stature of *Hector*, and the
 Lustre of his Arms, which
 made him conspicuous at a
 great Distance, furnish'd *Homer*
 with this Image.

loud He call'd the *Trojan* Chiefs, and at his Voice
They throng'd around *Polydamas* ; still *Hector*
March'd to the Van, to find *Deiphobus*, And
Acamas, and *Asius*, Son of *Hyrtacus*, And royal
Helenus ; but some he found Ghastly ! enclos'd
in Death's eternal Chains, And some transfix'd
with deep and hideous Wounds. But on the
Left he found illustrious *Paris*, Encouraging the
Trojans to the Fight, And to him thus in Terms
opprobrious said :

" Ill-fated *Paris* ! Womanish Impostor !
Whose fair Outside conceals a Coward Soul !
(y) Where is *Deiphobus* ; and where is *Asius*,
Where *Acamas*, and where *Othryoneus*, And
Helenus ? Alas ! the Hour is come When
Troy shall tumble from her tow'ry Height,
And Greece shall punish thee, uxorious Man,
For thy Injustice, and unhappy Loves !
To whom he thus : " And why to me, O
Hector, This dire Reproach ? indeed, in o-
ther Fights You justly might accuse my Cow-
ard Deeds ; But since your Valour forc'd the
Grecian Camp, I have not ceas'd to mingle
in the War, And scatter Slaughter from my
fatal Bow. But on the bloody Ground those

(y) Where is *Deiphobus* ?]
The Reproaches which *Hector*
makes to *Paris*, gives us
the Character of this Hero,
who in many things resem-
bles *Achilles* ; he being like
him, unjust, violent, and im-
pious, and made no Distinc-
tion between the Innocent
and Criminal. 'Tis he who
is obstinate in attacking the

Intrenchments, yet asks an
Account of those who were
slain in the Attack from *Pa-
ris* ; and though he ought to
blame himself for their Deaths,
yet he speaks to *Paris*, as if
through his Cowardice he had
suffer'd these to be slain, whom
he might have preserv'd, if he
had fought courageously.

" gallant

" gallant Men, For whom you thus enquire
 " extended lie: *Deiphobus* alone and *Helen*
 " Survive, and *Jove* with his Almighty Shield
 " Preserv'd them from their Ruin; for with
 " Wounds Transfix'd they dye with Blood the
 " blushing Plain. But lead me to the Fight
 " my ardent Soul Thirsts for the Battle; and
 " while chearful Blood Informs this Body,
 " thy Side I'll war: The bravest Man can only
 " bravely die.

Thus *Paris* spoke, and mov'd the Soul of
 Hector. Then, where the Fury of the Battle
 rag'd, They bent their Course; with them
Antenor, *Polydamas*, and *Phalces*, and *Otreus*
 Brave *Polypetes*, and *Ascanius*, *Palmys*, and
Morys from *Hippolion* sprung, (2) (Who, to re-
 lieve the Troops, were just arriv'd, Which from
Ascania came to share the War). Rush'd forward
 to the Fight, and shone in Arms.

As when a dreadful Hurricane of Wind
 Bursts from the Clouds, while from the gloomy
 Skies Th' Almighty speaks his Wrath in Peals

(2) Who, to relieve the
 Troops.] *Homer* expresses this
 by one word *α'μοιχοι*. It is
 difficult to find the true Mean-
 ing of this Word, which has
 two Significations; for *α'μοι-
 χοι* may signify those who
 succeed others, and take their
 place to relieve them; it may
 signify also those who return
 the Services which have been
 done them. If you take it in
 the latter Sense, *Homer* says
 they came to pay by their
 Services for the Succours
 which *Priam* had before lent
 them; but I believe this is

not the Meaning of the Word
 because *Homer* adds, They
 arriv'd at *Troy* the Day before
 they had been therefore woun-
 ded in returning the Greek
 Offices to *Priam*. I therefore
 take it in the first Sense, that
 the Length of the War might
 give the neighbouring States
 Opportunity to draw off their
 Forces from time to time,
 and send new ones in their
 rooms. By this *Homer* shows
 us a very remarkable Custom
 and beautifully diversifies his
 Poetry.

of Thunder, And hurls his Lightning to distress the World; The dreadful Tempest settles on the Main, And plows the hoary Deep; the Seas resound, The Billows rise, and dreadful in Array Foam in the Heav'ns, and tumble to the Shores: Thus, in the horrid Pomp of War, the *Trojans* March'd to the Battle, while their beamy Arms Diffus'd a dreadful Lustre to the Heav'ns. Like the pernicious God of Battles, *Hector* Led to the Onset; and before his Breast bore his enormous Shield, a mighty Orb! That like a Sun shed round him Beams of Day. His crested Helm wav'd terrible in Air; And with threatening Look, and martial Stalk, He rush'd against the *Greeks*; th' undaunted *Greeks* Strengthen'd their Ranks, impatient for the War.

Then the intrepid *Telamonian Ajax* Came pouring from the *Grecians*, arm'd in Gold, and bade Defiance to illustrious *Hector*.

"Come nearer, *Hector*; 'twas in vain you thought To terrify the *Greeks*. It is not Man That thus dismays us, but the Hand of *Jove*, Who scourges, and afflicts th' unhappy *Greeks*. Buoy'd with vain Hopes you come, and fondly dream To fire our Navy; but behold the Hand Which shall repell, and dissipate thy Rage, And first lay waste the Palaces of *Troy*. The Hour will soon approach, when thou, O *Hector*! Stout as thou art, precipitate in Flight, Shalt pray to *Jove*, and all the heav'nly Pow'rs, To wing thy Horses with the Speed of Hawks, That, cover'd in a Cloud of friendly Dust, Thou mayst with haste regain the Walls of *Troy*.

He

He said: and on the Right, on high in A
Jove's Royal Bird, on sounding Pinions born
Clank'd his loud Wings: the Grecian Host b
held (a) The happy Omen; and with migh
Shouts Shook the tormented Heav'ns and ste
fast Earth. Then thus to Ajax gallant He
spoke:

" Proud Boaster, Ajax! (b) full of air
" Thoughts Of thy own Worth! what Wor
" are these I hear? (c) O that I were as fu
" to be Jove's Son, And call dread Juno m
" Imperial Mother, Or gain the Honour whi
" Apollo gains, And mighty Pallas; as I a
" that Troy Will make this Day pernicious
" the Greeks! Thou too shalt bite inglorious
" the Ground, If thou dar'st meet this Spee
" whose fatal Point Shall tear thy tender Limb
" and make thy Body A Prey to Vulturs, a
" the Dogs of Troy.

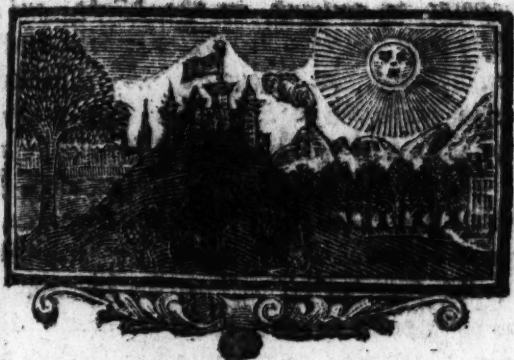
[a) The happy Omen.]
Birds when they flew on the
Right, that is, on the East,
were ever accounted happy
Omens.

(b) Full of airy Thoughts of
thy own Worth.] The Abuse
which Hector here makes A-
jax, is contain'd in this one
word *βυζαίε*. Eustathius was
inclin'd to believe, that it is
an Abuse of the same Import
as ours now is, when we say,
dull Churl, or heavy Clown;
but Hesychius gives us the true
Meaning of this Word *βυ-
ζαίε*, that is, *μεγάλα* *εἰς*
ταυτὴν γαυριώμετα *ὁμιλοῖ δὲ καὶ*
αἰαίεσθαι καὶ φλαζέσθαι καὶ με-

γαλαζοῦν, ἢ ἀγλαίζεσθαι. The
Word *βυζαίε* signifies a Man
that is well pleas'd with himself,
it signifies too a stupid Fellow
or an empty Bully, a Man
of Vanity, and a good Opinion
of himself.

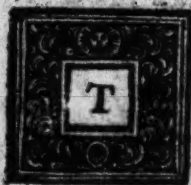
(c) O that I were.] The
Wish makes the Grandeur
Hector's heroick Character ap-
pear. Ambition carries him
wish for nothing less than
vine Honours. 'Tis thus
some measure, that He-
qualizes Hector to Achilles,
that he may make the
story over him more
rious.

He spoke, and like a Lion strode away :
 With mighty Shouts the Trojan Leaders fol-
 low'd, And all the Host with Joy return'd the
 Shouts. Nor were the Greeks dismay'd ; un-
 mov'd they stood, Waiting the Shock of War ;
 With dreadful Shouts They shook the Ground,
 And rent the very Heav'ns.



Argument

Argument of the Fourteenth Book



THE Wall, which defended the Fleet being broken down by the Trojans, the Greeks find themselves in Extremity of Danger. Agamemnon, Diomed, and Ulysses, go forth to see what passes, and meet Nestor, who gives them to understand that all is lost. Agamemnon proposes to embark in the Night, and make their Escape by Flight; Ulysses opposes his Proposition, and shews the Danger of it. Agamemnon promises to subscribe to any other that is really more proper; Diomed gives it, and his Advice is followed. Neptune encourages Agamemnon. Juno, fearing lest Jove did not favour the Grecians, has a Design to over-reach Jupiter: To succeed in her Project, she sets herself off to the best Advantage, and begs of Venus to lend her her Girdle. But Jove does not attempt to execute her Design, till she first went to Lemnos, to find the God of Sleep, whom she begs him to lay Jupiter asleep. Sleep shews her some Difficulties, but at last, vanquish'd by the Promises of the Goddess, submits. While Jupiter sleeps, Neptune takes advantage of the Occasion, and marches to succour the Greeks. The Battle is renewed. Ajax smites Hector with a prodigious Stone, who being stunn'd, falls to the Ground. They bear him from the Battle. The Trojans are roughly handled. Ajax, the Locrian, performs prodigious Feats of Valour.

T H E



...still Continuing advantageous to γ Trojans, Juno makes use of
words to charm Jupiter, & of Somnus to lay him to sleep, in γ mean time
she spirits up γ Greeks, & γ Trojans are Repuls'd in their turn. B. 14.





THE
 ILIAD
 OF
 HOMER.

BOOK XIV.

TH O' Godlike Nestor with en-
 livening Bowls His fainting
 Spirits chear'd; (b) yet still
 his Thoughts Turn'd on the
 War: he heard with anxious
 ears The Noise of Battle, and the Din of
 arms. Then thus he spake to *Æsculapius'* Son:

(a) Tho' Godlike Nestor,
 At the Conclusion of the
 Book, we left Nestor at
 Table with *Machaon*, whom
 he had convey'd from the Bat-
 tle, the Attack of the In-
 firmities, describ'd in the
 12th and 13th Books, happens
 while Nestor and *Machaon* sit
 at the Table; nor is there the
 least Improbability in this;
 whatever is deliver'd in
 the two Books, might be per-

form'd in less than two Hours.
Horner always follows the
 Thread of his Discourse, and
 never suffers his Reader to for-
 get the Train of Action, nor
 the Time that it takes up.

(b) Yet still his Thoughts,
 &c.] Here *Horner* gives a great
 Commendation to Nestor, in
 shewing us, that even in the
 Time that he takes Repast, he
 is solicitous about the War.

“ Hark!

" Hark! how the Voice of War in loud
 " Sounds Strikes on my Ears! what mean the
 " dreadful Shouts? But stay you here,
 " with the sprightly Wines Supply the
 " of Blood, (c) while *Hecamede* Prepares
 " Bath to wash the goary Wound: But to
 " Fight I'll go, to learn our Doom.

He spoke; and took the Buckler of his Son
 Glorious in Brass: (d) his own, with massy
 Gold Refulgent, *Thrasymedes* bore: two Spears
 Pointed with Brass he grasp'd, and strode
 War. Then to his Eyes appear'd a ruthless
 Sight, Scene horrible and hateful! lo the
 Greeks Flew o'er the Plain; behind the Sons of
 Troy Chastis'd their Flight; extended on the
 Ground The shatter'd Rampart lay: amaz'd
 stood, Like one astown'd; nor fix'd his dubious
 Thoughts. (e) As when the Seas expect a
 gathering Storm, The Ocean blackens, and

(c) *While Hecamede.*] *Ma-*
chaon we see enters the Bath
 after Repast; he having above
 all things need to repair his
 Strength lost in the Battle,
 and by the Wound. Thus the
 Composition which *Hecamede*
 prepar'd for him and *Nestor*,
 is far from being prejudicial.
 It may be remark'd, that Wo-
 men officiate to Men when they
 enter the Bath; as we may see
 more fully in the *Odysey*.

(d) *His own, with massy*
Gold Refulgent, Thrasymedes
bore.] *Homer* has already
 shew'd us, that the Shield of
Nestor was of massy Gold;
 this is the reason why *Thra-*
symedes his Son took it, that

he might be more conspicuous
 in the Fight; this is natural
 for a young Man,

(e) *As when the Seas*
expect a gathering Storm.] I
 am of opinion, that it is
 not possible to express the
 Irresolution of a Man in
 imminent Danger, by a Com-
 parison more sublime, more
 just, and which shews a deeper
 Knowledge of Nature than
 this; a little before a Storm
 the Seas begin to blacken,
 are profoundly calm, till the
 Wind bursting the Clouds,
 terminates one way the Waves
 the Sea here is *Nestor*, the
 silent and black Waves are
 Thoughts obscur'd by the

gent Waves Sleep on the Bosom of the gloomy
 deep, Hush'd in a Peace profound; till from
 the Clouds The furious Storm impetuous bursts
 Way, Buffets the hoary Main, and shoves
 the Waves Before its Fury to the frighten'd
 shores: Thus dubious *Nestor* without Motion
 stood, And gloomy Thoughts o'ercast his pen-
 sive Soul: Incertain he remain'd; and some-
 times thought To stem the Fury of th' approach-
 ing Ruin, And sometimes to direct his hasty
 way To the Pavilion of *Atrides*' Son. At last,
 determin'd by the heav'nly Pow'rs, To *Agamemnon*'s
 Tent he march'd away. Still o'er the
 ground with vast gigantick Strides Stalk'd ghast-
 ly Death; and still the Clank of Arms, Of Shields
 and Spears, and of resounding Helms, 'Bray'd
 o'er the Field, and rent the suff'ring Skies.

Now the illustrious Kings, who from the
 fight Retreated to the Fleet, transfix'd with
 wounds, *Tydidēs*, *Agamemnon*, and *Ulysses*, Met
 they'rend *Nestor* hastning o'er the Plain, Far
 from the Place of Battle; (f) for their Ships
 were at a distance drawn upon the Shores.
 The Shores were not sufficient to contain The

which he foresaw, which
 bringing into his Mind
 many different Projects, held
 in suspense; the Wind,
 which from the Bosom of the
 heavens descends to determine
 the Waves, is the Inspiration
 which comes from Heaven to
 the Hero.

(f) For their Ships were
 at a distance drawn upon the
 shores. This was the Custom
 the Antients in their war-

like Expeditions. When they
 thought they shou'd make a
 long Stay in the Places
 where they landed, they
 drew their Vessels upon dry
 Ground along the Shores;
 we have Instances of this in
Thucydides: they therefore
 finding the Shores of *Troy*
 too narrow to contain a thou-
 sand Ships abreast, made two
 Lines; those Ships which first
 approach'd the Shores, were

nume-

numerous Fleet of Greece ; they therefore form Two Lines along the Sea in fair Array. They at a distance from the rolling Main Stood advanc'd on Land ; and at its Head The Wall was drawn, a Rampart for the Army. Not to th' adjoining Seas the other stood ; And both together fill'd the Shores of Troy. (g) Thus the three Kings, impatient to behold The Scene of Battle, and the dreadful Fight, March'd from their Tents, and with their Spears up-rais'd Their fainting Limbs ; a mournful Flood of Cares O'erwhelm'd their Souls, and sunk their drooping Hearts. But Nestor now drew near at his Approach Their Fears redoubled, and new Cares arose ; To whom Atreides in the Terms began :

“ O Neleus' Son, O Glory of the Greeks
 “ What brings you hither from the Scene of
 “ War, When our Distress demands you in
 “ Fight? (b) Alas! I fear, lest now dread Pri-

the most advanc'd tow'ards Troy ; and those which last approach'd were near the Sea : between these two Lines were the Tents ; and in the middle were the Shambles, the Places of publick Assemblies, and the Statues of the Gods. This is necessary to be remember'd, otherwise this Book is not intelligible.

(g) Thus these three Kings impatient to behold the Scene of Battle. Homer here gives us the Reason why these three Princes leave their Tents ; and it is this Coming forth of theirs, which occasions the meeting of Nestor. The Poet

was oblig'd to give a Reason for in Epic Poetry no thing should be introduc'd, but than in Dramatic, with some necessity for his appearance, much less without probable Reason.

(b) Alas, I fear, &c. I mention very well known find, every thing which pass'd in Troy ; he understands what Hector said in the City Council : this is a Qualification of a great General, ought to be inform'd of every thing which his Enemy has the Knowledge of their signs is often more serviceable than Valour or Conduct.

Son Perform what lately he in Council vow'd,
That he no more wou'd visit lofty *Troy*, Till
he had slaughter'd us, and fir'd our Navy :
Such were his Threats, which now have
found Success. O Heav'ns! does then the
Rage of *Tbetis*' Son Infect the Army like a
dire Contagion? Do all the *Greeks* conspire
in his Resentment, That thus they shun the
Labours of the Day.

"The fatal Cause, the Sage reply'd, your Eyes,
O *Atreus*' Son, behold; nor can great *Jove*,
Who with his Thunder shakes the Earth and
Heav'ns, Recall the Past: extended on the
Ground The Wall, our strong Defence, our
surest Hopes, Lies shatter'd: formidable
Trains of *Trojans* Pour thro' the Gates, and
battle at our Navy. On ev'ry part in Heaps
the *Grecians* fall; Nor can we say where
Ruin most prevails, Since ev'ry where alike
th' ensanguin'd Ground Blushes with *Grecian*
Blood, since to the Heav'ns The ruthless
Groans of dying *Greeks* ascend. Then let us
try if Counsel can afford Some Help, and
dissipate the gather'd Storm: But from the
Fight, disabled thus with Wounds, Do you
obtain: the wounded Man with Pain, And
small Advantage, issues to the War.

Then *Agamemnon*, *Atreus*' Son, reply'd:
Since to our Fleet the *Trojans* force their
way, And since our Wall lies shatter'd on
the Ground, It is undoubtedly the Will of
Jove, Who reigns Almighty over Men and
Gods, That all the *Greeks* ingloriously shou'd
Fall Afar from *Argos*, on the Shores of *Troy*.

Vol. III.

H

"There

" There was a Day, when with propitious
 " Smiles *Jove* favour'd us; but now with
 " dreadful Frowns, And Looks indignant, he
 " beholds our Arms. But *Troy*, curs'd *Troy*
 " he views with ravish'd Eyes, And makes her
 " Sons illustrious as the Gods; But deals Con-
 " fusion thro' the *Grecian* Army! Then listen
 " and what I advise, perform: (i) Let us
 " draw off from these unhappy Shores the
 " Ships (k) that stand the nearest to the Seas
 " There let them ride at Anchor, till the
 " Night With her dark Veil o'erspreads the
 " gloomy Skies; Then, if the *Trojans* from

(i) Let us draw off from
 these unhappy Shores the Ships.]
 It is not the Intention of *A-
 gamemnon* to do so; but he
 makes this Proposal, that he
 may not seem to detain the
 Troops by Force, and lead
 them to their Destruction; he
 very well knew, that the
 Princes to whom he speaks
 would espouse the opposite
 Side: 'tis a piece of wise
 Management in *Atrides*, con-
 sidering his Condition; since
 he might with Reason be af-
 fraid, lest the *Greeks*, weary'd
 with the Length of the War,
 which was undertaken upon the
 Account of his Brother's Wife,
 shou'd abandon it at last.

(k) That stand the nearest
 to the Seas.] I am very far
 from embracing their Op-
 nion, who think that *Homer*
 here speaks of those Ships,
 which were placed at the Head
 of the Camp, in the first Line,
 near the Wall; they are de-

ceiv'd by the Word *οπη*
 which they take in the same
 Sense as they do *οπη*
 Ver. 31. but it is very dif-
 ferent from it; in the same
 Verse, the Poet speaks of
 those Ships which approach
 the Shores first, and by con-
 sequence were the most
 advanc'd upon Land; but here
 he speaks of those which
 are nearest to the Sea. How im-
 possible to conceive, that a
 Re-embarkation, when the
 Fleet was rang'd in the first
 Lines, they shou'd begin with
 that which was farthest from
 the Ocean? At this rate, the
 first Line must have a Passage
 thro' the second; which is
 certainly impracticable. This
 could not have been done in
 Peace, much less while a
 furious Assault was made upon
 the first Line. This Passage
 of *Homer* is very clear, and
Exstathius has very well
 plain'd it.

the Battle turn, We'll bring away the rest,
and make our Flight. And who can blame
us, tho' by Night we shun Such Scenes of
Dangers, since it speaks our Wisdom Better
to fly than bear inglorious Chains.

Then thus with Indignation spoke *Ulysses*:
What Thoughts are these! what ignomini-
ous Words, Unhappy Prince! I hear? (1) O
that kind Heav'n Had made thee Leader of
some coward Army, And not of us, who
thirst for Fame in Arms; Whom from our
Infancy the King of Gods Has train'd to Bat-
tle, and heroick Deeds, And taught us how
to conquer, or to die: Then will you thus at
last abandon *Troy*? And shall such Labours
and such Streams of Blood Be spent in vain?
I deem'd no *Grecian* born Cou'd entertain
such Thoughts! and can you then, A scep-
ter'd King, whose dread imperial Nod The
banded Legions of whole *Greece* obey! Can
you be so ungenerous? I disclaim Such mean
Designs, which, while the Storm of War
And Battle rages, thus persuade to Flight.
What more than this cou'd ev'n the *Trojans*
ask, Since thus we shall become an easy Prey
Confus'd in Flight? for when the *Greeks* be-
hold The Navy bearing from the *Trojan*
Shores, They'll cease from Arms, to gain the
flying Ships. Thus will your Counsel, O
tremendous King, Destroy an Army of un-
daunted Warriors.

(1) O that kind Heaven
had made thee, Leader of
a coward Army! This
is small Compliment to

the *Grecian* Army, to shew
us, that it is impossible for
them to follow a coward De-
sign.

Then calmly thus *Atrides*: "Your Reproach
 "Is built on Reason, and your Words have
 "Weight: It was not my Intent to force the
 "Greeks, But my Advice to leave these hostile
 "Shores. If then a better Project can be
 "found, Or by the Young, or by th' experienced
 "anc'd Old, The first I'll be to follow th'
 "Designs.

(m) To whom thus *Diomed*: "Nor need
 "you look Far for the Man; behold him here

"(n) if Youth Makes not his Words despis'd
 "yet sure the Son Of *Tideus*, who performs
 "immortal Deeds, Who bravely fell before
 "the Walls of *Thebes*, may speak to Prince
 "and assembled Kings. Three Sons adorn
 "the Royal Bed of *Portheus*; *Agrus*, and
 "*Melas*, and illustrious *Oeneus*, Who over
 "*Calydon* and *Pleuron* reign'd: But *Oeneus*
 "from whose Loins my Father sprung, En-
 "cell'd the rest in manly Feats of Arms, A-
 "wful sway'd the *Calydonian* Scepter; But
 "Tydeus to the Walls (o) of *Argos* fled

(m) To whom thus *Diomed*.] *Diomed* perceiv'd, that when *Agamemnon* said, Or by the Young, or by th' experienced Old, he himself was meant; with that therefore he begins: and before he speaks a word of his Birth, to authorize the Liberty which he takes, he tells us he can give the Advice which ought to be follow'd.

(n) If Youth makes not his Words despis'd.] The Greek runs thus, ... *ἢ μὴν*
κ' ἢ τοῦ ἀγαμέμνονος ἱκέτης
 Now *ἀγαμέμνονος*, *ἱκέτης*, does not only

signify, I honour, I embrace, I respect, but also, I condemn, I despise, I reject; *κ' ἢ* properly Hate, excited Envy. *Eustathius* reads *κ' ἢ* instead of *κ' ἢ*, but still Sense continues the same.

(o) To *Argos* fled.] *Diomed* suppresses the Cause of the Flight of *Tydeus*, it was unfortunate: *Tydeus* having slain his Cousin-man, who had laid an ambush for his Father, but thro' a Mistake, at the same time, one of his Brothers

" (p) So *Jove*, and so the heav'nly Pow'rs decreed. At *Argos* he espous'd *Adrastus*' Daughter, And liv'd in Plenty in his Royal Court: Much Land he had convenient for the Plough, And much adorn'd with Rows of spreading Vines: Great were his Flocks; and for heroic Deeds He shone conspicuous over all the *Greeks*. Nor are you Strangers to the Name of *Tydeus*. Despise not then the Son of such a Man, Since I am brave by Birth, an Hero born: (q) Let us go forth, tho' thus oppress'd with Wounds, Sustain the *Greeks*, and restore the Fight; But from the Show'rs of Spears and Clouds of Darts, Stand far remote, lest Wounds receiv'd on Wounds Disable us thus faint; but let our Words Encourage all the *Greeks*, who, thro' Resentment, Stray from the Battle, and desert the War.

He added not: the Chiefs approv'd his Words; They went, and *Agamemnon* led the

(p) So *Jove* decreed.] Thus he passes it over as an unhappy and disagreeable Matter, without mentioning the Circumstances.

(q) Let us go forth, tho' oppress'd with Wounds.] In the last Council, *Nestor* reproach'd *Diomed* for not touching the main Point, because he did not propose what was to be done. *Diomed* does not fall into the same Fault again, but here retaliates. *Agamemnon* proposes Flight, *Diomed* opposes it, without de-

livering a better Project; *Diomed* supplies the Deficiency, and strenuously opposes *Agamemnon*. He is not only averse to Flight, but advises, that even they, thus wounded, should go forth to the Battle; for tho' they were not able to engage, yet their Presence would re-establish their Affairs, by detaining in Arms the discourag'd Warriors. *Homer* here shews, that the Presence of Generals, tho' wounded, has a great Influence upon an Army.

Way. Then potent *Neptune*, whose imperial
Nod Shakes the Foundations of the steadfast
Earth, Anxious for *Greece*, assum'd an old Man's
Form, And thus aloud to *Agamemnon* spoke :

" Now the relentless Soul of *Thetis*' Son
" Dances with Joy ; he views with ravish'd
" Eyes The Flight and Slaughter of the flying
" *Greeks* ; For Fury byasses his erring Thoughts.
" But may he meet a just unhappy Doom,
" And may he grow the Laughter of Mankind :
" But fear not, still the Gods will be propi-
" tious ; And soon you shall behold the Son
" of *Troy* Scour o'er the Plain precipitate in
" Flight, And with thick Clouds of Dust o'er-
" cast the Day.

Thus spoke the God : and rushing o'er the
Field, Rais'd his tremendous Voice ; as loud he
bray'd As twice five thousand Men, when Front
to Front, Meeting they shout, preluding to
the War. His Voice again inspir'd the faint-
ing *Greeks* With Resolution for the dreadful
Fight.

But *Juno*, seated on a Throne of Gold, Upon
the Summit of *Olympus*' Heights, Beheld with
ravish'd Eyes the potent God, Busy in Battle
to inflame the War ; But on th' *Idean* Mount
she saw the King And Father of the Gods
who in his Wrath Scatters his Lightnings and
his burning Bolts, To terrify the World ; he
entertain'd Projects distasteful to th' Imperial
Goddess : (r) How therefore to deceive the

(r) How therefore to de-
ceive the thund'ring God.]
Homer, to refresh the Reader,

weary'd with the tedious At-
tack of the Intrenchments and
Fleet, invents an Episode for

hundred'ring God She bent her Thoughts; at
 last she deem'd her Charms Sufficient to betray
 the King of Heav'n. Then she resolv'd, when
 first she had adorn'd With every beauteous Or-
 nament her Charms, To go to *Ida*, and inspire
 his Soul With the gay Thoughts of Love, and
 soft Desires, (s) Or bind his Providence in
 Chains of Sleep. Strait to th' Apartment which
 immortal Hands of *Vulcan* rais'd, the God-
 dess held her Way: The Gates were solid, and
 neatly wrought, That ev'n the Gods cou'd
 not disclose the Doors; She enter'd, and again
 the glitt'ring Portals Clos'd, on eternal Hinges
 turn'd. And now She bath'd her Body in am-
 rofial Streams, (t) And o'er it pour'd an odo-
 riferous Oil, Which shed a Fragrance round

Love, which has a wonder-
 ful Effect in his Poetry; and
 seems, that this Poet was no less
 capable of Success in the ten-
 der and passionate Style, than
 the lofty and heroick; nor
 does this Episode want its Mo-
 tive; for, as *Eustathius* remarks,
 it is not very favourably to
 the Fair Sex, it signifies to
 us, that they ought to avoid
 seducers, and ever distrust
 suspect Women, who are
 more dangerous, even
 to their Husbands, than when
 they endeavour to please them
 with their Charms; for what
 might not Man to fear, when
 he himself is thus deceiv'd
 by them?

(s) Or bind his Providence
 in Chains of Sleep.] If the
 Gods begin to be roughly
 handled, and lose their Ad-

vantage, only because *Jove*
 turns his Eyes a while from
 them, what Evils will not
 befall them when *Jove* is laid
 asleep? 'Tis this which gave
 rise to this Fiction, and
 gives it the Appearance of
 Truth

(t) And o'er it pour'd an
 odoriferous Oil.] All that
Juno here does, is what the
 Ladies in the Days of *Ho-
 mer* practis'd; who, without
 doubt, here paints the Customs
 of his Country; that is, of
Eolia and *Ionia*, where
 Luxury, Softness, and Magni-
 ficence reign'd: but 'tis ob-
 servable, that the Poet always
 draws the Luxury of *Womer*,
 and never gives one perfum'd
 Hero; by this he insinuates,
 that Delicacy is unworthy a
 Man.

th' immortal Dome Of Jove in Heav'n, and
 breath'd an od'rous Scent Down to the Earth,
 and thro' the balmy Air. When thus the God-
 des had perfum'd her Body, (u) She comb'd
 the Ringlets of her flowing Hair, (w) That
 with a beauteous Length adown her Back In
 comely Order fell, and from her Head Diffus'd
 Ambrosia. Then a gorgeous Robe She took
 the Work of Pallas, stiff with Gold, With va-
 rious Forms and Portraitsures adorn'd; The
 Robe below the Bosom of the Goddess Was
 bound with Clasp's magnificent in Gold. Around
 her Waste a wond'rous Girdle ran, Rich with
 an hundred Tassels of pure Gold. (x) Down
 from her Ears the precious Pendants hung, Each
 with three Gems was luster'd o'er; the Work
 Was wonderful, and to her shining Eyes The
 Brightness answer'd. Then a glorious Veil The
 Queen of Heav'n assum'd, extremely fine, And

(u) *She comb'd the Ring-
 lets of her flowing Hair.* Observe, says *Enstathius*, that
Homer neither gives *Juno* a
 Mirrour, nor Waiting-Maid,
 nor Tire-Woman: 'Tis *Juno*
 herself who combs and orders
 her own Hair, and dresses
 herself: And this is much
 better than to have given her
 all the Equipage of our Toy-
 lets, which any indifferent
 Poet wou'd have done. Who
 can better dress the Queen of
 Goddesses, than the Queen of
 Goddesses herself?

(w) *That with a beau-
 tuous Length adown her
 Back.* This whole Passage,
 where *Homer* at large paints

the Head-dress, Garb, and
 Shoes of *Juno*, seems to be
 very well worthy Observation
 since it is undoubtedly
 Representation of the Most
 which prevail'd in his Days
 or perhaps in the Time of
 the Trojan War; the Poet
 might perhaps be instructed
 and receive some Light from
 the Statues of *Juno*, preserved
 in the Temples, and other
 Places.

(x) Down from her Ears
 the precious Pendants hung.
 The Greek says, *She put*
her perforated Ears, Pendants
of three Figures; rings
i. e. Rings that had
Pendants.

admirable

admirably wrought; which, like the Sun, O'er
 Jove's bright Pavement shed its beamy Rays.
 Then on her Feet she bound her stately Shoes,
 Magnificently wrought; (2.) and thus adorn'd,
 She walk'd majestic from her royal Chamber;
 And thus apart to *Citberea* spoke:

"My Daughter Goddess, my beloved *Venus*!
 Say! wilt thou grant the Boon, when *Juno*
 asks? Or must I be deny'd, because the
Greeks Partake my Favour, and the *Trojans*
 yours.

To whom thus *Venus*, *Jove's* illustrious
 Daughter: "Imperial Queen, and Empress of
 the Heav'ns; Speak your Request; I'm ready
 to obey.

To whom thus artfully the Goddess said:
 (a) Give me, O *Venus*, those attractive
 Charms, By which you triumph over Men
 and Gods; For to the Earth's Extremes I
 take my way, (b) To visit *Teubys* and Oce-

(2.) And thus adorn'd.] We
 may here take notice what a
Homer observes, who,
 among all the Things which
 ascribes to *Juno*, to make
 amiable in the Eyes of
Ulysses, mentions nothing of
 that which Women in all
 ages have employ'd to beau-
 tify their Faces; for this really
 forms, and not heightens
 beauty; this could not have
 been worthy a Goddess, much
 less *Juno*.

(a) Give me, O *Venus*, those
 attractive Charms.] When we
 are seen with what Care *Juno*
 adorns herself, and all the
 ornaments with which she sets

off her natural Beauty, one
 would think she had been in
 a Condition to have inspir'd
 Love; yet she thinks she has
 occasion still for something
 more. *Homer* inculcates by
 this Fiction, that Beauty, Or-
 naments, and all the Helps of
 Art, are of little Considera-
 tion; there must be that *Je-
 ne soy quoy*, that is to say
 Charms which are not always
 found with Beauty, but can
 only be borrow'd from the
 Mother of Graces.

(b) To visit *Teubys* and *Oce-
 ceanus*.] This Fable, viz. that
 all Things proceed from *Ocea-
 nus* and *Teubys*, is founded on

"anus; He Father, she the Mother of the
 "Gods. They from the Goddesses *Rhea*, whi-
 "lom took Me, when an Infant, and with Care
 "preserv'd Their favour'd Charge, when an-
 "gry *Jove*, who shakes The trembling Pillars
 "of the stedfast Earth With his loud Thunder,
 "hurl'd old *Saturn* down From Heav'n's high
 "Battlements, (c) beneath the Caves Of Earth,
 "and low Abysses of the Main. Them now I
 "visit, (d) to compose the Jars Which dis-
 "unite their Loves: they many Days Have
 "now abstain'd from matrimonial Joys Thro'
 "bitter Rage; if therefore by my Means
 "Again their Bosoms feel Love's mutual
 "Flames, What Honour? how much Love
 "shall I obtain?

Then thus the Joy of Heaven and Earth re-
 ply'd: "The Deed, O mighty Empress of the
 "Skies, Is worthy *Jove's* illustrious Wife and
 "Sister. How then can I deny so great a
 "Queen, Whom the dread Master of the
 "rolling Thunder Has made the Partner
 "of his Royal Bed?

When thus the Laughter-loving Goddess
 spoke, She took th'embroider'd Girdle from

the Opinion of certain Philo-
 sophers, who thought that all
 Existence had but two Ele-
 ments for its Principles; the
Ocean, that is to say, Water;
 and *Tethys*, that is to say,
 Earth.

(c) Beneath the Caves, and
 low Abysses of the Main.] That
 is, in Tartarus.

(d) To compose the Jars
 which disunite their Loves.
 The Ocean, or Water, being
 humid Element, and *Tethys*
 or Land, being a dry Element,
 they are naturally oppos'd, and
 incapable of an Union, till
 some secret Tye unites and
 conjoins them; and it is
 nothing but *Juno*, or the *Athena*,
 which can furnish this Tye.

her Breast, (e) In which were woven soft seducing Charms, Fond Love, and gay Desire, and gentle Vows, With innocent Deceit, and toying Play. Baits able to betray the wisest Man! And thus fair *Venus* to the Goddess said :

“(f) Receive, dread Queen, the Girdle from my Hand, And in thy Bosom hide the pow’rful Charm ; So shall thy Wishes meet desir’d Success.

The Goddess thus : imperial *Juno* smil’d, And smiling, in her Bosom hid the Charm. Then *Venus* to the Court of *Jove* return’d ; But *Juno* darting from *Olympus’* Height, Travers’d *Pieria*, and th’ *Æmatian* Plains, And o’er the *Thracian* Mountains held her way, Which shine afar with everlasting Snows ; She flew on high, nor touch’d the nether Ground. Beneath her Feet she view’d the steepy *Athos*, And the tumultuous Billows of the Main, Then in a Moment stood confess’d at *Lemnos* ; (g) Where

(e) In which were woven soft seducing Charms.] What Image does he give us, while he thus gathers every thing which is capable of inspiring Love ! and makes a Girdle which persuades and seduces, by a sort of Enchantment, the Hearts of the wisest Men.

(f) Receive this Girdle, and hide it in your Bosom.] *Venus* wore this Girdle below her Neck, that it might be conspicuous to the Sight ; but she advises *Juno* to hide it in her Bosom : Whence shou’d this Difference proceed ? Is

it for fear lest *Jove* shou’d discover it, and suspect her ? I believe there is a more mysterious Reason ; *Homer* wou’d shew the Difference between the two Characters. It suits well with *Venus*, to make a shew of whatever is engaging in her ; it is her Province to deceive and seduce ; therefore she hides it not : but *Juno*, that is to say, a Woman of Prudence and Gravity, ought to be more modest.

(g) Where soon the Goddess found Death’s Brother, Sleep.] Some Antients are of opi-

soon the Goddess found Death's Brother *Sleep*,
And with Embraces thus the Goddess spoke:

" Sweet pleasing *Sleep*, the King of Men and
" Gods, If ever thou obey'd'st me, now again
" Let me, O mighty Monarch, be obey'd, And
" I for ever shall the Debt avow. With thy
" soft Chains weigh down the Eyes of *Jove*,
" When in my Arms he lies dissolv'd in Joys.
" (b) A gorgeous Throne of everlasting Gold
" Shall be thy Recompence; with curious Art
" *Vulcan* shall labour, and adorn the Work.
" (i) And add a Footstool to support thy Feet.
" While at the Feasts the circling Bowl goes
" round.

Then to the Goddess thus sweet *Sleep* reply'd
" Dread *Juno*, Confort to imperial *Jove*, With
" ease I'll lay asleep the other Gods, Who
" dwell on high *Olympus*; at your Nod The
" roaring Billows of the Ocean's Waves, From
" whom the Gods descend, shall calmly sleep

nion, that *Juno* met *Sleep* by chance; but this is certainly unwarrantable: why then did *Juno* go to *Lemnos*? 'Twas without doubt to find out *Sleep*; and *Homer* feigns, that *Lemnos* is the Abode of *Sleep*; because this is an Isle exceedingly fruitful in Wines, which ever incline those who drink them, to sleep.

(b) A gorgeous Throne of Gold. This is a Present very proper to be made to *Sleep*; nothing is more necessary to him than a good Seat, to serve in the double Use of drinking and sleeping.

(i) And add a Footstool. The Footstool, besides its being a Convenience, was a Mark of Distinction; 'tis upon this Account, that it is mention'd so often in the Scriptures; where the Earth is call'd, The Footstool of the Throne of God. In *Jerusalem*, *Judea* is call'd, as a Mark of Preference, The Footstool of the Feet of God, and *Lam. ii. 1.* And he remember'd not the Footstool of his Feet, in the Day of his Wrath. See the same *Isaiah* founded, no doubt, upon receiv'd Customs.

44 But to *Jove's* Eyes I dare not make Approach,
 44 (k) Without his Call, or weigh his Eye-lids
 44 down; You know what Dangers whilom
 44 I endur'd By my Obedience to your royal
 44 Words. When from the Ruin of the Tow'rs
 44 of Troy, His Son triumphant plow'd the
 44 azure Main, (l) With soft Oppression, and
 44 with slumb'rous Weight, I seal'd the Thun-
 44 d'rer's Eyes in balmy Rest. Then you let
 44 loose the most outrageous Winds, Rais'd a
 44 tempestuous Storm, and o'er the Deep Scatter'd
 44 his shatter'd Fleet, and to the Isle Of
 44 Coos drove him from his distant Friends.
 44 When *Jove* awak'd, incens'd he fill'd the
 44 Heav'ns With Fear, and round his Palace
 44 chas'd the Gods; For me with Wrath he
 44 sought, and in that day Had hurl'd me head-
 44 long to the vast Abyss, Beneath the Bottom
 44 of the lowest Main, Had not the friendly
 44 Night, who overpow'rs Both Men and Gods,
 44 preserv'd me from his Wrath. (m) To her
 44 I trembling fled, and *Jove* appeas'd His Fury,

(k) Without his Call.] The
 sleep of *Jupiter* must be a vo-
 luntary Sleep; nor ought he
 to rest, but when it is his
 choice.

(l) With soft Oppression,
 and with slumberous Weight,
 I seal'd the Thunderer's Eyes.]
 Homer introduces this Ex-
 ample to justify what he is
 going to say of *Jupiter* laid
 asleep; by shewing us, that
 it is to follow what he finds
 establish'd by ancient Tradi-

tions: in vain therefore is
 Homer blam'd for saying that
Jove slept. It is frequently
 said in Holy Scripture, that
 God is awak'd, that God is
 asleep: God wakes over them
 whom he protects, but sleeps
 over those whom he aband-
 ons.

(m) Trembling. I fled to
 Night.] By this Fable Ho-
 mer insinuates, that Sleep is
 the Lot and Portion of the
 Night.

"fearing

" (n) fearing to offend the *Night* : Yet still you
 " tempt me to incur his Anger.

To whom thus *Juno* said ; " Thy Fears, O
 " *Sleep*, Are groundless, mere Chimeras of the
 " Brain ; Think ye, that *Jove* bears equal Love
 " to *Troy*, As to his Son *Alcides* ? Cease thy Fears,
 " And follow my Commands ; then to thy
 " Arms I'll give *Pasithee* to be thy Bride,
 " (o) The youngest Goddess of the *Graces* Train ;
 " And she has Charms to feed eternal Flames.

(p) *Sleep* heard with ravish'd Ears, and thus
 reply'd : " Then by th' inviolable Waves of
 " *Stryx*, Confirm thy Promises ; and (q) one
 " Hand lay On the proficuous Earth, who from

(n) *Fearing to offend the Night.*] *Jupiter* reverences the *Night*, not only because she is the most antient of all the Goddesses, (for she preceded the Birth of Matter) but also because she is the most helpful, and passes so nimbly, that we ought to improve it, and put it to the best Use. *Homer* shews us by this Fiction, that all Rage and Anger shou'd reverence the *Night*, and that a Season destin'd to our Repose, shou'd not be spent in Transports of violent Resentment.

(o) *The youngest Goddess of the Graces Train.*] Nothing cou'd be more happily imagin'd, than the Marriage of the youngest of the *Graces* with *Sleep* ; for to find the *Graces* and *Touth*, we must look for them in the Arms of *Sleep* : but I shall refer you

to *Aristotle's* Poetics, to see the Remarks upon this Fiction. When *Homer* says, the youngest of the *Graces*, he signifies that there are more ages of the *Graces*, for every Age has its peculiar Charms. In the Days of *Homer*, the Number of the *Graces* was not reduc'd to Three ; this is of later Invention.

(p) *Sleep heard with ravish'd Ears.*] It is not therefore the Girdle of *Venus* which wins his Assent, since he has already given a Denial ; it is this last Promise which brings him over : the Girdle of *Venus* is only efficacious in Things which respect Love.

(q) *One Hand lay upon the Earth, the other on the Main.*] That is to make both Witnesses of her Oath ; this is much Grandeur, and much Nobleness in this Image, which perfectly well agrees with

"her Womb Pours needful Sufenance for Man
and Beast ; And lay the other on the briny
Main, (r) That all th' Infernal Gods of
Erebus May witness that you'll give to be
my Bride The youngest Goddess of the *Graces*
Train, To feed my Breast with Love's
eternal Flames.

Thus spoke the God : And *Juno*, to confirm
Her Promises, call'd all th' Infernal Gods Who
well in lowest *Tartarus*' Abyss, The *Titans*
am'd, to witness to her Vows.

Then from the *Lemnian*, and the *Imbrian* Isles,
They held their way impetuous in a Cloud In-
visible to mortal Eyes : and stood Confess'd on
Ida, whence a thousand Fountains Flow from
high, and well upon the Plains. On *Lestus*'
point they rested, and on Earth March'd for-
ward ; for no interposing Seas Were there to
obscure the easy Way. Then, as they went,
the nodding Forest bow'd, In token of Sub-
mission, all his Groves. But *Sleep* durst not
approach the thund'ring God, Therefore ascend-
ing an *Idæan* Fir, Which hid its tow'ring

since we may look upon
as the Queen of the God-
des, or as the Empress of
Air ; it seems as if this
of *Homer* had given *Dio-*
that excellent Sculptor,
Idea which he laid before
Alexander : it was, to cut a sun-
Mount *Athos*, and raise
the Statue of this Prince,
holding in one Hand a great
spear, in the other a great
shield, as doing Homage to
Alexander would not

consent to such a Proposition,
whether thro' Fear of the
Expence, or Despair of Suc-
cess in it ; or lastly, because
he had more pressing Af-
fairs.

(r) That all th' infernal
Deities.] *Sleep* cou'd not exact
of *Juno* any other Oath ; for
she cou'd not swear by the
celestial Gods, since that wou'd
be by *Jupiter*, whom she meant
to deceive.

Branches in the Clouds, He sat conceal'd among the leafy Boughs, (s) Like the shrill Bird which by th' immortal Gods Is *Chalcis* call'd, *Cymindis* by Mankind.

But to the Height of *Gargarus*, the Goddess With wond'rous Swiftneſs went: *Jove*, from afar, Beheld his Bride, (t) and at her very Sight Felt a ſoft Pleaſure thrilling thro' his Veins, Like that which firſt inflam'd his amorous Breſt, When he with *Juno* (u) ſtole Love's pleaſing Joys: Then thus, enamour'd with her Charms, he ſpoke:

"Why, *Juno*, have you left *Olympus*' Heights

"To viſit *Ida*? where is now your Chariot?

"And where the Steeds that cut th' ethereal

"Way?

To whom thus artfully the Goddess ſaid

"I to the Earth's Extremes now take my way

"To viſit *Tethys* and *Oceanus*; He Father, ſhe

"the Mother of the Gods. They from the

"Goddess *Rhea* whilom took (w) Me when a

"Infant, and with Care preserv'd Their ſa-

(s) Like the ſhrill Bird, which by th' immortal Gods is *Chalcis* call'd, *Cymindis* by Mankind.] This is a Bird of Night, about the Bigneſs of a Hawk, entirely black; and this is the Reaſon why *Homer* deſcribes *Sleep* under its Form. He has in other Places feign'd; that the Gods give one Name to Things, and Men another.

(t) And at her very Sight, felt a ſoft Pleaſure thrilling thro' his Veins.] The Girdle

of *Venus* ſoon begins to take effect.

(u) Stole Love's pleaſing Joys.] This Fiction, that *Jupiter* and *Juno* enjoy'd the mutual Flames in Secret, before the Conſent of their Parents, is founded on this, ſome ſay, that the Elements were join'd before the Separation of the Chaos.

(w) Me when an Infant *Rhea*, ſome ſay, is the firſt Thing which gave Nouriſhment to *Juno*, that is, to the

"YOUR

your'd Charge: to reunite their Loves, In Gratitude I go; they many days Have now abstain'd from matrimonial Joys, And Rage extinguishes Love's smother'd Flames. My Horses at the Foot of *Ida* stand, Ready to wing the Main, or skim along the Ground. Hither I come to tell thee my Designs, Lest by a secret Visit to *Oceanus*, Thy dreaded Indignation should arise.

To whom th' enamour'd Thunderer reply'd :
Perform that grateful Task some other day,
But let us now feast on Love's soft Delights ;
(x) For ne'er before did ever Goddess born,
Or mortal Beauty so inflame my Breast : No,
not *Ixion's* Wife from whom *Pirithous* Descended, equal to the Gods in Wisdom :
Nor beauteous *Danae*, *Acrisius's* Daughter, To whom the Godlike *Perseus* owes his Birth :
(y) Nor the fair Daughter of the Royal *Phoenix*, Whence *Rhadamanthus*, and whence *Minos* sprung. *Alcmena* look'd less fair, *Atides's* Mother, And Queen of potent *Thebes* :
than thee less fair Was *Semele*, the Mother of kind *Bacchus*, The Joy of Man, and Pleasure of the World. *Ceres*, whose beamy Hair is bright as Gold, Ne'er yet appear'd

the Air is fed and nourish'd with Vapours which rise from the Bosom of the Earth, and this is the reason why they feign, that man was nourish'd in the Race of *Oceanus* and *Tethys*.

(x) For ne'er before did ever Goddess born, or mortal Beauty inflame my Breast.] *Jupiter*

had been deficient, had he only said, never Goddess born; for he had desperately lov'd so many mortal Women, that it was necessary for him to add, nor mortal Beauty.

(y.) Nor the fair Daughter of the Royal *Phoenix*.] For *Europa*, whom others make the Daughter of *Agenor*.

“ so lovely to my Eyes ; No, nor *Latona*, nor
 “ thy beauteous Self, As now, thus dress’d in
 “ all Love’s pleasing Charms.

Then artfully again the Goddess spoke

“ How can the awful Son of *Saturn* speak Such
 “ Words ? or how can I consent to prove
 “ The Sweets of Love thus openly in View
 “ Of Heav’n and Earth ? What if some pry-
 “ ing God Shou’d see the Myst’ries of the Mar-
 “ riage Bed, And thus expose us to his Bro-
 “ ther Gods ? How then cou’d I return to thy
 “ bright Court, When from thy Arms I wake
 “ to such Reproach ? If therefore Love in-
 “ flames thy amorous Breast, Thou in thy Pa-
 “ lace hast a secret Chamber, Which *Vulcan*
 “ wrought with everlasting Doors ; There let
 “ us lie dissolv’d in Love and Sleep.

To whom the Thund’rer : “ Banish ground-
 “ less Fears ; Nor Man, nor God shall view the
 “ happy Sight. Around I’ll draw a mighty
 “ Cloud of Gold, Thro’ which the Sun, tho’
 “ his effulgent Eyes Pierce to the Center, shall
 “ not force one Ray.

He said ; and press’d her to his panting
 Breast. (z) The smiling Earth spread Beds of
 new-born Flow’rs, Pansies and Violets, and
 fragrant Roses, And Hyacinths, beneath and
 round the Pair. Conceal’d they lay in a bright

(z) *The smiling Earth spread
 Beds of new-born Flow’rs.* Eu-
 statheus very well remarks,
 that *Homer* embellishes this
 Passage with all the Flowers
 of Poetry, to employ the
 Thoughts of his Reader, and
 to draw his Imagination from

something which he was un-
 willing to name : the whole
 Description is so beautiful and
 enchanting, that one would
 think it is *Homer*, and not
Juno, who has borrow’d the
 Girdle of *Venus*.

Clou

Cloud of Gold: The Heav'ns gave Signs of
Joy; ambrosial Dews Pour'd down their sweetest
Influence; and the Air Breath'd odorous, re-
plete with rich Perfumes. Thus the dread Fa-
ther of the Gods and Men, By *Love*, and *Sleep*,
oppress'd on *Ida's* Height, Reclin'd his Head,
entranc'd on *Juno's* Bosom.

Then to the *Grecian* Navy gentle *Sleep* With
much Impatience took his eager Way, To bear
the Message to the King of Floods, Who with
his Trident shakes the stedfast Ground; And
thus began: "Now! now, O *Neptune*! aid
The fainting *Greeks*! now turn the Scale of
Battle, And win the Day, while yet the
Thund'rer sleeps: I have weigh'd down his
slumb'ring Eyes to Rest, And *Juno* has be-
tray'd him to her Arms.

The God thus spoke, (a) and bent his eager
flight To *Lemnos*, and regain'd his peaceful
mansion.

Now *Neptune*, more inflam'd to aid the
Greeks, Sprung from the *Grecian* Files, and
loud confess'd Before the Host; and in these
terms began:

"And shall, O generous *Greeks*, the Son of
Priam Thus fire the Navy, and thus gain the

(a) And bent his eager
flight to *Lemnos*.] I am
satisfied, that this is the
Meaning of this Pas-
sage. Homer says word for
word, he return'd towards the
various Nations of Men;
that is to say, he regain'd the
Island of *Lemnos*, the *Lemnians*
being a People much celebra-

ted on the account of *Vulcan*.
Eustathius seems without any
Reason to believe, that *Sleep*
did not return to *Lemnos*; whi-
ther did he then go? It is
Day-light; he must therefore
return to his Abode, since no
Husband more is to be de-
ceiv'd by his Wife.

"Day?

" Day? Buoy'd with such Hopes he comes, since
 " *Thetis*' Son, Stung with Resentment, has for
 " sook the War ; But we have no Occasion for
 " his Aid, If we resume our Strength, and rush
 " to Arms. Then listen, and perform what
 " I advise ; Let us select the choicest of the
 " Helms, The largest Bucklers, and the strongest
 " Spears, And spring to Battle : at your Head
 " I'll march ; Nor will stout *Hector* dare to
 " meet my Sword. (b) Let then each Man of
 " Valour, if his Shield Be small, bestow it on
 " some weaker *Greek* : But let him bear
 " stronger, ampler Orb.

Thus spake the God, and strait the *Greeks*
 obey'd ; *Tydidēs*, *Agamemnon*, and *Ulysses*, The
 weak with Wounds, pass'd and repass'd the
 Ranks, To see the Task perform'd. (c) The
 Man of Strength Assum'd strong Arms ; the

(b) Let then each Man
 of Valour, &c.] *Homer* here
 lets us understand, that there
 were at this time some brave
 Men, who bore small Shields
 to make them seem more cou-
 rageous and intrepid ; but
 these were not Heroes of the
 first Rank, or like *Ajax*, whose
 Shield cover'd his whole Body.
 The Advice which *Neptune*
 here gives, is very proper ; the
 bravest Men ought to have the
 best Arms, because they ex-
 pose themselves most to Dan-
 gers, and because true Courage
 ought always to be accompa-
 ny'd with Prudence. Hence
 too we may gather, that the
 smallest Things sometimes suf-
 fice to re-encourage an Army
 when it gives ground.

(c) The Man of Strength
 assum'd strong Arms.] *Po-
 tarch* admirably sets off the
 Passage, and makes the Beauty
 of it appear : In the begin-
 ning of *Pelopidas*'s Life,
 says thus ; *Homer* makes
 bravest and stoutest of his *Warr-
 riors* march to Battle arm'd
 in the best Arms ; the *Liege-
 lords* of *Greece* punish'd
 who threw away his Shield,
 but not the Man who lost
 Sword or his Spear : and
 was done to shew us, that
 Care of preserving and
 sending ourselves is pre-
 ble to the wounding our
 my ; especially in those
 govern States, and com-
 Armies.

Weak were clad in weak. Thus having sheath'd themselves in shining Brass, They strode to War: the Ruler of the Floods, Who with his Trident shakes the trembling Ground, March'd at their Head; in his Almighty Hand He bore a dreadful and enormous Sword, Which shone like Lightning's formidable Flames. What Mortal now durst meet the dreadful God Thus arm'd for Battle? while he thus around Spread wild Disorder, and confus'd Dismay?

Now *Hector* form'd the *Trojans* in Array, And now the bloody Fray, the Game of War, With tenfold Fury rag'd; (d) the King of Floods Fought for the *Greeks*, and *Hector* for the *Trojans*. The roaring Main, to aid her warring King, Delug'd the Shores, and spread auxiliar Waves Around the Tents and Navy of the *Greeks*. The tilting Armies shook with shouts the Ground. (e) The rolling Billows

(d) *The King of Floods* fight for the *Greeks*, and *Hector* for the *Trojans*.] That Magnificence is there in this Image which *Homer* gives us, by thus opposing *Hector* to *Neptune*, and equalling him in some measure to our God! *Homer* has a wonderful Art in raising the Characters of his Heroes, by Ideas always sublime, and always

(e) *The rolling Billows of Stormy Deep*.] Hitherto *Homer's* Comparisons consist solely in equalizing the subject of which he speaks, to that from whence he borrows the Comparison. As the Waves

of the Sea resound, such were the Clamours of the Army. This had been a plain Comparison; but here we find three hyperbolical Comparisons, that is to say, which throw the Subject in hand infinitely above that to which it is compar'd. And these Hyperboles carry a great Strength and Beauty in them; for they signify, that nothing in Nature can be found to equal the Thing of which we speak: it is this which makes the three Comparisons thus crowded together each necessary; for when we have read any of them, our still unsatisfy'd Thoughts look farther, and are eager for the rest.

of

of the stormy Deep, When *Boreas* drives them
 tumbling to the Shores, Not so resound; nor
 so the furious Flames, Which on a Mountain
 lay a Forest waste, Rise to the Heav'ns, and be-
 low in the Clouds; Nor the loud Wind
 when, rushing from the Skies, They rend
 Wood, and, with tempestuous Roar, Force the
 whole Forest to the trembling Ground.

Then *Hector* first at *Ajax* launch'd his Spear
 It flew impetuous, whizzing thro' the Air, And
 smote him on the Breast: the joining Bell
 Which held his Buckler and his mighty Swor
 Deaden'd the Blow, and sav'd him from the
 Wound. With Rage stout *Hector* saw the fru-
 less Stroke, And back retir'd to shun impending
 Doom: But *Ajax* rais'd a vast prodigious Stone
 (Stones lay in multitudes along the Shores,
 to fix the Navy firmly to the Ground;) High
 his Arm he bore the pond'rous Load, Whirl'd
 it around, and hurl'd it from his Arm: Sw
 flew the Stone, impetuous as the Dart Which
 from the twanging Bow an Archer sends;
 smote him on the Breast above his Shield.
 when an Oak, the Glory of the Wood, Fell
 by the Stroke of Thunder to the Ground, S
 phureous Odours taint the ambient Air, The
 trembling Traveller with Fear beholds The
 ming Ruin, and with Horror dreads The bu-
 ing Bolts of Heav'n's enraged King: So *Hector*
 lay extended on the ground. His Warrior Sp
 dropt from his feeble Hand; His beamy He-
 met, and his moony Shield, Fell to the Earth,
 and all around his Arms Clank'd on the Ground
 and rattled o'er the Plain. Then with hor-
 rous Shouts a Flood of *Greeks* Pour'd on

prostr

prostrate Chief, and from their Arms Show'r'd
 down a Storm of Spears, and hop'd that day
 To drag him captive to the Grecian Navy. But
 vain the Arrows flew, and vain the Spears;
 For now *Polydamas*, and stout *Agenor*, *Æneas*,
Glaucus, and the great *Sarpedon*, Sprung to his
 aid, and interpos'd their Shields, While others
 bore him from the Press of War, Far from the
 battle, where his generous Steeds Stood to re-
 ceive him in his Warrior Car, Who bore him
 roaring tow'rd's the Walls of Troy.

But when they came to *Xanthus'* beauteous
 stream, They took him to the Ground, and
 o'er his Face Sprinkled the cooling Waters of
 the Flood. Again his Breath return'd, his
 opening Eyes Beheld the Light; and rais'd upon
 his Knees, He from his Mouth pour'd forth a
 purple Flood; Then sunk again: again his
 swimming Eyes Grew dim, and sicken'd at the
 sight of Day.

Now when the *Greeks* beheld the Son of
Priam Retir'd from Battle, they with horrid
 shouts Pour'd on the *Trojans*, and inflam'd the
 War. Then *Ajax*, Son of *Oileus*, with a Spear
 slew *Satnius*, whom on *Satnion's* flow'ry Banks,
 there he fed his Flocks, the Shepherd *Enops*
 begot of *Neis*; him stout *Ajax* smote, And
 fell'd him to the ground: then o'er his Corse
 fierce Encounter rose: *Polydamas* Came to
 revenge his Death, and launch'd his Spear At
Prothoenor: thro' his Shoulder went The flying
 spear, and gave a mortal Wound: He fell;
 and falling, bit th' ensanguin'd Plain. Then
Polydamas insulting spoke:

“ The

" The Lance which from his Arm stout Pa
 " thus' Son Hurl'd, was not vain : (f) som
 " Greek receives the Spear, To guide his wear
 " Steps, while he descends The dreary Path
 " which lead to *Pluto's* Realms.

He spoke : the *Greeks* with Indignation hear
 The taunting Victor ; but the Soul of *Aja*
 The *Telamonian*, to revenge his Death, Bur
 with Impatience ; for before his Feet Fell *P*
thoënor breathless to the Ground. Then Go
 like *Ajax* launch'd his shining Spear, But miss
Polydamas ; the pointed Death Sung in the A
 and pierc'd *Antenor's* Son, *Archilochus* ; him
 unhappy Star With baleful Influence hurry'd
 his Doom. The Spear took place, where
 the Neck the Head Is join'd, and burst asu
 der both the Nerves. Before his Body tumb
 to the Plain, Down fell the Head, and roll
 in Dust and Blood. Then thus with Insu
 Godlike *Ajax* spoke :

" Tell me, *Polydamas*, but speak the Tru
 " Is this sufficient to atone the Death Of *P*
 " *thoënor* ? To my Eyes he seems A Man of V
 " lour, and of noble Birth. He might be tak

(f). *Some Greek receives my*
Spear, to guide his weary
Steps, while he descends the
dreary Paths which lead to
Pluto's Realms.] *Homer* pas
 ses from one Character to ano
 ther, with a surprizing Faci
 lity ; we find Tenderness and
 Sweetness in the Episode of
Jupiter and *Juno* : this tender
 Part is follow'd by a furious
 and noble Character, I mean
 the Description of the Battle ;
 and here the violent Character

is soften'd and sweeten'd
 Irony and Raillery of a
 greeable Strain, and w
 does not break the Har
 of his Poem. These are
 Pieces of Raillery, and E
thus has observ'd how
 differ from one another ;
 of *Polydamas* is plea
 that of *Ajax* more grave
 heroick, that of *Acamas* p
 and that of *Penelous* p
 tick.

for *Antenor's* Son, Or Brother, by his Face;
for much his Looks Bear the Resemblance of
Antenor's Mien.

Thus he; tho' well he knew *Archilochus*,
With Grief the *Trojans* heard the scoffing Hero.
Then *Acamas* rush'd forth, and with his Spear
Slew *Promachus*, who thro' the Files of War
Dragg'd his slain Brother; as he fell, aloud
Thus *Acamas* in taunting Terms began: " Ill-
fated *Greeks*! yet ins'lent in Success! *Troy*
only shall not weep her wretched Doom, You
too shall join your social Tears in Woes. See,
Promachus has clos'd his fainting Eyes In
Iron Slumbers, and my Brother's Shade En-
joys a Victim to atone his Death! Who then
wou'd be without a Brother's Aid, Associate
in the bloody Game of War, Or to defend
him, or avenge his Fall?

He spoke; the *Grecians* murmur'd at his
Words. Then forth *Peneleus* rush'd against the
Victor; But he declin'd the Combat: with his
Spear *Peneleus* smote the only Son of *Phorbas*,
Phonous; (g) whom, more than all the *Trojans*,
Mercurius lov'd, and bless'd him with large
Flocks. The flying Death burst thro' his bleed-

(g) Whom, more than all the
Trojans, *Mercurius* lov'd.]
Pausanias says, that this *Phor-*
bus, rich in Flocks, was en-
rich'd by *Mercury*, because
Mercury was the God who
ruled over Flocks; this
is the Reason why the an-
cient Statuaries plac'd a Ram
at the Foot of the Statue of
Mercury. At the Sacrifices of

Cybele, they carried a Statue
of *Mercury* and a Ram; and
concerning this Custom, *Pau-*
sanias says, with an Air of
Gravity and Seriousness, that
thro' Discretion and Respect,
he does not divulge what he
knows of the mysterious Rea-
sons of placing *Mercury* thus
with a Ram.

ing Eye, And forc'd the Eye-ball from the
 goary Orb; Down fell *Ilioneus*, prostrate on the
 Ground. Then from his Belt the Hero drew
 his Sword, And at one Blow struck off the
 bleeding Head From the ensanguin'd Trunk
 then down it fell, Arm'd with the bloody He-
 met, to the Ground. The Head transfix'd, *Pe-
 nelous* bore on high; (b) As looks the Poppy
 Head, when labouring Swains Sever the Stalk
 and bear it high in Air; Such seem'd his
 Head upon the pointed Spear. Then thus with
 Insults spoke the Victor Greek:

“ Make haste, ye *Trojans*, bear the mournful
 “ News, Both to the Father, and the wretched
 “ Mother, That they may weep their Son
 “ unhappy Doom, Who lies extended on the
 “ sanguin'd Ground; No more a Father he,
 “ Mother she! Tell 'em they pay for *Prom-
 “ eus's* Death, And for the Tears which his
 “ unhappy Wife Shall shed in Floods; for she
 “ must never view With ravish'd Eyes, as
 “ with transporting Joy, Her dearer Half, her
 “ lov'd and loving Husband, When we return
 “ in Triumph to our Shores.

He spoke: a trembling Fear ran thro' the
 Army, And sunk their fainting Spirits; every
 way They turn'd their Eyes, solicitous to shun
 Th' approaching Ruin, the impending Storm.
 Celestial Daughters of imperial Jove,
Muses, who on high *Olympus* dwell, Say what

(b) As Looks the Poppy's
 Head, when labouring Swains.
 The Head of *Ilioneus* thus
 struck on the Point of *Acamas'*
 Spear, brought this Simile of

the Poppy into *Homer's* Fa-
 and it is very just; for
 Head of a Poppy is support-
 by a long Stalk.

He was of all the gallant *Greeks*, That first bore
off a Trophy in the War, When the dread
Ruler of the azure Main Weigh'd down the
Scale of Conquest for the *Greeks*.

'Twas *Ajax*, *Telamon's* illustrious Son ; He
Hyrtius slew, the Leader of the *Mysians*. Then
by *Antilochus's* fatal Spear Fell *Mermerus* and
Phalcis to the Ground. *Hippotion* and *Morys*
saw'd their Deaths To stout *Meriones* ; by *Teu-*
cher's Arrows Were *Prothoon* and *Periphetes* slain.
* *Atrides* smote the royal *Hyperenor* Deep in
the Belly with a pointed Spear ; His Soul came
rushing thro' the deadly Wound, And everlast-
ing Darkness clos'd his Eyes. But by the Sword
of *Ajax*, *Oileus's* Son, In Heaps the *Trojans* fell ;
For he excell'd In darting fleetly on the flying
Foe, When Disarray confus'd the Form of War.

* *Atrides.*] He means *Me-* | wounded, and abstain'd from
neleus ; for *Agamemnon* was | the Fight.



Argument of the Fifteenth Book.

UPITER, when he awakes
seeing the Trojans driven from
the Entrenchments, and pursued
with much Disadvantage by the
Greeks, who had Neptune
their Head, found out the Artifice of Juno
and being highly incens'd against her, puts her
in mind of the many Punishments which he had
inflicted upon her, and makes her apprehensions
of far greater. Juno appeases him, by an
Answer full of Tenderness and Submission.
Jupiter sends her to Heaven, to dispatch Iris
and Apollo down to him. Juno repairs
to the Assembly of the Gods, and by a Discourse
full of Address, endeavours to enrage them
against Jupiter: She particularly raises a violent
Resentment against him in the Soul of
Mars. This God rises in a Passion, and takes
his Arms to march against the Trojans; but
Minerva stops his Course. Juno declares
Jupiter's Orders to Iris and Apollo: They both
set out at the same time, and appear before
him. Jupiter sends Iris to command Neptune





Jupiter invidious at Juno's deceit sends Apollo to reanimate Hector,
wounded, & to revive the Courage of the Trojans, who recover all the
advantages, & are very near setting the Greek ships on fire.

A R G U M E N T.

retire from the Battle, and orders Apollo
 to go and animate Hector, and bring him to
 fight the Trojans. Iris speaks to Neptune,
 and answers with Passion, as pretending him-
 self equal to Jupiter. The prudent Discourse
 of Iris, to make him return to his Duty. The
 great Advantage of Birth-right. Apollo finds
 Hector recover'd from his Sworn, and inspires
 him with new Strength, brings him back to the
 Battle, marches before him, and breaks down a
 great Part of the Wall. The Trojans enter
 the Entrenchments in a Body, push the Greeks
 from the first Line of their Fleet, and endeavour
 to set it on fire. The prodigious Exploits of
 Ajax the Son of Telamon, who makes a dread-
 ful Havock among the Trojans, and hinders
 them from approaching his Ship.





THE
I L I A D
OF
H O M E R.

BOOK XV.



OW o'er the Palisades, in Dis-
array, The *Trojans* pass'd precipi-
tate in Flight, (a) And many
clos'd their Eyes in Death's cold
Arms, In Iron Slumbers, and
eternal Night. But when they
came where in Array their Cars Were from the
Battle drawn, they ceas'd from Flight, Yet
deadly Palenefs spoke their inward Fears. Mean
time the thund'ring God, on *Ida's* Heights,

(a) And many clos'd their Eyes in Death's cold Arms.] | Polydamas foresaw and fore-
told this Loss to Hector.

Awak'd

Awak'd from *Juno's* Arms, who in the Heav'ns
Majestick sits upon a Throne of Gold: He saw
the *Trojans* flying o'er the Plain, While the
victorious *Greeks* inflicted Wounds Inglorious;
the dread Ruler of the Floods Drove on the
Trojans, and by *Xanthus'* Stream, Lay mighty
Hector prostrate on the Ground; With Pain he
drew his Breath, he gasp'd for Air, His swim-
ming Senses fail'd, and from his Mouth He
pour'd the clotted Gore in purple Floods.
Th' Almighty Father of the Men and Gods
Beheld with Pity the sad Scene of Woes;
(b) And thus to *Juno*, with indignant Looks,
And threatening Accents, terribly began:

"Thou Traitefs! base Artificer of Mis-
chiefs! The Pains of *Hector*, and the *Trojans*
Flight Are owing to thy Fraud; but thou
perhaps Shalt be the first who suffers by thy
Deede. (c) Have you forgot how once you
swung in Air, When to your Feet I hung

(b) And thus to *Juno*, with
indignant Looks, and threat-
ning Accents, terribly began.]
The Girdle has therefore
ceas'd its Operations; tho'
indeed its Virtue only reach'd
the Affairs of Love, yet it
may be said, that it still is
efficacious in hindring *Jupiter*,
thus passionately incens'd, from
using any Violence: it is the
Girdle which averts the Con-
sequences of his Fury.

(c) Have you forgot how
once you swung in Air, when
to your Feet I hung a galling
load of two enormous *Am-
avils*? The it is not my

Design to give a Reason for
every Story in the *Pagan*
Theology, yet I cannot pre-
vail upon myself to pass over
this in silence. The *Physical*
Allegory seems very apparent
to me. *Homer* mysteriously
in this Place explains the Na-
ture of the Air, which is
Juno; the two *Anavils* which
she had at her Feet, are the
two Elements, Earth and
Water; and the Chains of
Gold about her Hands, are
the *Aether*, or Fire, which fills
the superiour Region: the two
grosser Elements are call'd
Anavils, to shew us, that in

" the galling Load Of two enormous Anvils?
 " how I bound Your shackled Hands in a co-
 " ercive Chain, Infrangible, of Gold? while all
 " the Gods Murmur'd in vain against Almighty
 " Power; Who ever then approach'd, to bring
 " thee Aid, (d) Him from the Battlements of
 " Heav'n I hurl'd Down to the nether Earth;
 " where on the Ground, Bruis'd with the Fall,
 " he stretch'd his tortur'd Body. Nor did this
 " Punishment suffice my Anger For *Hercules's*
 " Wrongs, whom on the Waves The stormy
 " Boreas, and conflicting Winds, Distress'd by
 " thy Command, and down to *Cos* Drove his
 " torn Fleet, that there the Rage of Man
 " Might ruin whom the Waves and Tempest
 " spar'd. But from the Island to the *Argive*
 " Shores, Before I eas'd thy Load, and loos'd
 " thy Chains, I brought him thro' a thousand
 " Forms of Death. (e) Then down to Troy

these two Elements only, Arts
 are exercis'd. I don't know,
 but that a Moral Allegory may
 likewise here be found, as well
 as a Physical one; the Poet
 might, by these Masses ty'd to
 the Feet of *Juno*, and by the
 Chain of Gold with which her
 Hands were bound, signify,
 that on one side, domestick
 Affairs shou'd, like Fetters,
 detain the Wife at home, and
 on the other side, that proper
 and beautiful Works, like
 Chains of Gold, ought to
 employ her Hands.

(d) Him from the Battle-
 ments of Heaven I hurl'd.]
 He means *Vulcan*, as he him-

self has told us, at the Con-
 clusion of the first Book; upon
 the Idea of precipitating a God
 from the Heavens, I refer
 the Reader to the Perusal of
 the Preface.

(e) Then down to Troy
 I hurl'd the massy Weights.]
 The two Verses which I have
 here inserted, are not to be
 found in any Edition of *Ho-*
mer; but I have added them
 from a Remark of *Enstatius*,
 who assures us, that they were
 in certain ancient Manuscripts
 of *Homer*. He thus delivers
 them in his Remarks.

I hurl'd the massy Weighs, (f) That thence
 the Race of Man might learn to fear The
 potent God, the Ruler of the Skies, Who
 thus chastis'd the Deities of Heav'n. New
 Punishments shall now recall the past, That
 thou for ever may'st abjure thy Frauds, And
 know what little Aid thy fruitless Charms
 Can bring, to move incens'd Omnipotence.
 Thus he: and thus the trembling Goddess
 spoke: "Thou Earth be Witness, and ye
 azure Skies, (g) Ye awful Stygian Waves,

ἵππιν γ' ὅτε δὴ σ' ἀπέλυσσε
 ποδῶν, μὴδ' οὐκ ἐνὶ Τροίῃ
 κέκκαλον ὄφρα πέλοιτο καὶ
 ἰσομήνησι πρυμνίαισι

By these two Verses, *Homer*
 shews us, that what he says of
 the Chastisement of *Juno*, is
 founded upon an ancient Tra-
 dition, and that he was not
 the first Inventor of it; 'tis
 manifest, there had been some
 statue of *Juno* with Anvils at
 her Feet, and Chains on her
 Hands; and nothing but the
 Chains and Anvils being left,
 superstitious People rais'd this
 story; so that *Homer* on-
 ly follows common Report.
 What confirms me in this Opi-
 nion, is what *Eustathius* far-
 ther adds, that he was assured,
 that the Remains of these
 Masses were still to be seen
 at *Troy*.

(f) That thence the Race
 of Man might learn to fear
 the potent God who thus
 chastis'd the Deities of Heav'n.
 I have added this, to
 give more Light to this Histo-

ry; for *Juno* seeing she cou'd
 not drown *Hercules*, drove
 him upon the Coasts of *Cos*, to
 expose him to new Dangers;
 for this Ill she enjoy'd a com-
 plete Happiness, and for this
 Reason refus'd all manner of
 Commerce with Strangers,
 fearing lest they should re-
 duce them to their Obedience;
 and whenever such People ar-
 rived, they immediately took
 Arms: accordingly, all the
 Inhabitants took Arms against
Hercules, and thought to de-
 stroy him, upon which Occa-
 sion, his whole Courage had
 almost been deficient. See
Apollodorus, Book 11.

(g) Ye awful Stygian
 Waves.] *Homer* says, The
 Water of *Styx*, which falls
 Drop by Drop, down from ex-
 ceedingly high. *Herodotus* too, in his
 10th Book, writes thus: The
Arcadians say, that near the
 City *Nonacris* flows the Wa-
 ter of *Styx*, and that it is a
 small Rill of Water; which,
 distilling from an exceeding
 high Rock, falls into a little
 "by,

" by which when Gods Have sworn, the Oath
 " inviolable stands. Now hear my Words
 " by thy Almighty Head, (b) By our imperial
 " bridal Bed, which I With Reverence attest
 " and Awe profound, I swear, (i) It is not by
 " my Fraud or Pray'rs, That the dread Ruler of
 " the stormy Main Chases the Trojans tow'rd
 " the Tow'rs of Troy: But soft Compassion
 " for the Grecians Woes Mov'd him to leave
 " his Palace in the Deep, And rise in Arms to
 " interpose his Aid. If I, O Jove, cou'd rule

Cavity, or Bason, environ'd
 with a Hedge. Pausanias,
 who had seen the Place, gives
 Light to this Passage of He-
 rodotus. Going from Phe-
 neus, says he, in the Country
 of the Arcadians, and draw-
 ing towards the West, we
 find on the Left the City
 Clytorus, and on the Right
 that of Nonacris, and the
 Fountain of Styx, which,
 from the Height of a shag-
 gy Precipice, falls Drop by
 Drop upon an exceeding high
 Rock; and before it has tra-
 vers'd this Rock, flows into
 the River Crathis. This Wa-
 ter is mortal, both to Man
 and Beast; and therefore it is
 said to be an infernal Foun-
 tain. Homer gives it a Place
 in his Poems, and by the
 Description which he delivers,
 one wou'd think he had seen
 it. This shews the wonder-
 ful Exactness of Homer, in his
 Descriptions of the Places
 which he mentions. The Gods
 swore by Styx, and this was
 the strongest Oath which they

cou'd make; but I likewise
 find that Men too swore by
 this fatal Water; for He-
 rodotus tells us, that Cleomenes
 going to Arcadia, to engage
 the Arcadians in a War against
 Sparta, and to follow him, had
 a Design to assemble them at
 the City Nonacris, and make
 them swear by the Water of
 this Fountain.

(b) By our imperial brid-
 Bed.] Juno swears by her
 nuptial Bed, which is a Thing
 already sacred; and she thus
 makes it the more sacred and
 venerable by this Oath.

(i) It is not by my Frauds
 or Prayers, that the dread
 Ruler of the stormy Main
 This Apology is well con-
 triv'd; Juno cou'd not swear
 that she had not deceiv'd Ju-
 piter; for this had been en-
 tirely false, and Homer wou'd
 be far from authorizing Per-
 jury by so great an Example.
 Juno, we see, throws Part
 the Fault on Neptune, by say-
 ing, that she had not consult-
 ed in concert with him.

" the Ocean's King, He never shou'd oppose
" what you decree.

The Goddess ended, and with Looks serene,
Th' eternal Father of the Men and Gods Thus
to his Consort with a Smile reply'd :

" If you, O *Juno*, in the Seats of Heav'n,
" Unite with mine your corresponding
" Thoughts, *Neptune* will soon comply with
" our Desires. If then your Voice dissents not
" from your Soul, Go to the Synod of th' as-
" sembled Gods, And send down *Iris* and
" *Apollo*, arm'd With his dread Bow, and
" never-erring Darts. *Iris* to *Neptune* shall
" direct her way, And bid him leave the
" Fight, and take his Course Down to his
" Palace in the hoary Main. *Phœbus* shall pa-
" cify the racking Pains Of *Hector*, and restore
" heroick Strength: (k) Then to the very Tent
" of *Thetis*' Son His fatal Arm shall drive the
" flying *Greeks*. Touch'd with Compassion at
" the woful Sight, *Achilles* to the War shall
" send *Patroclus*, A destin'd Victim to the
" Spear of *Hector* ; But first his Sword shall
" send a gallant Train Of *Trojans*, ev'n my
" Godlike Son *Sarpedon*, Down to the Shades

(k) Then to the very Tent
of *Thetis*' Son.] To raise the
Majesty of *Jupiter*, who for a
Moment had been surpriz'd
by *Juno*, *Homer* here intro-
duces him revealing what his
Providence had decreed ; by
this means *Jupiter* makes it
appear, that 'tis in vain for
the Gods to enter into Leagues
against him, and that nothing

can resist his Ordains ; the
Poet here gives us a slight
Image of the Conclusion of
his Poem, which is so far from
satisfying our Curiosity, that
it inflames it: they who have
endeavour'd to discredit these
Verses; such as *Apices* and
Herodorus, as useless and super-
fluous, did not perceive their
Beauty.

" of everlasting Night. Then shall *Achilles*
 " issue to the Fight, Impatient to behold *Pa-*
 " *troclus*' Doom, And slay stout *Hector* at the
 " Walls of *Troy*; And from that Moment
 " Conquest shall attend The Arms of *Greece*,
 " (1) till by *Minerva's* Aid Proud *Ilium* tum-
 " bles from her tow'ry Height. But my just
 " Fury shall no Calm enjoy, Nor will I suffer
 " any of the Gods To go to War propitious to
 " the *Greeks*, Till all the Wishes of the Son of
 " *Peleus* Are satisfy'd, and till the Promise is
 " fulfill'd, Which erst I sign'd by my Almighty
 " Nod, When *Thetis* sorrowing embrac'd my
 " Knees, And begg'd me to exalt her injur'd
 " Offspring.

The Thund'rer spoke: Nor was imperial
Juno Slow in Obedience; from th' *Ideum*
 Mount Swift shot the Goddess tow'rd the
 Tow'rs of Heav'n. (n) As when some Traveller
 reviews in Thought The various Regions of the
 travers'd World, With nimble Glance from

(1) Till by *Minerva's* Aid
 Proud *Ilium* tumbles from her
 tow'ry Height. Troy rather
 fell by a Stratagem than
 Strength. Homer here has
 his Eye upon the Wooden-
 Horse, which was made by
 the Contrivance of *Minerva*,
Divina Palladis Arte, Virg.

(n) As when some Tra-
 veller reviews in Thought.
 It was impossible for *Homer*
 to give us a greater Idea of the
 Swiftneſs with which *Juno*
 flew, than by comparing it
 to the Rapidity of the
 Thoughts of a Traveller,
 who, in a Moment runs over

in his Mind all the Places
 which he ever saw. But *Homer*
 makes the Traveller him-
 self speak, I was here, or
 I was there, which would not
 have appear'd beautiful in
 our Language. My Trans-
 lation, I hope, gives the
 Image which the Poet en-
 deavours to convey, and
 makes it lose nothing of its
 Swiftneſs. I therefore will
 content myself to say, for the
 better Understanding of the
 Text, that this Word, *ὅς*,
 seems to be a Corruption
 for I don't believe that even
 in the Greek Language

Real

Realm to Realm he flies Fleeter than Lightning flashing from the Clouds : So rapidly the Goddess held her way Tow'rd the bright Mansions on *Olympus*' Height, Where all the Gods, a glorious Synod ! met. When they beheld the Empress of the Skies, Strait all arose, and all obsequious brought *Nestarean* Bowls ; (n) but she refus'd the Draught, Till *Themis* gave the pleasurable Liquor, And in these Terms bespoke Heav'n's Royal Queen ::

" Why come you, *Juno*, to *Olympus*' Seats ?
 " Your clouded Features speak your latent
 " Fears : Say ! have the Threatnings of *Saturnian* *Jove* Dismay'd your Spirits, and o'ercast
 " your Looks ?

" Forbear, reply'd the Goddess, such Demands ; You, *Themis*, know th' inexorable God, Unmov'd with Pity, unconcern'd with Woes : But let the flowing Bowl with *Nectar* crown'd Circle around the Synod of the Gods, (o) Do you preside, and rule the heav'nly Feast. Then you, and all th' Inhabitants of Heav'n, Shall hear the Threatnings of the thund'ring God ; And tho' eternal Pleasure here should reign, His

is put for *he*, I was, as *Euphorbus* pretends. It rather seems that *Homer* wrote it thus, I went here, or I went there.

(n) But she refus'd the Draught, till *Themis* gave the pleasurable Liquor.] *Homer* would have us understand by this Fiction, that of all the Virtues, that which becomes a King most, and is most use-

ful upon all Occasions, is Justice.

(o) Do you preside, and rule the heav'nly Feast.] This is a Passage worthy our Observation : *Homer* feigns, that *Themis*, that is, Justice, presides over the Feasts of the Gods, to let us know, that she ought much more to do so over the Feasts of Men.

" Threats.

" Threats will turn the Scene, and damp the
" rising Joys.

She added not; but on a Throne of Gold
Sate discontent: Grief thro' the Realms of
Bliss Shed its bale Influence, and disturb'd the
Heav'ns. Indignant *Juno* forc'd a scornful Smile
From her distorted Lips, while on her Brows
Lowr'd a black Cloud of Cares and sullen
Frowns. Then thus she vented her dire Rage,
and spoke:

" What Madness seizes us, that we in vain
" Contend with *Jove*? Why strive we thus to
" change His stedfast Counsels, or by Force, or
" Pray'rs? He from the Starry Point of *Ida*'s
" Mount Laughs at our Efforts, nor regards our
" Pray'rs, (p) But boasts an infinite superiour
" Pow'r To all the Gods of the combining
" Skies. Bear therefore with Submission all
" the Woes He sends, and stoop beneath his
" Iron Scepter! Nor let dread *Mars*, the God
" of War, complain, Tho' pale and wan, tho'
" breathless on the Ground *Ascalaphus* now lies,
" whom of Mankind He chiefly loves, and
" (q) whom he calls his Son.

When this was heard, the frantick God of Bat-
tles Smote on his Knees, and raving, thus began:

(p) But boasts an infinite
superiour Power.] *Juno* does
not say, that *Jupiter* is more
powerful, but that he boasts
superiour Power: this Discourse
of the Goddess is well con-
triv'd; for while she coun-
sels the Gods to an entire
Resignation to the Will of
Jupiter, she strives to excite

them to Sedition and Rebel-
lion.

(q) Whom he calls his Son.]
This is another Piece of *Juno*'s
Malice to irritate *Mars*, and
enflame him to Vengeance:
for she insinuates, that if he
did not revenge the Death of
Ascalaphus, he wou'd not be
thought his Son.

" Pardon,

" Pardon, ye Gods, my Rage ; Revenge I
 " vow : I'll satisfy my Son's departed Shade,
 " Tho' angry *Jove* discharge his burning Bolts,
 " And point his Thunders at my destin'd Head ;
 " Tho' I renounce the God, and yield my
 " Breath, Slain by the Thunderer's vindictive
 " Arm.

Thus spoke the God of War, and gave Com-
 mand (r) To *Flight* and *Terror*, to prepare his
 Car : Mean time, he dress'd himself in bur-
 nish'd Gold. Then had the Anger of Almighty
Jove Kindled to tenfold Rage against the Gods,
 Had not *Minerva*, rising from her Throne,
 Sprung thro' th' ethereal Hall, and calm'd the
 God. She took the beamy Helmet from his
 Head, The Buckler from his Arm, and from
 his Hand The brassy Spear ; and thus indignant
 spoke :

" Rash, and distracted *Mars* ! where are thy
 " Ears ? Or do'st thou hear in vain ? where's
 " the Respect Which the dread Father of the
 " Gods demands ? Didst thou not hear his
 " Words from *Juno's* Mouth ? Or wou'dst thou
 " come thy-self in wretched Plight Back to
 " *Olympus*, and involve the Gods In Ruin and
 " inevitable Woes ? For he, incens'd, will rush
 " from *Ida's* Heights, In all his Anger cloath'd,
 " and scatter Fear And wild Confusion thro'

(r) To *Flight* and *Ter-*
 [for.] *Homer* does not say,
 that *Mars* commanded they
 shou'd join his Horses to his
 Chariot, which Horses were
 call'd *Terror* and *Flight* ;
Terror and *Flight* are not
 the Names of the Horses of

Mars, but the Names of two
 Furies, who were in the Ser-
 vice of this God ; it appears
 likewise by other Passages,
 that they were his Children
 too : this is a very antient
 Mistake, and *Eusebius* men-
 tions it.

" the

" the Heav'nly Realms ; Both Just and Inno-
 " cent will feel his Wrath. Cease, then, thy
 " fruitless Rage for thy lost Son, ^(s) Since
 " braver Men than he have fall'n in Arms, And
 " still shall fall : for in the Heat of War How
 " can each Man avoid a luckless Doom ?

The Goddess thus ; and fix'd th' outrageous
 God Again upon his Throne. Then *Juno* call'd
Iris and *Phæbus* from th' assembled Gods, And
 to the Deities aloud thus spoke :

" *Saturnian Jove* requires you to repair To
 " *Ida's* Point ; and when his Pleasure's known,
 " Be sure to execute what he commands.

She spoke ; and re-assum'd her Throne of
 Gold, They from *Olympus* wing'd their airy
 Way, Travers'd the Mountains, and the wavy
 Main, And stood confess'd on *Ida*, in whose
 Groves Beasts make abode, and whence in-
 trickling Streams Clear Fountains flow, and
 well upon the Plains. There on the Top of
Gargarus they found The Thunderer environ'd
 with a Cloud, Which shed *Ambrosial* Odours
 thro' the Heav'ns. They stood before the
 Cloud-compelling God, And since with dili-
 gence they had obey'd The Voice of *Juno*, thus
 with Accents mild, And Looks serene, *Saturnian*
Jove began :

" *Iris*, the ready Messenger of Heav'n, Bear
 " to the potent Ruler of the Floods What I
 " direct, nor falsify thy Charge. Command
 " him to forsake the bloody War, And to the
 " Synod of the Gods repair, Or to his Pa-
 " lace in the azure Main. But if these Or-

^(s) Since braver Men than | *pedon*, *Patroclus*, *Hector*, &
 he still shall fall.] As *Sar* | *chilles*.

" ders

ders he disdains to hear, Let him reflect on
my superiour Pow'r, And how he'll meet
Omnipotence in Arms. Nor is alone more
prevalent my Strength, By Birth I am his
Master and his King; Yet tho the Deities
tremble at my Nod, He boasts himself a
Rival to my Pow'r.

He spoke; and *Iris*, swifter than a Whirl-
wind, Shot from the Mount of *Ida* down to
Troy. As when the fleecy Snow, or rushing
Hail, Pours from the Bosom of the broken
Clouds, When *Eoreas* drives it headlong thro'
the Skies; Swift flies the rushing Storm impe-
tuous to the Ground: So rapidly the Goddess
wing'd her way, And thus bespoke the Ruler
of the Floods:

"The Messenger of *Jove*, to you I come,
Who fill the Circle of the rounded World:
He bids you to forsake the bloody War,
And to the Synod of the Gods repair, Or to
your Palace in the azure Main. But if these
Orders you disdain to hear, Timely reflect
on his superiour Pow'r, And how you'll
meet Omnipotence in Arms. Nor is alone
more prevalent his Strength, By Birth he is
your Master and your King; Yet tho the
Deities tremble at his Nod, You boast your-
self a Rival to his Pow'r.

Then raging, thus reply'd the Ocean's King:
The Wrath of *Jove* is greater than his
Strength, If he resolves to force me from
the Fight, Who am his Match in Dignity
and Sway. Three are the Sons of *Saturn*,
Jove, and I, And *Pluto*, Ruler of the dark
Abodes:

" Abodes: (t) By Lot we hold our Empires,
 " at my Nod The roaring Billows of the O-
 " cean sleep, And *Pluto* rules the Kingdoms
 " of the Night. *Jove* o'er the Heavens stretches
 " his Domain. O'er the wide Clouds, and the
 " ethereal Plains. (u) *Olympus* and the Earth
 " in common lie, Therefore I'll not obsequi-
 " ously obey The Will of *Jove*; let him com-
 " mand above, And leave to me the Empire
 " of the Deep. Nor let him think to fright
 " me with his Threats; (w) Let him reserve
 " such Language for his Sons And Daughters,
 " whom he forces to obey.

To whom the Messenger of *Jove* reply'd:
 " Must I, (x) O potent Ruler of the Main,
 " Bear this fierce Answer to the King of Hea-

(t) By Lot we hold our Empires.] Nothing could be urg'd more strongly, than what *Neptune* here speaks, to colour his Revolt, and weaken the Birthright of *Jupiter*. *Homer* here shews us, that when a Brother has a mind to enter into Contest with his Brother, he lets no Reason nor Pretext slip, if they have the least Appearance of Strength.

(u) *Olympus* and the Earth in common lie.] How can Man- kind pretend to take away all Grounds and Occasions of Quarrels in their Divisions, when even the Division which is made by the Gods, gives rise to eternal Contentions?

Neptune says, that the Earth

was left in common between the three Brothers, because in the Earth three Elements are found; Air, Water, and Fire.

(w) Let him reserve such Language for his Sons and Daughters.] This is an Irony full of Bitterness against *Jupiter*; for *Neptune* reproaches him for not being able to awe and restrain his own Children, since *Mars* and *Minerva* often act contrary to his Orders.

(x) O potent Ruler of the Main.] It is impossible not to admire the Prudence and Decency which *Iris* uses to show *Neptune* his Duty, without diminishing the Respect which she ought to pay him.

" ven

“ven? Does Nought deserve a Change? (y) to
“change, sometimes Speaks Wisdom; (z) and
“a Guardian Fury waits On elder Brothers, to
“revenge their Wrongs.

To whom the Sov'reign of the Floods thus
spoke: “Your Words have Reason, and (a) it
“much avails, When Messengers are blest with
“prudent Minds: Yet still it troubles my af-
“flicted Soul, To think that *Jove* so haughti-
“ly shou'd use Those who are not dependent
“on his Pow'r. Yet I obey; (b) but let the
“Thund'rer know, That if he gave the Vic-
“tory to *Troy*, While I, and *Juno*, and the
“martial Goddess, With *Mercury*, and *Vulcan*,

(y) To change, sometimes
[speaks Wisdom.] This is a
great Truth, and wou'd pre-
serve Men frequently from
gross Mistakes and ill Con-
duct, wou'd they regulate their
Actions by it: more Strength
very often necessary to raise
when fallen, than wou'd have
preserv'd us from the Fall.

(z) A guardian Fury waits
[on elder Brothers, to revenge
their Wrongs.] This is no small
authority to shew us, that the
Gigantes look'd upon the Right
Birth as a Right Divine.
What Beauty is there in this
? He says, that God
has given elder Brothers a
Authority as their Guardian, to
revenge the Outrages which
younger Brothers offer.

(a) If much avails, when
[messengers are blest with pru-
dent Minds.] This is cer-
tainly true; a Command does
always induce us to obey:

but when it is attended with
the sage Counsel of the Mes-
senger, it is generally more
efficacious, since such Advice
may dissipate the false Reason-
ing of the Seditious, and shew
the lawful Authority of the
Prince; therefore in nice Af-
fairs, Princes cannot be too
cautious in chusing their Mi-
nisters.

(b) But let the Thunderer
know.] Homer here excel-
lently paints the Obstinacy of
a proud Person, who when he
cannot resist, and is ashamed to
submit, wou'd have it thought
that it is not thro' Incapacity
or Weakness, that he at last
yields; he therefore threatens
to act otherwise upon such or
such Occasions, which he knows
will never arrive. Thus *Nep-
tune* says, if *Jupiter* pretends
to preserve *Troy*, &c. when he
very well knew he had resolv'd
to destroy it.

“stand.

" stand for Greece ; I here proclaim my Anger
" everlasting.

He spoke, and plung'd into the azure Waves.
Then thus to *Phœbus* spoke the King of Gods :

" Go now, my Son, to *Heſtor*, at the Streams
" Of *Xanthus* ; for beneath the hoary Deep,
" Now in his Palace ſits the Ocean's King.
" Had he not thus appeas'd my kindling Wrath,
" (c) The Gods, who dwell in *Erebus* and
" Hell, E'er now had heard with Terror
" and Affright The hideous Din of our con-
" flicting Arms. But it is well that from my
" Wrath he flies, Elſe wild Uproar, and ter-
" rible Alarms, Had ſoon enſu'd : but (d) take
" my dreadful Shield, The *Ægis* which I bear
" when I deſcend Terrifiſk to the Fight, and
" with it ſpread Fear and Confuſion thro' the
" Grecian War. Let *Heſtor* be thy Care ; that
" he again May march to Battle, and again the
" Greeks Fly to their Fleet and *Helleſpantic* Sea.
" Then ſhall the *Greeks* take Reſpite from their
" Woes.

Thus ſpoke the King of Gods : nor was his
Son Slow in Obediënce ; from th' *Idæan* Mount
He ſhot impetuous, as the rapid Hawk Skims
thro' the Air, and darts upon his Prey. Seated

(c) The Gods, who dwell
in *Erebus* and *Hell*, e'er
now had heard, with Terror
and Affright, the hideous Din
of our conflicting Arms.] Ho-
mer always knows how to
proportion his Ideas to the
Subject of which he treats. The
Combat of *Jupiter* and *Nep-*
tune muſt neceſſarily have ſhook

the Foundations of the Earth,
and conſequently the infernal
Gods wou'd have heard the
Din of their Arms.

(d) Take my dreadful *Æ-*
gis.] *Jupiter* lends *Apollo*
his *Ægis*, and the Myſtery
couch'd under this Allegory
is not difficult to be diſco-
ver'd.

on *Xanthus*' Banks he *Hector* found, Not prostrate on the Plain; for now his Strength Again began to animate his Body. His Sense return'd, and thro' his chilly Veins, (e) E'er since the Thund'rer thought upon his Pains, Circled in brisker Streams the Purple Flood. To whom *Apollo* in these Terms began:

"Why sit you, *Hector*, thus remote from War? Are you disabled by some grievous Wound?

To whom, with Pain, reply'd the Son of *Priam*: "Which of the Deities, propitious God! Are you, who, thus confess'd, demand the Cause, Why I retire from Fight? has not the Fame Yet reach'd your Ears, how *Ajax*, with a Stone, While in the *Grecians* Blood I bath'd my Sword, Smote me, and fell'd me to the trembling Ground? I thought this Day had been decreed my last, And I been doom'd to tread the gloomy Way Which leads to Death, and everlasting Night.

To whom *Apollo* said: "Resume thy Courage; For from th' *Idæan* Mount *Saturnian* *Jove* Has sent puissant Aid, a potent God, *Phœbus*! who always with propitious Eyes Beheld thee, *Hector*, and the Tow'rs of *Troy*. But rise, and animate the Horse to Arms; Before the Host I'll issue to the Fight, Smooth the whole Way, and chase the flying *Greeks*.

(e) E'er since the Thunderer thought upon his Pains.] I look upon this as worthy our Observation: *Homer* knows, that is sufficient to recover Man,

if God only thinks upon him; and that the Recovery is made at the first Moment he turns his Thoughts towards him.

Thus

Thus spoke the Son of *Jove*, immortal *Pha-*
bus; And breath'd into his Soul heroick Ardour.
 (f) As some fair Courser, who has long been
 pamper'd, Breaks from the Stable, and with
 ample Strokes Bounds o'er the Plain, and scours
 along the Ground; Eager to bathe in some
 calm Chrystal Flood, He cleaves the Air, and
 makes the Earth resound; Haughty his Paces
 and erect his Head, And o'er his Shoulder
 waves his flowing Main; Proud of his Beauty
 flung with fierce Desires, To wonted Pasture
 and to well-known Females, Swift o'er the
 Plain he wings his airy way: So *Hector* flew
 to Battle, when the God Inspir'd his Soul with
 Vigour for the Fight. As when the Swain
 and the pursuing Hounds, Chase o'er the
 Plain a Stag, or savage Roe; Swift flies the

(f) *As some fair Courser,*
who has long been pamper'd.]
Homer has this same Compari-
 son in the 6th Book, near the
 Conclusion, where he speaks
 of *Paris*: and it seems better
 plac'd there than it is here;
 for it perfectly well gives us
 an Image of a Prince, who
 returns to Battle after a long
 Repose in his Palace, but this
 bears no Similitude to *Hector*:
 the Antients retain'd no more
 than the two first Verses, and
 the four last of this Passage,
 and they gave the Verses two
 Marks; by the first, which was
 a sharp-pointed Mark, and
 call'd an *Obelus*, they gave us
 to understand, that the four
 Verses were ill-plac'd; and
 by the second, which was an
 Asterisk, that they were very

beautiful, but better introduc'd
 elsewhere. But I cannot find
 out any Grounds for the
 Criticisms, nor can I be
 their Opinion; for the one
 Thing which does not agree
 with *Hector*, is what is said
 in the two first Verses con-
 cerning the long Repose of
 the Courser, which can not
 be made to bear any Resem-
 blance with *Hector*, who is
 a violent and active Man;
 whereas all the rest perfectly
 well represents him: for in
 moment, *Apollo* breathed in
 him this Force, this Great-
 ness and this Briskness. To justify
Homer, it is sufficient to show
 that it is introduc'd only to
 illustrate the Rapidity of the
 Prince's March.

bound

bounding Game, and gains his hold On some impervious Rock : then from Pursuit The Hunters cease ; (g) for Fate preserves the Prey. But from his Den the Terror of the Wood, Rouz'd by their Cries, a fullen Lion comes, Shoots on the Hunters and the trembling Hounds, And scatters them precipitate in Flight : Thus o'er the Field the *Grecians* chas'd the *Trojans* Back to their Chariots ; but when *Priam's* Son Return'd to Battle, clad in beamy Arms, (b) Down sunk the Spirits of the fainting *Greeks*. Then spoke *Andremon's* Son, the Godlike *Tboas* : *Tboas* ! the stoutest of th' *Ætolian* Warriors, Well-skill'd to send from far the fatal Dart, And bold to battle in the standing Fight. For winning Eloquence he was renown'd, And sure Persuasion hung upon his Lips ; Sweet were his Words, and tunefully they flow'd.

“ What Miracle, ye Gods, now strikes my Eyes? *Hector* is risen from the *Stygian* Shades. The Arm of *Ajax* sent him to his Grave,

(g) For Fate preserves the Prey. Here is another Passage by which it appears, that *Destiny* extended *Destiny*, that the Care of Providence, extend over the Beasts of the Field : this agrees perfectly with true Theology.

(b) Down sunk the Spirits of the fainting *Greeks*. The Greek Expression is remarkable :

— τῶν δὲ μάχη καὶ
καὶ τῶν θυμῶν.

Their Courage fell down to
their Feet. It was this Pas-

sage which gave *Demosthenes*, as *Eustathius* observes, the Boldness to say, That the *Athenians* carry'd their Brains in their Heels. And it is this Passage which *Amphis* the Comedian imitates, when he says, speaking of the Philosophers, ὅτι παρανοῶ τὸν βίον τῶν φιλοσοφῶν, ἵνα μὴ τῶν θυμῶν ἐν τοῖς ποταμοῖς τοῦ ἔχθρου εἰσθῶν. I commend the Lives of Drinkers more than that of all you other great Philosophers, who carry not Wisdom any where but in your Countenances.

“ And

" And has some God restor'd him to the Light,
 " That he again may rush in dreadful Arms,
 " Again lay desolate the Files of War? "Tis
 " not, O *Jove*, without thy present Aid, That
 " *Hector* thus tremendously appears. Then
 " listen, and perform what I advise: Let the
 " main Body of the *Grecian* Army Haste to the
 " Fleet; but let all us, renown'd For manly
 " Prowess, wedg'd in deep Array, Expect the
 " Storm: nor will dread *Priam's* Son Approach
 " in Battle such illustrious Warriors.

Thus *Thoas* spoke; and all the *Greeks* obey'd
 Then *Ajax*, *Teucer*, and *Idomeneus*, *Meriones*
 and *Meges*, in Array Drew the stout Leaders of
 the *Grecian* Army Fronting the War of *Troy*,
 and now the *Trojans* Rush'd on impetuous, and
 before them *Hector* With haughty Stalk came
 tow'ring to the Fight. Before the Hero, went
 the Son of *Jove*, Environ'd with a Cloud, and
 (i) bore on high The dreadful *Aegis* formida-
 bly bright: It was the Workmanship of *Vul-*
can's Art, who gave the Present to *Saturnian*
Jove, To scatter Armies, and lay waste a War.
 The *Greeks* intrepid flood the fierce Assault
 And hideous Shouting shook the steadfast Earth.
 Thick Clouds of flying Darts o'ercaст the Day
 And Storms of Spears, impatient to discharge
 Their dire Commissions, hiss'd along the Air.
 Some drank the Blood, some quiver'd in the
 Ground, (k) While without Motion *Phaë-*

(i) Bore on high his *A-*
gis.] This shews, that this
Aegis was a Buckler.

(k) While without Motion
Phaëbus held the Shield.] For

Apollo is weak of himself, and
 continues so till he makes use
 of the Arms which *Jupiter*
 lent him.

held the Shield, On even Wings, between
 the warring Armies, Dubious the Conquest
 hover'd; on each side With equal Paces
 Death strode o'er the Field: But when he
 shook around the frightful Orb, With dreadful
 Beams it flash'd upon the *Greeks*, While he
 with Shouts tremendous rent the Air: Then
 was the Courage of the Host dismay'd. As
 when two Lions, rushing from the Woods,
 Scatter a Flock of Sheep, or Herd of Beeves,
 Which want the Shepherd's Guard, while sable
 Night With Clouds of Darkness overspreads
 the Skies: So were the *Grecians*, in wild Dis-
 array, Chas'd by the *Trojans*; for *Apollo's* Aid
 With Conquest crown'd the favour'd Arms of
Troy. Now in the Flight each *Trojan* kill'd
 his *Greek*; *Archefilas* and *Stichius* *Hector* slew;
Stichius, the Chief of the *Boeotian* Band;
Archefilas, Companion to *Menestheus*: But
Iafus and *Medon* ow'd their Deaths To
 stout *Aeneas*; *Medon* was the Son Of *Oileus'*
 stol'n Delights, but dwelt afar, In distant *Phy-*
lace, a banish'd Man. But *Iafus* th' *Atbenian*
 Bands obey'd; He was the Son of *Spbelus*: but
Mecistheus By thee, O brave *Polydamas*, was
 slain; And by *Polites*, *Echius*: by thy Sword,
Agenor, *Clonius* tumbled to the Ground. *Deio-*
chus by *Paris*; as he flew, He pierc'd his Shoul-
 der with his fatal Spear.

Now, while the *Trojans* stript the slaughter'd
Greeks, They o'er the Palisades in Disarray,
 Urg'd their disorder'd Flight; then *Priam's*
 Son Call'd to the *Trojan* Bands with all his
 Might, And bade them leave the Plunder of

the Field, To fall impetuous on the Grecian Navy, And push the yielding Troops; (l)
 " for, by the Gods, The Man whom I shall
 " plund'ring find, I strike That Moment dead;
 " nor shall the friendly Hands Of Brothers,
 " or of Sisters, to his Corse With solemn Pomp
 " perform Funereal Rites; But he shall lie to
 " Dogs a wretched Prey.

He said, and furious lash'd his flying Steeds,
 And fir'd the Sons of Troy; with dreadful
 Shouts They in their Warrior Cars to Battle
 rode Triumphant o'er the Field; before them
 march'd The God Armipotent, (m) and with a
 Nod Level'd the Foss, and made an easy Way:
 Wide was the Pass; nor cou'd a Javelin, hurl'd
 From the strong Arm of some experienc'd War-
 rior, When he exerts his Vigour (n) to display

(l) For by the Gods, the Man whom I shall plundering find. I had here Recourse to a Remark of Longinus, who in Chap. 23. cites this Passage as a Pattern for sudden and unexpected Transitions; in which the Poet leaving the Narration, makes the Person whom he introduces, speak the rest: this Menace of Hector's had been languid, had Homer given us notice of it by three Words, Then Hector said, or he said; instead of this he prevents the Reader, and the Transition is made even before the Poet himself is aware of it. The true Place where this Figure is to be us'd, is when the Time is pressing, and will not ad-

mit of one superfluous Syllable.

(m) And with a Nod level'd the Foss. Here Apollo executes the Promise which he had before made to Hector, when he said, I will open a Passage for your Squadrons.

(n) To display his manly Strength. To display his Strength, is not added superfluously; a Man who tries his Strength, hurls his Javelin farther than he would either in Games or Battle: in Games, the Mark is never far distant; and in Battle he always proportions his Throw to the Distance of his Enemy.

His

His manly Strength, fly o'er the level'd Ground.
 O'er this in Trains they pour'd upon the Wall;
 Then *Phæbus*, shaking his tremendous *Ægis*,
 O'erturn'd it to the Ground. (o) As when a
 Boy Draws on the Shores, to entertain his Fancy,
 Imagin'd Walls and Houses in the Sands; The
 sportive Wanton, pleas'd with some new Toy,
 Razes again the Works, in childish Play, The
 fashion'd Palaces, and rising Domes: (p) With
 no less Ease, O *Phæbus*, did the Wall Down at
 thy Presence fall; and at thy Sight The Gre-
 cians flew impetuous o'er the Field; Nor ceas'd
 they, till they gain'd the distant Navy. Then
 to the Gods they made their humble Pray'rs,
 Abandon'd! and distress'd! and rev'rend *Nestor*
 Lifted his Hands and Eyes to Heav'n, and pray'd:

"Dread Father *Jove*! the Gods imperial
 King! Who dwell'st Supreme upon *Olympus*'
 Heights! If e'er in *Argos* any righteous
 Greek Offer'd the fatten'd Sheep, or bleeding
 Bulls Upon thy holy Altars! if his Pray'rs
 Were ever grateful to thy Ears, again Hear
 us, O mighty *Jove*! nor let this Day Be fa-
 tal to us! dissipate the Storm! Nor let the
 Trojans triumph in our Ruin.

(o) *As when a Boy.*] Ho-
 mer cou'd not have invented
 a more just Comparison than
 this, to express the Easiness
 with which *Apollo* overthrew
 a great Part of the Wall;
 besides, a Comparison so
 sweet and agreeable, upon
 so dreadful an Occasion,
 gives us a very beautiful
 Contrast.

(p) *With no less Ease, O*
Phæbus.] The Poet, instead
 of completing the Compa-
 rison, by saying as usual, so
Apollo overthrew the Wall,
 makes an Apostrophe, which
 has a wonderful Effect; for it
 obliges the Reader to be more
 attentive to the extraordinary
 and prodigious Action of the
 God.

Thus humbly *Nestor* pray'd ; and from on high *Jove* thunder'd in the Heavens, and gave Signs Of kind Acceptance: (q) but the *Trojans* thought The Omen sent to them, and forth they sprung With doubled Fury, and horrendous Shouts. (r) As the proud Waves of the tumultuous Main, When stormy Winds insult the boiling Deep, Buffet a Ship ; and rising o'er its Sides, Burst in the Air, and fill the delug'd Womb : So rush'd the *Trojans* o'er the Grecian Wall. (s) High on their Cars they battled at the Navy, And from the Ships the *Greeks* return'd the War.

(t) While for the Wall the warring Armies fought, *Patroclus* dress'd *Eurypylus's* Wound, And pass'd the Time with sweet Discourse away. But when the *Trojans* the Intrenchments won, And from the Battle fled the trembling *Greeks*, Frantick he smote his Knees, and bitter Groans Broke from his manly Breast, and thus he cry'd :

(q) But the *Trojans* thought the Omen sent to them.] As they were ignorant of the Cause of this Thunder, they made no scruple, but explain'd it in their own Favour.

(r) As the proud Waves of the tumultuous Main.] The Antients thought they cou'd never sufficiently admire the Fecundity of *Homer's* Imagination, and Strength of his Comparisons, in which he even surpasses himself. This is wonderfully just ; the Sides of the Ship represent the Wall ; the *Trojans* are the

Waves, and the violent Winds signify the Battle, which still continues and breaks out with new Fury.

(s) High on their Cars.] This is a new sort of Battle, which *Homer* has never before mention'd ; the *Greeks* on their Ships, and the *Trojans* in their Chariots, fight as on a Plain.

(t) While for the Wall the warring Armies fought.] *Homer* now returns to *Patroclus*, whom he left with *Eurypylus*, at the end of the 14th Book ! The Poet never fails to trace the Thread of Action.

“ Tho’

" (u) Tho' your Distress demands my farther Aid, Yet I must haste away; for now the Fight Burns with full Fury: to the Son of *Thetis* I bend my Steps: who knows but now some God May by my Words incline his Heart to Pity? The Voice is pow'rful of a faithful Friend:

He spoke, and sprung away: mean time, the *Greeks* Sustain'd the Shock of War; and tho' they were Superior to the *Trojans*, (w) yet they fail'd To force them from the Fleet; nor cou'd the *Trojans* O'erthrow the *Grecian* Bands, and fire the Navy. (x) As when a Ship-wright, who by *Pallas*' Aid Excels in all the Works of curious Art, Levels the Roughness of th'inequal Wood, Nor swerves from the directing even

(u) *Tho' your Distress demands my farther Aid.*] These Words justify the Stay of *Patrolus*; he is detain'd by *Emrypplus*, while all that which is contain'd in the four last Books is executed; he had stay'd still longer, had not Necessity forc'd him to return to *Achilles*.

(w) *Let they fail'd to force them from the Fleet.*] Homer always marks distinctly the Place of Battle; he here shews us clearly, that the *Trojans* attack'd the first Line of the Fleet, or the Vessels which were drawn foremost on the Land; these Vessels were a strong Rampart to the Tents, which were pitch'd behind this first Line, and to the second Line of the Navy, which stood upon the Shores nearer

the Sea; to penetrate therefore to the Tents, they must necessarily force the first Line, and defeat the Troops which defended it.

(x) *As when a Ship-wright.*] The Text runs thus; *As the Rule makes even a Piece of Wood, in the Hands of a skilful Workman, who is instructed in all the Wisdom of his Art by the Lessons of Minerva: the Poet calls Ingenuity, Wisdom; for the Antients gave the venerable Name of σοφία, to Skill in Arts; for before Philosophy had enlighten'd the Minds of Men, they knew no other Wisdom but Work, and the Practice of Arts, over which Minerva presided; and those who were call'd Wise-men, were Workmen.*

Line ; So did the Warriors poise the even Scales
Of War on ev'ry part : now *Priam's* Son Rush'd
with Impatience on the Ship of *Ajax* ; Dire
was the Fight ; (y) nor cou'd the Godlike
Greek Repulse stout *Hector*, nor cou'd *Hector*
gain, Tho' aided by a God, an Inch of Ground.
Then *Ajax* slew *Caletor*, *Clytus's* Son, Bearing a
flaming Brand to fire his Ship. Deep in his
Bosom sunk the pointed Spear : He fell, and
falling to th' ensanguin'd Ground, The clanking
Armour rattled o'er the Plain.

When *Hector* saw him groveling in his Blood,
He burnt with Rage, and thus aloud exclaim'd :
“ Ye Trojan, Lycian, and Dardanian War-
riors, (z) Stand to your Arms, put all your
“ Courage on ; Defend the Body of the
“ slaughter'd *Clytus*, Nor let the Grecians bear
“ away his Arms.

He spoke, and launch'd at *Ajax* his dire
Spear ; It err'd, and vainly fung along the Air.
But now at *Lycophron* a Lance he hurl'd ; With
fatal Certainty it swiftly flew, And fix'd above
his Ear ; reeling he fell, And everlasting Dark-
ness veil'd his Eyes. Shock'd at the Sight, to
Tenecer, *Ajax* spoke :

(y) Nor cou'd the Godlike
Greek.] *Homer* here with a
great deal of Address raises
the Valour of *Ajax*, in
making an Equality between
him and *Hector*, tho' *Hector*
has *Apollo* for his Second.

(z) Stand to your Arms.]
The Text adds, in the Place
where you fight, is *same* *word*.

Homer here calls the Space
between the Wall, and the
first Line of the Ships *space*.
and by the same Name he
elsewhere calls the Space be-
tween the Ditch and the Wall.
It is to raise the Courage of
the Trojans, that *Hector* men-
tions the Place in which they
are engag'd.

" A Friend, O Teucer, and a gallant Man,
 " Who from *Cythera* to the War of *Troy*, Our
 " lov'd Companion, came; lo! pale and wan,
 " In horrid Death's cold Arms extended lies,
 " Slain by the Spear of *Hector*: where then,
 " Teucer, Where is thy Bow, and thy uner-
 " ring Darts, Which thou received'st from the
 " Archer God?

He spoke, and Teucer issu'd to the Fight: He
 bore a Quiver stor'd with feather'd Deaths,
 And bent his well-strung Bow: then by a Dart
 Sent from the twanging String, stout *Clytus* fell,
 Companion to *Polydamas*; thro' the Fight,
 Where most it rag'd, he drove his fiery Steeds,
 But hasten'd to inevitable Doom: (a) His Neck
 the Arrow pierc'd, and drank his Blood; Then
 down he tumbled to th' ensanguin'd Ground;
 And o'er the Field, affrighten'd by his Fall,
 The furious Horses whirl'd the rattling Car.
 This from afar *Polydamas* beheld, And stop'd
 their wild Career; and gave the Reins To stout
Astynous; then march'd again, To share the
 Dangers of the bloody Day. Then full at
Hector Teucer aim'd a Dart, And now had laid
 him breathless on the Ground, Had not the
 Thunderer from *Ida's* Heights Beheld the Fight,

(a) *His Neck the Arrow*
pierc'd. The Text runs thus,
The fatal Arrow smiting him
behind, pierc'd his Neck;
 that is, he was wounded in
 the Nape of his Neck. I
 shall pass over several ill-
 grounded Conjectures concern-
 ing this Passage, which are
 made use of, to shew how

Clytus might be wounded in
 the Neck; this *Clytus* was a
 young giddy-headed Fellow,
 who drove his Chariot now
 here, now there, and by this
 means he might easily receive
 a Wound in his Neck, as he
 went from one Vessel towards
 another.

and interpos'd his Aid ; For as with all his Strength he drew the Bow, Asunder broke the String ; the brassy Arrow Flew innocent, and from his Hand the Bow Fell to the Earth. To *Telamonian Ajax* Then *Teucer* thus with Indignation spoke :

“ Unhappy I! I find some jealous God
 “ Envy's my Glory, and defeats my Aims :
 “ 'Tis hence the treach'rous Bow deceives its
 “ Lord ; Hence broke the String, which at the
 “ Dawn of Morn, I to the Bow apply'd, that
 “ all the Day My Shafts might fly incessant
 “ o'er the Field.

To whom thus *Ajax* : “ Quit thy Bow and
 “ Darts, Since some malignant God has made
 “ them vain. Assume a Jav'lin and a massy
 “ Shield, Rush on the *Trojans*, and excite the
 “ *Greeks* To fight, by thy Example, that if *Jove*
 “ Decrees the Conquest to the *Grecian* Foes,
 “ The crimson Plain may flow with *Trojan*
 “ Blood.

He spoke : and *Teucer*, hasting to his Tent,
 Laid up his Arrows, and his faithless Bow ;
 He arm'd his Shoulder with a four-fold Shield,
 A Helmet dreadfully adorn'd his Head, Whose
 plummy Crests wav'd horrible in Air, Then took
 a Spear, and strode again to War.

But *Hector*, who beheld the falling Bow,
 Rais'd his loud Voice, and in these Terms
 began :

“ Ye *Trojan*, *Lycian*, and *Dardanian* War-
 “ riors, Exert your Prowess, put your Courage
 “ on ; For lo! the Father of the Men and
 “ Gods, Has made the Arrows of brave *Teucer*
 “ vain,

"vain, And he was skill'd to send the certain
 "Dart. 'Twas *Jove*; for (b) when he deigns
 "to give his Aid, His Pow'r is manifest, and
 "shines conspicuous, Both to the vanquish'd
 "and the victor Army; And now his Arm
 "discourages the *Greeks*. Then fall with your
 "whole Fury on the Fleet; Banish the Fear
 "of Death; let him who dies, With pleasure
 "meet his Fate, since he who falls, To save his
 "Country from Destruction, shares A glorious
 "Ruin; and his growing Sons, His loving
 "Spouse, his Country, and his Friends, Will,
 "when the coward *Greeks* are fled from
 "Troy, Rise from his Ashes, and enjoy his
 "Doom.

He spoke, and fir'd their Souls with Godlike
 Ardor. Then to the *Grecians* valiant *Ajax* cry'd:

"O coward *Greeks*! O ignominious Day! If
 "thus ye fly, we are forever lost: Can you, when
 "*Hector* has the Fleet destroy'd, By Land revisit
 "fertile *Argos*' Shores? And heard ye not the
 "Voice of *Priam*'s Son, Encouraging the *Tro-*
 "jans in the Fight, To fire our Navy with vindic-
 "tive Flames? (c) It is not to the Dance he
 "thus invites; But to the Danger of the bloody

(b) When he deigns to
 aid, his Pow'r is manifest.]
 He adds this Reason to shew
 the *Trojans*, that what he
 says is more than a Conjecture,
 and that he was really
 satisfy'd of what he spoke.

(c) It is not to the Dance.]
 This is an Investive of great
 Strength and Reason; *Ajax*
 reproaches his Troops for look-
 ing upon the Words of *Hector*

with the same Indifference, and
 Coolness of Blood, as if they
 had been deliver'd in an As-
 sembly, where *Hector* invited
 his Friends to a Ball; be-
 sides, he would shew with how
 much Readiness he is obey'd;
 and that his Troops follow
 him to the Battle with as much
 Joy, as if he led them to a
 Dance; with greater Reason
 therefore the *Greeks* shou'd

“ Day. Then spring to War, exert your man-
 “ ly Prowess; 'Tis better far to fall in glorious
 “ Arms, In one illustrious Heap, than by de-
 “ grees Consum'd, receive an ignominious Doom,
 “ From Men inferiour to the *Greeks* in Fight.

Thus to the Battle he inflam'd the Army.
 Then *Hector Schedius* slew, the *Phocian* Leader;
Laodamas to *Ajax* ow'd his Death; *Arcadian*
Olus to *Polydamas*. Then at *Polydamas* the gal-
 lant *Meges* Launch'd with impetuous Strength
 his shining Spear, It err'd, and whizzing, vain-
 ly cut the Air; For *Phæbus* suffer'd not so brave
 a Man To meet his Ruin in the Front of
 War: Then in the Breast of the unhappy
Cræsmus, Indignant *Meges* plung'd his deadly
 Spear; He fell, and falling to the trembling
 Ground, The clanking Armour rattled o'er the
 Plain. But while he bore away th' ensanguin'd
 Arms, *Dolops*, the Son of *Lampus*, hurl'd a
 Spear, And smote the Center of stout *Meges*'
 Shield; But a strong Breast-plate sav'd him from
 the Wound. From *Ephyra*, and from fair *Sel-*
leis' Stream, *Phyleus* his Father brought the
 royal Gift, From King *Euphetes*' Court, and
 in the Fight, It oft had sav'd the Father from
 his Doom, And now the Son: then at the
 Helm of *Dolops*, Indignant *Meges* hurl'd a
 pointed Spear, And struck his plummy Crest;
 the plummy Crest, (d) Gay with the rich *Sidonian*

obey their Leaders, and exert
 all their Strength, since they
 are oblig'd to conquer, or to
 perish. The Discourse of
Hector is more grave and
 shining than that of *Ajax*; but

that of *Ajax* is more persuasive,
 pressing, and politick, than
Hector's.

(d) Gay with the rich *Si-*
donian purple Dyes.] This is
 the true Meaning of *nor*

purple

purple Dyes, Broke from the Helm, and rum-
bled to the Ground; Intrepidly still *Dolops*
rush'd in Fight, And hop'd to bathe his Spear
in *Meges'* Blood; But *Menelaus*, unperceiv'd,
discharg'd A fatal Lance; quite through his
Shoulder went The brassy Point; prone on the
bloody Ground The *Trojan* fell; then forth
the Hero sprung, From the dead Corse to strip
the goary Arms. (e) Now with a Voice which
might be heard afar, To his Companions God-
like *Hector* cry'd: But to thee, first, O gal-
lant *Melanippus*! When the loud Clank of
Arms, and Din of War, Had not disturb'd the
happy *Trojan* Shores, He at *Percote* fed large
Herds of Beeves; But when the *Grecians* sail'd
to conquer *Troy*, He shone in youthful Arms;
for martial Deeds Renown'd, and in the royal
Court of *Priam* Abode in equal Honour with
his Sons. To him brave *Hector* in these Terms
began: (f) "Why are we thus remiss? does
"not the Death Of one so nearly to thy Race
"ally'd, Kindle thy Fury? see the Victor
"Greeks Strip from his Body the ensanguin'd
"Arms! Wake then thy Wrath, and follow to
"the Fight; Close in the Battle, let the *Tro-*
"jans join, Till Ruin overwhelms the slaugh-

chivus pævris, and not all
bloody; for *Dolops* was not
wounded. In the Days of
old, as well as in our Days,
they painted the Plumes of
their Crests with Variety of
Colours.

(e) To his Companions.]
Homer says, He went to ex-

cite all his Cousins, or Rela-
tions, who were particularly
obliged, on the Account of
Proximity of Blood, to de-
fend his Body.

(f) Why are we thus re-
miss? This Speech agrees
very well with the Character
of *Ajax*; it is nervous and
lively.

“ter’d *Greeks*, Or *Ilium* tumbles from her tow’ry
“Height.

He spoke; and both strode forward to the
Fight. Then to the *Grecians* thus stout *Ajax*
cry’d:

“Exert yourselves, my Friends; Think,
“timely think, What dire Disgrace attends a
“coward Flight: Let each observe his Friend,
“and sure no *Greek* Will let him witness to un-
“manly Deeds. While the dire Fury of the
“Battle reigns, The Hero often escapes, while
“Cowards fall, And everlasting Shame attends
“their Names.

He spoke: and fir’d the *Greeks* with Godlike
Ardor. Along the Fleet, in terrible Array,
They join’d their moony Shields, and to the
Eyes (g) A sudden Wall arose of beamy Brass.
(b) Then *Jove*, who from th’ *Idean* Mount be-
held *Ajax* encouraging the fainting *Greeks*,
Inflam’d the *Trojans* with heroick Strength.

Now to *Antilochus Atrides* spoke: “No *Greek*
“excels thee, O brave *Nestor*’s Son, In darting
“fleetly on the flying Foe, None is superiour
“in the standing Fight, Let then some *Trojan*
“feel thy manly Prowess.

Fir’d by his Words, the Godlike Son of
Nestor Sprung to the Front, and hurl’d a

(g) A sudden Wall arose
of beamy Brass.] Instead of
a Rampart of Stone, that is,
such a Wall as the *Trojans*
came to assault, the *Grecians*
raise one of Brass, that is, they
join’d their Bucklers along the
Ships, in a continu’d Row.

(b) Then *Jove*.] In this

same Book, *Homer*, to raise
the Valour of *Hector*, gives
him *Neptune* for an Antago-
nist; and to raise that of *Ajax*,
he has already oppos’d *Hector*,
supported by *Apollo*, to him;
and here he opposes *Jupiter*
himself. These are Strokes of
a Master-Hand.

shining

shining Spear ; Nor was it sent in vain, the
reaking Point Drank deeply *Melanippus*' vital
Blood, And fell'd him to the Ground, and o'er
the Shores His clanking Armour gave a rattling
Sound. As the fleet Hound, impetuous, o'er the
Plain, Shoots on a Roe, which from some se-
cret Hold, The Hunter wounds with his un-
erring Darts ; So, *Melanippus*, on thy bleeding
Corse, *Antilochus*, the Son of *Nestor*, rush'd,
Impatient to bear off the bloody Arms. *Hector*
beheld, and forward took his way : But *Ne-
stor*'s Son, tho' valiant, fled his Sight ; And
as some Beast of Prey, with Hunger stung,
Scatters the trembling Beeves, and tears the
Hounds, Or helpless Herdsman, with his goary
Jaws ; But at th' Appearance of approaching
Swains, Scours o'er the Plain, and wings his
hasty Way : So fled *Antilochus*, but from the
Trojans Thick Storms of Spears accompany'd
his Flight : Like furious Lions, greedy of their
Prey, Vast Trains of Warriors sprung upon the
Fleet.

Jove, to perform his Promises to *Tbetis*,
Aided proud *Ilium*, but dismay'd the *Greeks*,
And waited, with impatient Eyes, to view The
flaming Navy blazing thro' the Skies : Then he
decreed to turn the Scales of War, And lay the
Palaces of *Troy* in Ashes. But now, to execute
his stedfast Thoughts, With Vigour he inflam'd
the Soul of *Hector*, Who look'd as dreadful as
the God of War, Or like a Flame, which on
a Mountain's Brow Lays waste a Forest, and de-
stroys its Groves. He foam'd with Wrath, his
Eyes flash'd dreadful Flames Beneath his gloomy
Eye-

Eye-brows ; high in Air With formidable Horror wav'd his Plume,, And the dread Master of the burning Bolts Strengthen'd the Hero from th' *Idean* Heights, And made him Super-eminently shine, To recompence the Shortness of his Days : (i) For *Pallas* hasten'd on the fatal Hour, When by the Son of *Tbetis* he shou'd fall, And tread the Paths which lead to gloomy Night.

Now thro' the Files of War he held his way, (k) Where stood the *Greeks* who bore the strongest Arms, Where Shield to Shield, and Man was join'd to Man ; But fail'd to break the Order of the Fight : Unmov'd they bore the Fury of his Arms. As some vast Rock upon the Ocean's Shores Bears the rude Insults of the stormy Winds, And Billows tumbling from the roaring Main ; So they the Fury of the *Trojan* Army. Still *Hector*, (l) shining with tremen-

(i) For *Pallas* hasten'd on the fatal Hour.] What has *Pallas* to do, some say, with the *Parca*, or what Power has she over them ? But such People do not rightly understand the Passage ; *Homer* speaks thus, because *Minerva* has already resolv'd to succour *Achilles*, and deceive *Hector* in the Combat between these two Heroes ; as we find Book 22. Properly speaking, *Pallas* is nothing but the Knowledge and Wisdom of *Jove*, and it is Wisdom which presides over the Counsels of his Providence ; therefore she may be look'd upon as drawing all Things to the fatal Term, to which they are decreed.

(k) Where stood the *Greeks* who bore the strongest Arms.] *Homer* says, where he saw the best Arms : he has respect to what went before, where (s) *Soldiers* change Arms, and the strongest Men take the strongest, the largest Bucklers, the toughest Spears, and best Hel-mets.

(l) Shining with tremen-dous Flames.] I have left the Expression as ambiguous in my Translation, as I found it in the *Greek*, which is *αυγὴ λαμπρὰ*. It being difficult to say, whether the Poet means the Lustre of his Arms, or of the flaming Brand, which perhaps he bore to fire the Navy.

dous Flames, Sprung on the Host, and darted on his Foes. (m) As a prodigious Wave, when from the Clouds Impetuous Boreas settles on the Deep, Bursts o'er a Ship, and tumbles down in Floods; The Ocean foams, and loud the Tempest roars, Shatters the Sheets, and whirls them thro' the Skies; The Thunders rattle, and the Lightnings flash; Waves rise on Waves, and lash the sounding Shores; The fearful Sailors tremble for their Doom, For wheresoe'er they turn their mournful Eyes, Death they behold in all her hideous Forms: (n) So fear'd the

(m) *At a prodigious Wave.* Longinus, Chap. 10. to shew that the Circumstances, when well chosen, and justly brought in, contribute chiefly to the making a Passage sublime, quotes this Place of Homer; who in describing a Tempest, introduces every thing that is dreadful and affrighting: he is not content to shew us, that the Sailors were in danger, but he represents them as in a Picture, upon the very point of being drown'd every moment by the mountainous Waves; nay, the very Words and Syllables of the Description give us an Image of Danger. Aratus, who has paraphras'd this Place, had a mind to improve it, particularly where Homer says, they saw themselves surrounded on all sides with Death; his Words are these:

Ὀλέαν δὲ διὰ ἑνὸς ἅδ'
ἀγυγῆι.

A slight Plank defends them from Death: But in flourishing thus upon the Thought, he has lost the Loftiness and Terror of it, and he is so far from raising the Image, that he has not given the least Shadow of it. The single word defends, calms all the Apprehensions of the Reader, and leaves the Sailors in Security: 'tis reported of Anacharsis, that as he pass'd over the Seas, he ask'd the Pilot how thick the Planks of the Ship were; so many Inches, said the Pilot; and so many Inches, reply'd Anacharsis, are we remov'd from Death: nevertheless, it still falls far short of Homer.

(n) *So fear'd the Grecians.* It is not amiss to remark how Homer varies his Comparisons; he begins as a Wave bursts on a Ship, one would thence expect that the Winding up of it shou'd be, so Hector rush'd, &c. but we find it otherwise; he

Grecians

Grecians at th' Approach of *Hector*. As when a Lion sees a Herd of Beeves, Where some clear River rolls his chrystal Flood, Dreadful he roars, and rushes on the Prey; The Herdsman, not inur'd to such Alarms, Now walks before the Herd, and then behind; But in the middle of the feeding Beeves, He rends a lordly Bull, and o'er the Field Chaces the rest precipitate in Flight: (o) So *Hector*, aided by the thund'ring God, Scatter'd Confusion o'er the *Grecian* Army, But only Godlike *Periphetes* slow. (p) He from the Loins of *Copreus* sprung, who bore To *Hercules Eurystheus*' stern Commands; Base was the Sire, but brave the gallant Son, Renown'd for Virtue, and heroick Deeds; Nor did *Mycena* boast a wiser Man. But now from *Hector* he receiv'd his Doom; For as he turn'd from Battle, on his Shield, Whose wide Circumference conceal'd his Body From Head to Foot, unhappily he trod, And

leaves him who is the Cause of the Fear, and passes to them who are afraid; *α'τιδωνας αρωγς τον αιδουμενον ομηλον* says *Enstathius*.

(a) So *Hector*.] In the preceding Passage I have follow'd *Homer*, and imitated the Run of his Comparisons, but here I have deviated a little: *Homer* says thus, but *Hector* like a Lion, &c. and in the Conclusion leaves *Hector*, and says, so the *Grecians* were scatter'd by *Jupiter* and *Hector*. The Poet suits his Phrase to the Confusion which reign'd in the Battle, and being carry'd away by a sort of an Enthusiasm,

neglects the Congruity; but this which is a Beauty in the Original, wou'd be insupportable in our Language, which not permitting the least Inversion, dares not assume the same Liberty.

(p) He from the Lines of *Copreus*.] This *Copreus* was of *Elis*, and Herald to *Pelops*; he retir'd to *Mycena* for a Murder which he had committed, and was expiated by *Eurystheus*. *Homer* here, we see, blames *Copreus* for being the Minister of *Eurystheus*, tho' he only bore his Commands.

tumbled

tumbled to the Ground ; far o'er the Plain His rattling Helmet gave a dreadful Sound. *Hector* beheld the Fall, and in his Breast Plung'd a dire Spear ; nor cou'd his circling Friends Preserve the Hero from unhappy Fate ; For, terrify'd, they shunn'd the Sword of *Hector*.

(*q*) Now from the foremost Line the *Grecians* fled, To gain the second near the Ocean's Shores ; But at their Tents embody'd firm they stood, Nor scatter'd o'er the Field ; for Shame and Fear Detain'd them in the Fight, Man sustain'd Man, And Friend inflam'd his Friend, but chiefly thou, O Godlike *Nestor*, didst with earnest Pray'rs Preserve the Fleet, and, marching thro' the Files, Conjure them by their Parents

(*q*) Now from the foremost Line.] *Homer* always gives us so clear an Idea of the Actions which he describes, and of the Places where they happen, that we see them as plainly, as if we had been present. Hitherto they have fought in the Space between the Wall and first Line of the Fleet, which the *Greeks* had behind them ; the *Greeks* are here push'd by *Hector* beyond this first Line to the second, that is, to those Ships which stood on the Shore near the Sea, which *Homer* calls *αἰγῆς* and *ὑπὸ τῇ* thus they have in Front the first Line, therefore *Homer* says, *ἰσὺν δ' ἰγέρων νῆων*. It is impossible to conceive what Blunders have been made for want of understanding this Disposition of the Field of

Battle : *Monf. Racine* himself, who understands Antiquity better than any of our Tragedians, has fallen into a great Mistake, when he speaks of a Fight at the *Grecian* Navy ; for in his *Andromache*, which is one of his most beautiful Compositions, *Orestes* speaks thus concerning *Astyanax*, Act 1. Scene 2. *Who knows what, one day or other, this Son of Hector may perform ? perhaps we shall see him fall upon our Ports, as we have seen his Father fire our Ships, and with Flames in his Hand pursue them thro' the Waves.* Now *Hector* never pursu'd them thro' the Water, for the Fleet stood on dry Ground, as I have sufficiently prov'd.

sacred Names, To meet the Fury of the coming Storm.

" O Friends, thou said'st, put all your Man-
 " hood on, Think what Posterity, and Men
 " unborn, Will say, if thus ye fly! Think on
 " your Sons, Your tender Wives, your vene-
 " rable Parents, Whether now dead, or draw
 " the vital Air: (r) They by my Mouth, O
 " Greeks, tho' absent, speak, Command you to
 " restore the doubtful Day, And not disgrace
 " 'em by a Coward Flight.

Thus Nestor spoke, and thro' the Army
 breath'd Heroick Ardour. (s) Pallas from their
 Eyes Remov'd the Mist, whose dim Suffusion
 veil'd Their clouded Sight: a joyous heav'nly
 Ray Shone o'er the Navy, and conflicting Ar-
 mies. Hector they view'd, and all the War of
 Troy, The Troops which stood from Battle in
 the Rear, And those which came impetuous to
 the Fight. But Ajax scorn'd to stand, like other
 Greeks, Fix'd to one Post; with vast gigantick
 Stalk From Ship to Ship he strode; a Pole he
 bore Twenty two Cubits long, adorn'd with

(r) They by my Mouth,
 O Greeks, tho' absent, speak.]
 This Word *absent* falls e-
 qually upon the Dead and
 Living; and *Homer* by it
 inculcates to these Warriors,
 that their Parents, tho' dead,
 are Witnesses to their brave
 or coward Actions, and share
 both their Honours and Dis-
 grace. This Passage is re-
 markable, and Demosthenes has

made use of it in his Ora-
 tions.

(s) For Pallas from their
 Eyes remov'd the Mist.] *Ho-*
mer here says in a poetical
 Manner, that the Wisdom of
 Nestor's Discourse open'd the
 Eyes of the Greeks, and let
 them see the small Number of
 Trojans who had put them to
 flight.

Steel.

Steel. (t) As when a Man well-skill'd to mount the Horse, Selects four Steeds egregious to behold, Fleet in the Course to skim along the Ground; He, while the thronging Crowds with Wonder gaze, (u) Urges the Coursers in some publick Road To their full Speed, and scours along the way, And in a moment gains the destin'd City; Mean time, he nimbly bounds from Steed to Steed, Flies as they fly, and cleaves the yielding Air: From Ship to Ship, so Ajax swiftly rode, And his loud Voice ascended to the Clouds, While he inflam'd the Battle of the Greeks.

(t) *As when a Man well-skill'd to mount the Horse.*] This Comparison, which Homer here introduces, is a Demonstration, that the Art of mounting the Horse and managing the Steeds was brought to so great a Perfection in these early Times, that one Man cou'd manage four at once, and leap from one to the other even when they run full Speed: but some object, that the Custom of Riding the Horse was not known in Greece, at the Time of the Trojan War; besides, they say the Comparison is not just, for the Horses are said to run full Speed, whereas the Ships stand firm and unmov'd. Had Homer put the Comparison in the Mouth of one of his Heroes, the Objection had been just, and he guilty of an Inconsistency, but it is he himself who speaks: Sad-

dle-Horses were in use in his Time, and any Poet may be allow'd to illustrate Pieces of Antiquity, by Images familiar to his own Times. This I hope is sufficient for the first Objection, nor is the second more reasonable than this; for it is not absolutely necessary, that Comparisons shou'd correspond in every Particular; it suffices if there be a general Resemblance. This here is introduc'd to shew the Agility of Ajax, who passes swiftly from one Vessel to another, and it is therefore entirely Just.

(u) *Urges his Coursers in some publick Road.*] Homer here shews us, that Races were not only run in the List, but also in publick Roads from one Place to another, just as the Custom is at this day in France, and particularly in England.

Nor was th' illustrious Son of Godlike *Priam*
 Less active seen; but as th' imperial Bird, Which
 bears the Thunder of dread Heaven's King,
 Views near some Stream a Crane, or silver
 Swan, Stoops from on high, and souses on the
 Prey: So *Hector* pour'd impetuous on the Navy;
 For potent *Jove*, with his Almighty Arm,
 Led him to Battle, and inspir'd his Army
 With Vigour and Impatience for the War.
 The Fight then kindled into tenfold Rage:
 Had you now seen the Fray, you wou'd have
 thought The Battle just begun, the warring
 Hosts Fresh to the Fight, so dreadful was the
 Onset. (w) But different Thoughts the Armies
 entertain'd, The *Grecians* deem'd the fatal Hour
 was come, When they shou'd fall; the *Tro-*
jans fought with Hopes To fire the Navy with
 vindictive Flames, And in one Ruin overwhelm
 the *Greeks*. Thus Hope, and thus Despair,
 with equal Strength, Inflam'd the Courage of
 the adverse Heroes.

The fairest Vessel of the *Grecian* Fleet, Then
Hector seiz'd, (x) which to the War of *Troy* Had

(w) But different Thoughts
 the Armies entertain'd.] With
 what Address does *Homer* here
 exalt the Courage of the
Greeks, even while he de-
 scribes them as vanquish'd!
 It is not at all wonder-
 ful, that the *Trojans* shou'd
 fight gallantly, when *Jove*
 himself incites them to Bat-
 tle; but it is surprizing,
 that the *Greeks* shou'd not
 be discouraged, when they
 thought they shou'd all be

slain: this is the last Effort
 of Courage.

(x) Which to the War had
 borne *Protesilaus*.] *Protesilaus*
 was slain, when the *Greeks*
 first landed on the *Trojan*
 Shores; this is the Reason
 why his Ship was left in the
 second Line, it being without
 a Chief: *Homer* feigns, that
Hector laid hold of this Ship
 rather than any other, that he
 might not disgrace any of the
 Generals.

borne

borne *Protesilaus*, but again It never brought him to his Native Shores. A fierce Encounter now arose, while they Strive to defend, and these to gain the Ship. No Arrows now were shot, no Lances hurl'd, But all around along the trembling Shores, Shields rattled, rang the Helmers, clash'd the Swords: The broken Sabres tumbled to the Earth, Glitter'd in Air, or reek'd upon the Ground, And Deluges of Blood o'erflow'd the Plain.

Hector still held the Stern, and cry'd aloud To all the *Trojans*, and Allies of *Troy*:

" Advance, ye *Trojans*, bear the flaming
" Brands; The happy Hour is come; advance!
" destroy The destin'd Fleet! Now, now in
" Ashes lay This Source of all our Woes;
" which long, thus long (y) The Coward
" Dotage of the *Trojan* Elders Has sav'd from
" Ruin: they, and only they, Detain'd me
" from descending down with Flames Upon
" the Fleet; but if the thund'ring God Did
" heretofore infatuate our Senses, He favours
" now propitiously our Arms.

(y) The coward Dotage of the Grecian Elders.] *Homer* adds this with a great deal of Art and Prudence, to answer beforehand all the Objections which he well foresaw might be made, because *Hector* never till now once attacks the *Grecians* in their Camp, or endeavours to burn their Navy: he was retain'd by the Elders of *Troy*, who, frozen with Fear at the sight of *Achilles*, never suffer'd him to march from the Ramparts.

Homer forgets nothing that has the Resemblance of Truth; but besides, he inserts this, to exalt the Glory of *Achilles*: these intimidated Elders thought it easier to defeat the *Greeks*, though defended with strong Intrenchments, without *Achilles*, than when sustain'd by *Achilles* without Intrenchments; and this is the Reason why they permit him thus to sally after the Resentment of *Achilles*, and Finishing of the Intrenchments.

He

He spoke ; and with redoubled Rage the
Trojans Sprung on the *Grecians* : then with ful-
 len Paces *Ajax* a while retir'd ; for on his Shield,
 And on his Helm, resounded Storms of Blows.
 But where the Oars are plac'd, he took his
 Stand, And with his Spear beat off th' ap-
 proaching War. Then thus aloud to all the
Greeks he cry'd :

“ Ye gallant Offspring of the God of Battles,
 “ Shew yourselves Men, put all your Courage
 “ on ; Hope ye to find new Friends in Arms
 “ behind ? Or meet new Walls to dissipate the
 “ Storm ? Be not deceiv'd ; upon these fatal
 “ Shores We have no City which with friendly
 “ Gates May entertain us, no Allies to aid ;
 “ We tread on hostile Ground ? the raging
 “ Deep Here rolls his Waves, and there the
 “ War of *Troy* Presents a dreadful Prospect to
 “ our Eyes. Turn then, ye generous *Greeks*,
 “ to Battle turn : Be your own Friends ; what
 “ need of other Aid, When you may gain
 “ your Safety with your Swords ?

He spoke ; and brandish'd high his deadly
 Spear. And whosoever of the Race of *Troy*
 By *Hector's* Orders near approach'd with Flames,
 He lay'd him breathless on th' ensanguin'd
 Ground : And in a moment, twelve illustrious
Trojans Trod the dark Paths of everlasting
 Night.

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